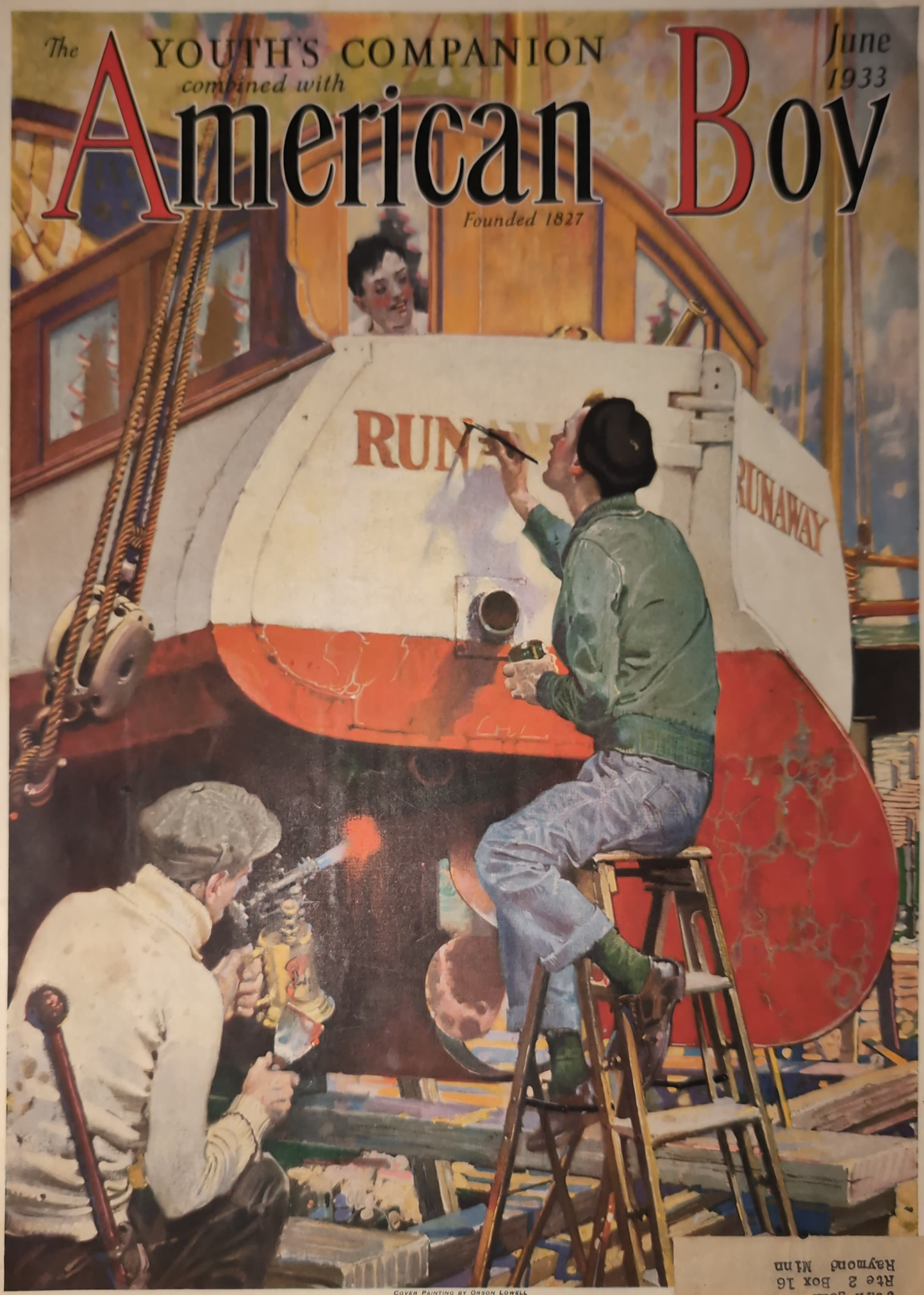
The YOUTH'S COMPANION
combined with
American Boy
Founded 1827

June 1933



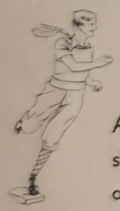
COVER PAINTING BY ORSON LOWELL

PRICE 20 CENTS

John Zenk
Rte 2 Box 16
Raymond Minn

Ball-Band sport shoes are built to help you win

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL MARK OF BETTER FOOTWEAR



HUSKY · · · SURE-FOOTED · · · FAST

Ask your Ball-Band dealer to show you these shoes — the shoes with the famous Red Ball trade-mark. Look them over carefully and try them on. Then you'll know why Ball-Band Sport Shoes are built to help you win . . . special sole and heel treads that really grip the ground . . . reinforced to stand up under rough and ready use . . . carefully shaped for fit and comfort . . . of tested materials that keep busy feet healthy. You just can't beat these shoes for games, hiking or everyday wear.

Name your favorite star in any sport, and you'll find that he reached the top by constant study and improvement. For many years, Ball-Band has consistently followed the same road in building better sport shoes for you . . . husky, tough, long-wearing shoes that are especially designed for faster, surer footwork.

You'll always find the Red Ball on these shoes that help you win. Look for it before you buy. Be sure to see the new colors, styles and soles at your shoe store, or write us and we'll tell you where you can inspect these famous shoes. Mishawaka Rubber & Woolen Manufacturing Company, 491 Water Street, Mishawaka, Indiana.

Hunting and Fishing Boots . . Arctics . . Gaiters . . Rubbers . . for the entire family

The "Official" is America's fastest indoor shoe — and is approved by basketball coaches everywhere. Twenty special features. Choice of black or brown.

Choose the shoes that help you win

BALL BAND

FIRST QUALITY · BALL BAND · TRADE MARK · MISHAWAKA INDIANA

BUY AMERICAN MADE FOOTWEAR

A smart, fast, lace-to-toe tennis oxford. Sanded crepe sole with rubber-sponge cushion under arch and heel. Stands hard use indoors or outdoors.

JUNE, 1933

The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with American Boy Founded 1827

VOL. 107 No. 6

Entered as Second Class Matter, January 6, 1932, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Publication Office: 180 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Administration Offices: 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Published monthly. Copyrighted, 1933, by The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich. Price 20 cents a copy. By subscription, $2.00 for one year, $3.00 for THREE YEARS in the United States and its possessions, 85 cents a year extra in Canada, 50 cents a year extra in other countries. Foreign remittances must be made by bank draft, postal or express money order, payable in U. S. funds.

Illustrations by FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

The man hurtled through the air to fall far from the bottom step.

The Time Element

by LAURIE YORK ERSKINE

FROM Selkirk on north to the Alaska border, there is only one real river, the Yukon. The Sweetwater, which empties placidly into the boisterous turbulence of the Yukon, was merely Boss MacKinnel's little private river.

Boss MacKinnel's use of his river was a simple one. He required it only to bring down from the woods the scrawny logs he cut in the winter, and then to run his dinky sawmill. Boss MacKinnel's operations were mean as well as simple. He housed his handful of men in drafty shacks and charged them exorbitant prices for wood to heat these shacks. He fed them scant rations of bad food and raged against the ingratitude of departing laborers who left his mill short-handed. His crews were usually made up of green youngsters, stranded in the North, and wrecks of men unable to get employment elsewhere.

Barry Ralston was one of the youngsters. And after working six weeks for Boss MacKinnel, Barry was ready to leave. He came to that conclusion as he stood where the Sweetwater joined the Yukon, gazing down fascinated upon the rushing river.

On this June morning, the turgid, yellow volume of the Yukon was enormous. A swollen giant, it roared by, formidable and sinister.

Barry Ralston smiled down upon it with a dark, proud sense of fellowship. The Yukon was strong and he, too, was strong. He had poled against the fullest fury of the Yukon a boat weighing more than a ton. Each season the river seized its victims, to give them up eventually, mere shapeless things with battered skulls. But the Yukon would never get him!

Barry grinned with a grim pride in his strength. Riverman. That was the job for him. He'd waste no more time working for Boss MacKinnel. He'd pull out and take a chance of finding employment on the summer traffic. He'd pull out before he lost his temper with Boss MacKinnel and hit him. . . . Barry would never forget the two months he had spent in Dawson jail for sending Spike Gallion to the hospital.

With his mind made up Barry walked back to the sawmill. He was greeted by a Mackinaw coat flung violently at his head. He dashed it away and saw Boss MacKinnel glaring down from the top of three wide steps that led to the mill door.

"There's yer coat!" roared MacKinnel. "Ye lazy, thieving scum! Go get yer loot from the bunkhouse and hit the trail. I'll have no loafing about on the time I'm payin' ye for. Hit the trail! Git out before I throw ye out!"

Barry stood looking at him, rigidly holding his anger. "I came up to say I'd quit," he said slowly.

"Ye're too late!" MacKinnel guffawed. "Ye're fired, you jailhouse louse."

"D'you know why I went to jail?" rumbled Barry. He still spoke slowly, but he could feel temper teeming through him, taking possession of him.

"Thieving, I s'pose," sneered MacKinnel.

"No," growled Barry. "It was for this!"

He charged up the steps like a bull. MacKinnel roared out a curse and brought up one booted foot to meet him. But the foot went over Barry's swiftly lowered shoulder, and he came up beneath it. For an instant MacKinnel's heavy body was poised on his shoulder. He heaved—and the man hurtled through the air to fall far from the bottom step. Barry was down to meet him as he scrambled to his feet. With several sledge-hammer blows MacKinnel sent the youngster reeling backward. Then Barry hit him once. MacKinnel staggered. Barry struck again, and MacKinnel went rolling across the gravel once more. This time he lay still.

Barry helped the men carry MacKinnel into his shack. The man seemed to have some broken ribs and a fractured jaw. They had to hold him down when he came to and saw Barry bending over him.

Barry went to the bunkhouse and started to pack. He spread his blankets out over the plank bed and prepared to roll up his belongings in them. Picking up a package of documents wrapped in oilskin, he sat staring at it.

He felt scared and sick. Here was another case for the hospital. Two more months in jail. Or even worse—for a second offense. Three months, it might be. The thought was sickening.

But the sight of the oilskin package seemed to strengthen him. Presently he tucked it away under his clothing with determination and rolled the blankets deftly. Fifteen minutes later he was striding down the river trail with the bright scarlet blanket pack over his shoulders.

At Stewart he went to the combination store and post office. Here he reported MacKinnel's "accident" to the mission doctor and asked the postmaster for Dan Coreall.

"He hasn't been here since last fall," said the postmaster.

"But he must have been here," Barry protested, his eyes searching the man's face. "He was going to trap up Sourdough Creek all winter and come down here before the thaw. I was to meet him here."

The postmaster shook his head. He knew bulky, black-bearded Dan Coreall. He hadn't been in Stewart since last fall.

"But I've got to see him!" persisted Barry. "I've got his blankets—he lent them to me. I've got to return them. And I've got a lot of papers he gave me to keep—"

At that point, the postmaster reported later, Barry shut up abruptly and left the store. He wandered around the settlement most of the afternoon, asking fruitlessly if anyone had seen Coreall. He came back to the store in the late afternoon and purchased supplies, saying that he was going to make a trip up the Sourdough in the morning to look for Coreall. Then he took a lodging for the night at Mother Gosling's boarding house.

It was there that Constable Menzies found him in the small hours of the morning, packing carefully for the long trip. Barry's face paled as Menzies appeared quietly at the door of his room.

"You've been up to MacKinnel's place?" Barry questioned unhappily.

"Came down through there," said Menzies.

"How's MacKinnel?"

"Jaw's bad," said Menzies. "But he'll mend. He's a tough nut. They tell me you're looking for Dan Coreall."

"Yes. He'd help me out of this. He's my friend. These are his blankets!" he finished, as if to prove his friendship with the well-liked old-timer.

Menzies stepped to the bed upon which Barry was packing, pulled the scarlet blankets out from under the duffle and examined them carefully, not hesitating to sniff and peer closely at several stains upon them.

Finally he dropped them and demanded: "Got anything else belonging to Coreall?"

Barry mutely held forth a hatchet. As Menzies took it, Barry glanced down guiltily at the oilskin package. Menzies pounced on it.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"Private papers!"

But Menzies opened the package. "Insurance policy," he said thoughtfully. "Coreall's. Something that looks like a will. Two United States bonds. All Coreall's." He turned to Barry.

"What are you doing with these?" he asked.

"Dan gave them to me," said Barry. "He hired me to go up Sourdough Creek with him last January, and we built a cabin there. He gave me a job. . . ."

Menzies nodded. "I know," he said. "You were just out of the jail at Dawson, and nobody else would hire you. He was a good friend to you, kid."

"Yes, he was. He trusted me. That's why he lent me the blankets and gave me those papers to keep for him. He said I was to turn them in at Dawson if anything prevented his coming out this spring."

"When did you leave his employ?"

"In late February. A couple of American prospectors came through and they wanted somebody to pack for them on a crazy overland trip they were making to Skagway. They offered me five hundred dollars, and Dan insisted on my going with them."

"That's right," Menzies admitted. "I should warn you that anything you say may be used against you." Barry's face turned white.

"It's a lie!" shrilled the little man. "That dog's mine. I got him off Spike Gallion!"

"That's a lot of money."

"Sure. That's why I went."

"These men at Skagway now?"

"No. They went south and had a boat meet them and take them to the States."

"What're their names, and their home towns?"

"I don't know where they live. One was Brown, the other was Buck—short for Buckley or Buckman or something."

"Who saw you with these two Americans?"

"Why, nobody, I guess, except Dan. You see they wanted to make a new trail. Sort of explore. . . ."

"What did you do when you left Skagway?"

"I didn't cross the border with them. I headed them right and came back. I aimed to get here to Stewart before Dan did, but I got a job with MacKinnel. Say, why are you asking me all these questions? If you want me for that fight with MacKinnel, all the rest of it's none of your business. You haven't the right to question a prisoner."

"That's right," Menzies admitted. "I should warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

Barry's face turned white. "MacKinnel isn't dead!"

"No, but Dan Coreall is. We took his body from the river Tuesday. His head was crushed in. He was murdered."

There was a moment of horrible silence. Barry stood white and rigid.

"You're under arrest, Ralston," said Menzies.

Barry stared stupidly while Menzies snapped a pair of manacles about his wrists. He didn't move while Menzies rolled up his effects in the scarlet blanket. When the policeman walked from the house with the blanket roll under one arm and the other linked to Barry's wrist, Barry accompanied him woodenly. The next morning they were in Dawson.

Soon after, a neatly cabined pontoon-equipped airplane alighted in a backwater of the Yukon to deliver a special investigator of the Mounted, Major Renfrew. This keen-eyed officer was met by Sergeant Staires, and the two went at once to the hospital where the body of Dan Coreall lay.

The coroner was there. "Death was caused by blows that crushed the man's skull," he explained. "The condition of the body shows that he was killed not more than five or six weeks ago."

"You're sure of that time limit?" asked Staires.

"Yes. Under recent weather conditions this body couldn't possibly have been exposed to the elements for longer than five or six weeks."

Renfrew turned to Staires. "You've arrested a suspect?"

"Yes, Menzies got him just as he was pulling out for a nice long trip away from civilization. I guess he's our man all right."

"Looks as if I've arrived too late to be useful," smiled Renfrew. "I'd better have a chat with Menzies and the prisoner, though, and look over Coreall's clothes and those wrappings."

"Sure. There'll be plenty for you to do. We've got to collect lots of evidence to prove our charge against Ralston."

They found Menzies in a state of satisfied elation.

"He wants to talk!" he exulted. "I knew he'd break if we left him alone. He wants to make a statement. Let's take Major Renfrew over to talk with him."

"Better post me a little first," suggested Renfrew. "Who is this Ralston? What's your evidence against him?"

"Plenty," said Staires. "Ralston's a kid with a bad record. He's only twenty years old, but he's strong as an ox and has a murderous temper. He came up here from Edmonton two years ago and worked on the river. Last fall he came here to Dawson and shared a cabin with Coreall and a man named Gallion. Those two were a queer combination. Coreall was an old-timer. He made a fortune in the gold diggings and gave most of it away. A big-hearted guy with lots of real friends. But Gallion was different. Menzies can tell you about him."

"Spike Gallion was a bad character," said Menzies. "Came here from the coast. He'd lost an eye in an accident, and needed expert medical attention, and he was broke; so Coreall took him in and paid his bills for him. Coreall was interested in prospecting up the Sourdough, and planned to take Gallion along."

"Yeah," Staires broke in sardonically. "That's when Ralston came in. Ralston and Spike Gallion had a row and Ralston jumped on Gallion in the street and almost mashed his face to a jelly. Spike went to the hospital and Ralston went to jail. Then Coreall befriended Ralston, and after the kid got out of jail he took him along on this trip up the Sourdough. That was in January. In the first week in May, Menzies was up the Sourdough and found Coreall's cabin abandoned. And there were stains on the wall and floor—looked like bloodstains. So we started hunting for Ralston or Coreall himself. And Menzies got Ralston at Stewart."

"That was after we'd found Coreall's body in the river, bound up peculiarly with long sticks and rawhide," Menzies supplied. "And after I'd learned how Ralston had beaten up MacKinnel. When I walked in on the kid, he was packing enough stuff to get him over the border without touching a settlement."

"But is that all the evidence you've got to connect him with the crime?"

Staires shook his head. "Tell the major the rest, Menzies."

"It looks bad," Menzies said gravely. "Major, here's that tiger of a boy running away directly after he's had a chance to learn that Coreall's body has been found. And he's carrying with him blankets belonging to Coreall, and Coreall's private papers. The last we know of his movements is that he went up the Sourdough with Coreall in January. Now we find that Coreall was murdered between the first week in May and the second week in June. All right, what was the boy doing between January and the second week in May when he took the job with MacKinnel? I'll tell you what he says."

With somber scepticism he rehearsed Barry's strange story of an incredible journey with unknown travelers who had paid him an unbelievable sum for his services and disappeared from the face of the earth.

(Continued on page 34)

Embry College needed John Thomas, but it was a personal feud that brought him out for track!

Illustrated by
ERNEST FUHR

"Your smile doesn't suit me, Thomas," Breck said. "We're asking for support, not charity."

The *Fifth* Dixie Raider

by FREDERIC NELSON LITTEN

"RIP 'em, Raiders! Tear 'em up! Yeah—Embry!" In his dormitory room on the top floor of Old East, John Thomas straightened, then bent over his chem notes again. But another storm of cheering broke out.

"On to Pittsfield! Take the Yankees!"

A drum banged. Thomas shoved his papers back.

"Great gobs of hydrogen!" he growled. "I ask you, who could study with that racket going on?"

His study table overlooked the campus. A snake dance was weaving through the rainy twilight toward the pyramid of cannon balls on the lawn before Old East. Embry College had won the Valley Conference meet that afternoon, and the students were celebrating. But that wasn't all the celebration meant.

Thomas glanced at a handbill among the papers on his table:

"ON TO PITTSFIELD!

EMBRY'S DIXIE RAIDERS
WILL INVADE THE NORTH

Carroll, Stuart, Payne, Caruthers
can win

THE NATIONAL INTERCOLLEGIATES

$500 NEEDED FOR THE TRIP
GIVE! STUDENTS, GIVE!"

He grinned. What an idea! Four men win the National! They wouldn't have a chance. Thomas knew because he'd done things in track himself. Not at Embry—his textile engineering course was taking all his time, and he hadn't even permitted himself to read about track this year. But in prep school days, before he came South, Thomas had set a record in the discus.

He'd seen the Pittsfield meets, too. No freshwater college had a chance in that meet! Thomas frowned. Freshwater college—that sounded high-hat, and he didn't mean it that way. Embry College was poor and proud, as Southern as a cabin in a cane patch, but you couldn't find a better course in textiles in the country. And if the students went in heavy for tradition, they were a good gang just the same. Thomas liked them all. No — not all. There was Breck Caruthers.

He gazed out the window again. The snake dance was breaking into squads and making for the dormitory buildings. The drive for that five hundred had begun. A group headed toward the entrance of Old East. As Thomas watched he saw Breck Caruthers in the crowd, and his smile faded.

No, he didn't like Breck. Fire-eating Breck — captain of Embry's track squad, conference record holder in the hammer throw, and haughty. There'd been war between Thomas and Caruthers always. An instinctive war, built on little things. Thomas thought Breck arrogant. Breck, he was sure, called him a Yankee, and that wasn't a friendly word at Embry.

Footsteps sounded on the stair. He walked to the door and opened it. A dozen students crowded the narrow hall led by Breck and Embry's hurdler, Stuart. Stuart, lank and easy-going, smiled at Thomas, but Caruthers' eyes smoldered, and there was a scrappy tilt to his wide shoulders.

"Gentlemen, come in," said Thomas, smiling.

Stuart nodded pleasantly. "You got our dodger? We'd like a contribution, Thomas, if you think well of Embry's chances."

Thomas held out a bill and smiled tolerantly. The smile told plainly what he thought of Embry's chances. Breck reached out quickly and took the bill.

"Your smile doesn't suit me, Thomas," he said, frowning. "We're asking for support, not charity."

"Never look a gift horse in the mouth." Thomas laughed, but he was angry. "You'll need support at Pittsfield, I'm afraid."

Breck moved closer, his face flushed.

"You're from the North," he said. "Reckon Embry entering the big meet is just a joke to you—a freshwater college getting ambitious."

"Freshwater college," Thomas repeated. "Well, you said it first."

Breck's eyes blazed.

"No Yankee can call Embry that!" Crumpling the bill he tossed it in Thomas' face. "I've been waitin' a long time to settle things between us, and now's a good time."

But Thomas stepped back. He was sorry he'd spoken, mighty sorry. But as he gazed at Breck, his anger flared again.

"Why not a duel?" he said, his voice ironic. "Pistols under the campus oaks at sunrise—the old Southern style."

Breck nodded heatedly, and Thomas gave him a bewildered stare. Why, this fire-eater *would* fight a duel! He gazed out at the campus oaks, and the cannon balls glistening in the rain. . . . Cannon balls. . . . A sudden idea came—he'd give them all a laugh.

"I'll fight," he said. "But it'll have to be *my* choice of weapons."

Breck's face had changed. The anger was gone, and he seemed almost ashamed. But once more he nodded. Thomas pointed out the window.

"I'll make it cannon balls at fifty paces, then," he said and laughed.

But no one joined him. The room was still until Breck spoke.

"You *wouldn't* fight," he answered. "You're not that kind. You'll just sit back and sneer—"

But Stuart gripped his arm.

"Breck!" he ordered. Then he faced Thomas. "Breck's quick on the trigger, but I'll tell you, Thomas, we've all been wondering if he isn't right. You've been here a year, and you *could* have helped a lot in campus work and athletics. But you've never put your shoulder to the wheel. Think it over."

He swung and with Breck led the way from the room. Thomas picked up the crumpled bill angrily. It was true he hadn't put his shoulder to the wheel, but that textile course left little time. Still, he might have helped—in track.

He moved to the window and stood looking out at the pile of cannon balls, and suddenly an idea came to him. Why not go out for track, and fight Caruthers *in his own event*—the hammer throw?

Doubtfully he shook his head. The season ended with the meet today. Of course there was the national at Pittsfield, but he didn't rate the big meet. Crossing the room he sized up his image in the glass over the dresser. Six feet; shoulders as heavy as Breck's. He'd put them to the wheel. But could they toss a cannon ball on the end of a sling—the hammer—farther than Breck could? Thomas straightened. Monday he'd report at Embry Field and see.

MONDAY afternoon the soggy track was gray in a haze of rain. Men in blankets were huddled on the cinder path, at the weight rings and jumping pits.

As Thomas stepped from the ramp between the stands a gun at the starting mark puffed smoke, and a scarlet runner streaked away. It was Carroll, going for a time trial in the hundred. Carroll passed Thomas and broke the finish tape where Volney Wade, the Embry coach, bent over a stop watch.

"What's the clock say, Vol?" Carroll gasped.

"Ten-one," answered the coach. Wade was thin and homely, and drawled his words.

But the words made Thomas blink. Ten-one, on a track like mush! . . . He reached Wade's side and smiled at him.

"You couldn't use a man in the weights—the hammer?" he asked respectfully.

Wade's eyes narrowed a bit. "The season's over," he said. "Why?"

"Well, I worked in the weights at prep school. Like to try the hammer."

"You comin' back next yeah?" asked Wade in his slow drawl.

"Yes, and I'll be out for track," Thomas replied positively.

Wade turned abruptly toward the weight ring and Thomas followed, wondering what fire-eating Breck would do. As they approached, Breck halted a hammer swing and looked at the pair in amazement.

"Thomas is reportin' foh the hammeh, Breck," Wade said gently.

Breck's fists under his leather gloves clenched. He looked at Thomas, eyes burning. Then, slowly, his face grew masked. When the coach had departed he led Thomas into the circle and went through the form, slow motion.

"Like this," he demonstrated. "Triple turn—body swing ahead of the weight—kind of a waltz step. Try it, yourself."

Thomas started the hammer circling overhead. The form was something like that of his old event—the discus. He tensed, jumped into his whirl, and sent the hammer off. It soared through the gray sky, and struck with a muddy splash.

"A hundred thirty-nine!" the scorer called.

Breck Caruthers nodded soberly. "That mark is only fifteen feet behind my best," he said.

Thomas smiled inwardly. On his next toss he fumbled the triple turn, but his sixth try sailed 143 feet. Coach Wade, who had returned to look on, gazed at him in surprise.

"I'd like to see you try the discus," he said. "Might as well do two events as one!"

Thomas nodded, but without enthusiasm. He was out to beat Breck in the hammer, and he wanted to concentrate on that event alone.

"I'll be frank," he said. "I'm here to trim Breck. Last night he wanted to fight a duel—and I picked cannon balls."

The shadow of a smile passed over Wade's face. "We-ell, I reckon Breck can stand a little competition," he said.

In the dressing rooms the squad was cool—all except Stuart, who shook hands with Thomas and said he was glad to see him out.

The next afternoon Thomas spent working with the hammer, getting that triple turn. Just before practice ended Wade brought a discus to the ring.

"Feel like tryin' this?" he asked.

The old platter! Smiling, Thomas took the discus and stepped into the circle. He sent the disc away low and rocket-fast.

"One thirty-five feet, six!" the scorer called.

"A throw like that would place in the big meet," Wade said.

Thomas' smile faded. Yes, but it wouldn't beat Breck Caruthers in the hammer, and Breck was the man who had said that Thomas wouldn't fight.

"We're takin' only fouah men to Pittsfield," Coach Wade said. "The least slip-up, and we'd lose. I might take you. A place in the discus would help Embry."

Thomas smiled. "How about a place in the hammer? I'm getting better every day."

"How 'bout a place in *both* events?" parried the coach, smiling back.

Thomas shook his head.

"I don't know—the form's just different enough so I'd bust both." He looked at the coach challengingly. "Believe I'd rather give up Pittsfield."

Wade seemed unconvinced. "Do no harm to entah you in both."

That night Breck visited Thomas in Old East. It was late when he came and Thomas, opening the door, gazed at him in surprise. Breck nodded stiffly and came directly to the point.

"I heard Vol urge you to try the dis-

Suddenly Breck's eyes changed. His arm lashed out and swept Thomas from his feet.

cus," he said. "And you talked like you might quit the squad. You want to beat *me*. Well, I've fixed it with Wade for you to stick to the hammeh. I hope you'll finish out the fight—*with cannon balls*."

Thomas smiled. "Right, Caruthers. It's a finish fight."

And Breck, his eyes flaming, swung on his heel, and went down the stairs.

The next day Thomas worked only on the hammer, and saw his rival practicing the pole vault. So Breck was doubling in the hammer and pole vault at Pittsfield!

For a moment Thomas felt mean. Then his jaw tightened. These men had never shown him any friendship or sympathy. They'd called him a Yankee, and they'd remained aloof. A surge of anger swept through him as he recalled Breck's throwing the crumpled bill in his face.

A half hour later he hurled the ball 152 feet 8 inches, a foot short of Breck's best.

Payne and Carroll spoke pleasantly these days. Stuart talked with him a lot. Thomas found himself liking them better and better all the time. But rigidly he prepared himself for that duel with Breck.

Practice afternoons slipped by, and the Pittsfield meet drew closer. Once Thomas hurled the weight 162. Better than Breck's best, and good enough to *win* the national—if he could just repeat. Wade never spoke of the discus now.

On the night the squad left for Pittsfield the student council called a meeting at Memorial Hall, and Thomas felt a queer, prickly sensation when, after a series of yells for Payne, Stuart, Caruthers, and Carroll, a cheer leader hopped on the platform.

"The rebel yell, gang!" the cheer leader called. "For Johnny Thomas — the *fifth* Dixie Raider!"

Thomas swallowed and flushed guiltily. He wasn't out to win for Embry College but to beat Breck. After the squad had boarded the Pullman on the northbound at midnight, Thomas found sleep long in coming. "Win for Embry — beat Breck," he murmured to himself. "Beat Breck!"

On the Pittsfield turf, two days later, an official called: "Number 31, second trial in the final round!"

Thomas stepped into the weight ring, his hold on the grips of the hammer tightening. The great horseshoe stadium towered above him on three sides, and loudspeaker batteries on poles around the track blared raucously.

He started the hammer whirling, spun in the triple turn, and sent the ball away. The field judge megaphoned the distance: "One hundred fifty-eight, two inches!"

The crowd began a ripple of applause. A thrill ran over Thomas—the toss had put him out in front! He walked to the scoring table.

"Four feet to the good," the clerk said. "Your teammate Caruthers is second high."

A gun barked on the running track and Thomas swung around to watch the finals of the hundred. Carroll's scarlet jersey flashed to a lead at the fifty mark, and in a burst of speed he finished winner.

"Five foh Embry," a voice behind Thomas said. "But we need place points, Breck, remember that."

Thomas wheeled to see Wade standing near-by with Breck. The coach smiled.

"That mark of yours might *win* the hammeh, Thomas. I was tellin' Breck he must take second—and a third in the pole vault. If he does the meet's Embry's."

"Number 47," an official yelled. "Hammer finals!"

It was Breck's number, and as he started for the ring he brushed close to Thomas.

"My last trial," he said coolly, "and I'm still fightin'."

In the ring Breck started the triple turn. Thomas watched the hammer whip from his hands and sail out on a long flight. The scorer stretched his tape.

"One hun-dred fifty-nine feet and no inches!" he called.

Thomas' mouth became a thin, hard line. One fifty-nine! That throw had beaten his! He watched Breck, coming toward him, past the discus ring when the prelims were still running off. As Breck drew near, Thomas spoke with a hint of restrained anger.

"A good mark, Breck," he said. "But I can beat it."

To Thomas' amazement Breck was smiling in all friendliness. It was as though Breck had suddenly dropped all rivalry and dislike.

"It'll be nine points for Embry any way it goes," he said. "Thomas—when Wade asked you to double in the discus, I was afraid you'd quit the squad. *That's* why I've been sticking to this fight."

Thomas snapped straight. Breck smiled.

"I kept up this fight," he repeated, "to make sure you'd keep at the hammer. I knew the only reason you would stick was to lick me—"

Suddenly Breck's eyes changed. His arm lashed out and swept Thomas from his feet. As Thomas fell, something sang by his ear, and struck. He sprang up quickly. But Breck lay face down on the turf. Blood trickled down his temple. Beside him a discus rocked, then came to rest.

He began his spin with every muscle geared in high.

White-faced and scared, men ran from the discus ring. They knelt by Breck. Then they started for the field house gently cradling him in their arms. Thomas saw Wade hurrying to catch the crowd, and followed him into the building. But a mob jammed the corridor, and he lost the coach.

When he came out there was a 10 on the scoreboard for Embry College. Payne had won the mile. Then a speaker horn on the field house roof began broadcasting:

"First semi-final, the two-twenty yard low hurdles —Stuart of Embry wins, Thompson of Western—"

At that moment Wade stepped from the field house door and Thomas walked over, mutely questioning him.

"Breck's got a bad wound," the coach said.

"He shoved me in the clear, or I'd have taken it," Thomas said harshly.

Wade glanced at a card in his hand.

"Breck's three points in the pole vault would have won for Embry. Carroll and Payne have come through. We'll take first and second in the hammeh. Stuart's sure fire in the hurdles. Breck was keen to see Embry win."

The horn on the roof began another broadcast.

"Discus preliminaries," droned the voice. "Following numbers please report: 19, 31, and 46. After the trial now running off, you will be scratched!"

Thomas started. "31—that's my number!" he exclaimed.

"I sent your name in," Wade answered, "that day we talked of using you in two events. I'd forgotten —it won't do any good now. You've learned the hammeh, and the discus form is different."

Thomas stared at his shoes. Embry needed three more points to win. Breck had coached him in the hammer, taught him all he knew—had made a champ of him—so that Embry might win. . . . Now Embry would lose. He straightened.

"The discus?" he echoed. "Not so different. I'll gamble three points on it anyway."

He wheeled and sprinted for the discus ring. As he ran he was calling back to mind the sequence of the form—slow turn, one-two landing, shot-put finish. Tricks he'd worked to a fine polish—had he forgotten them?

Trainers and contestants were crowded about the scoring table.

"Number 31," called Thomas, pushing through the crowd.

The clerk lifted his pencil. "You're late. We're picking the six finalists. Get your discus."

An athlete in a blue and red blanket touched Thomas' arm. "Use my platter, Embry."

Thomas thanked him. He stepped into the circle, and rocked into the old power turn. His body twisted—there was a swish-pat as his spikes came down. The discus soared away into the sunlight.

"One thirty-nine feet, six!" the field judge shouted.

"Good shot, buddy!" called the blue and red athlete.

Thomas walked to the scoring table.

"You qualify," the clerk said. "Fourth high. You want to know third place? It's a hundred forty, even."

Thomas nodded soberly. Six inches for that third. He'd make it—he'd get back those three points somehow. Wade, beside him, put a hand on his shoulder.

"Better get off your feet," he cautioned. "They'll be workin' round to you in the hammeh finals."

Slowly Thomas shook his head. "The hammer? They can't beat Breck's mark. And I'm second. No use wasting steam. Tell 'em I won't take the last try, Coach."

A husky, yellow-haired athlete with a Colburn letter on his jersey got up from his blanket and walked over to Thomas.

"You don't remember me," he said, smiling. "Brennan of Hilltown. You used to trim me in the prep meets. But I'm better now."

Thomas shook hands and smiled back. And then Brennan's turn came and he walked to the ring and hurled the platter for the best mark of the trials.

"This is Brennan's event," said someone near Thomas.

"If he'll watch his footwork," added another.

Thomas rose abruptly. He felt stale, and his shoulder muscles ached. On his next trial he was short of his first mark. Well—there were two chances left.

The finals moved on slowly. Across the field the hammer finished, and the crowd drifted to the discus circle. The scoreboard read Embry 19—nine points in the hammer. Quick exultation flowed over Thomas. If he could take third in the discus and if Stuart won the hurdles they'd still win this meet!

On the track, workmen were setting up the hurdle flights. Thomas glanced at the scoreboard again. Stannard University 20. Stannard would take the last event and wind up with 25. Stuart's five in the hurdles and three discus points would give Embry 27. Thomas gulped. His three points—unexpected points in the discus—might save the day!

After a long wait the clerk called: "Thirty-one, up!"

Thomas rose. This was the time to nail down that third place. He had to take it. He stepped into the circle and sent off a toss that carried all the power of his tall body. The field judge called:

"One hun-dred forty-two, one!"

The clerk at the scoring table checked his list.

"That moves you into third place," he said.

Wade pushed through the crowd. He was smiling.

"Breck's not hurt so bad," he began. "Reckon you—" On the track a gun barked. "The hurdle finals," Wade said sharply.

Thomas wheeled for a snap glance at Stuart cannoning over the first flight. Over the second barrier Stuart had a lead! Form, speed—Stuart had everything! Thomas relaxed—the meet was in the bag for Embry! It was won!

On to the last barrier Stuart hurtled, a blur of scarlet color. He rose at the take-off . . . then disaster. His spikes slashed the bar and the hurdle tottered. Stuart plunged forward, skidding on his hands in a fog of cinder dust. He was up in an instant, but two men had passed him while that second ticked away, and he stumbled over the broken tape in third place. From the (Continued on page 41)

The Corpse Jumped Up and Chased Him Down the Street!

The Vagabond Trail

by GEORGE F. PIERROT

Sketches by R. M. BRINKERHOFF

WE sat in gorgeous black rickshas, richly trimmed with brass, and we trotted through the gay, shouting traffic of Peking.

My ricksha coolie was a raw-boned, barefooted Manchu ragamuffin. He wore only threadbare blue trousers and coat. But he kept me well in the lead. Bob Brinkerhoff's coolie, short and stocky, found Bob's 190 pounds a somewhat tougher load.

Surprises greeted me on every side. Up and down the wide, level, tree-rimmed street, lined with one-story shops and one-story wall-inclosed houses, moved a regular *Arabian Nights* procession.

A long, dusty caravan of shaggy brown camels, in from the Gobi with a load of hides, moved in stately single file along the side of the road. The camels eyed us with that studied contempt which only a camel can express to perfection, and they wiggled their lips at us as if to sneer: "You dirty foreigners!"

Portly old merchants rode by on tiny unkempt asses. American-made automobiles, driven by self-important Chinese, slipped in and out of traffic. Soldiers loped by, on small and hardy Mongolian ponies. Triple spans of donkeys strained hard as they towed great two-wheeled carts, laden with logs so long that they extended over the donkeys' heads.

People trudged by on foot; they passed us in rickshas, in blue canopied Peking carts, on mules. Resting camels stood in clumps by the roadside; sometimes they were lying down, chewing their cuds. Always they eyed us (if they deigned to notice us at all) with the utmost insolence.

We were held up for a few minutes by a long and crimson wedding procession, with gala-dressed men carrying bright-colored banners, musicians beating on drums, and friends walking on foot. A gay sedan chair bore the go-between, for in China, as in Japan, the young couple do not arrange the marriage, and often do not see each other until the bride steps out of her palanquin at her father-in-law's home.

It was a hot, dusty day, and beads of grimy sweat stood out on the faces of our ricksha boys. Bob came abreast of me, and motioned me to the roadside.

"Let's give our boys a ride," he yelled. "They deserve it."

We got out, and solemnly ordered our amazed coolies into the seats. They collapsed against the ricksha backs, mouths open, quite aghast at such a reversal in their fortunes. Then we grabbed the shafts, and started down the road at a brisk pace.

Don't let anybody tell you that Chinese are stolid and humorless. The sight of two scrupulously dressed Americans hauling two ragged ricksha coolies down a main street went right to everybody's funny-bone. The Chinese simply howled with joy. People hung out windows, doubled up with mirth. Small boys trotted after us, yelling and gesticulating. Our coolies having recovered from the shock, grinned and waved at our growing audience.

But between ourselves, the ricksha business is no good. It's too hard, especially when you get only four American pennies an hour. After about a half mile I slowed up to a walk and pulled up under a tree. Instantly my coolie bounded out of his seat, grabbed the shafts, and motioned me to my rightful place. And presently Bob, puffing like a locomotive, galloped alongside and gasped out something about a "devil of an idea."

SUCH was our second cultural contribution to the Orient. You'll remember we had taught the Tokyo teahouse girls to play "Simon Says Thumbs Up."

That evening, at dusk, we stood on the roof of the Grand Hotel de Pekin. The sun was just going down behind far-away hills. A stiff breeze was blowing, and the air was faintly yellow from dust particles, carried in from the Gobi Desert. Below us the great city—spacious and flat and sprawling—was beginning to twinkle with tiny lights.

Imagine yourself surrounded by brown walls three miles square, faced with great bricks. These walls are fifty feet high, sixty feet thick at their base, and forty feet wide at their top. Big pagoda-like gates rise above them, permitting traffic in every direction. This square enclosure is called the Tartar City; in it is the Legation Quarter, and in it the foreigners live.

In the center of the Tartar City is the square-shaped Imperial City, surrounded by red-plastered walls 18 feet high, and 6½ miles long. Here, in the gorgeous days of the Manchu Emperors, lived Manchu noblemen and their retainers, the trusted servants and bodyguard of the Sons of Heaven.

From our lofty position we could see, a golden patch in the midst of the Imperial City, the yellow tiled roofs of the palaces of the Forbidden City. Here, as sacred and unentered by foreigners as Lhasa in Tibet, or Mecca, stood Kublai Khan's Dragon Throne, where sat the Emperors. The Forbidden City, sometimes called the Purple City because it lies beneath the purple North Star, is itself protected by a wall 22 feet high, and broadly moated. It was, until the downfall of the Manchu Dynasty in 1911, the most mysterious spot in the world. It is not quite square, being a half mile wide and two-thirds of a mile long.

Picture, then, the main part of Peking as an inclosed box. Outside is the city proper. In the center of that is the Imperial City, and in its heart, like a flaming jewel, is the Forbidden City. Joining the Tartar City on the south is the oblong Chinese City, inclosed by walls 14 miles long.

Says Upton Close: "Peking is the Jewel City of the World. Nothing else like it exists for picturesqueness, compactness, unity and leisureliness of spirit, treasures and grandeur."

In our brief visit we came heartily to agree with him.

That evening we dressed and climbed into the automobile that Roy Chapman Andrews, Gobi Desert explorer and our companion on the *Empress of Canada*, had sent for us. We rolled down a long macademized street, and into Roy's courtyard. A broad screen blocked the open doorway, forcing us to walk around it. This was a "spirit screen." The Chinese devote a great deal of their time to outwitting malignant ghosts. Luckily, the Chinese have

Where the Emperor sacrificed, in the Temple of Heaven.

discovered that ghosts travel in a straight line; they can't turn corners. So a screen that extends completely across your doorway sends naughty ghosts home, gnashing their spooky teeth in bitter disappointment. You walk around the screen and are perfectly safe within.

Chinese are immensely superstitious, and most of them will hesitate to enter a deserted and tumble-down building by day, or a lonely spot by night. Their folk lore abounds in terrifying stories of the evil ghosts that lie in wait in such places.

We were told, for instance, the hair-raising tale of the four travelers who late one night arrived at an inn. There was only one room left for them, and in it was lying the corpse of the landlord's daughter-in-law.

Three of the four snored merrily; the remaining one was more cautious. He kept a furtive eye on the still form, dressed in paper robes and prepared for burial. To his horror, he heard a creaking of the trestles on which lay the dead body. He saw the girl get up, her face horribly rigid and glassy, and go and breathe on his three companions.

When she came to him he buried his face under the bedclothes. Presently he nudged one of his companions. The man was still and dead. Terrified, he grabbed his trousers and bolted through the door. The corpse leaped up and followed him.

The Chinese ran with all his might, but the dead girl steadily gained on him, and no one answered his shrieks for help. Finally, he fell senseless at the foot of a tree, while the body stood there motionless, embracing its trunk.

The next morning the man was found, still unconscious. The corpse was there, too, its fingers digging deep into the bark. Back at the inn the three men were found dead.

How is that for a story? If a few of such were current in America, there'd be no need for any curfews.

On the veranda Roy Andrews, tall and lean and hard-handed from his daily polo, was there to greet us. So few explorers really look the part. Roy does, every inch. We sat in his dining room, with the faces of long dead mandarins staring at us from the shadowed walls, while silent white-robed Chinese served us dinner by the flickering light of tall black candles. Meanwhile Roy told us stirring tales of his adventures in the Gobi Desert.

When we demanded to know about his celebrated discovery of dinosaur eggs, Roy grimaced comically.

"I'll never get away from those eggs," he laughed, ruefully. "Everywhere I go people ask me about them. When I die, I suppose somebody will carve a dinosaur egg on my tombstone."

That evening was unforgettable. Roy had servants place comfortable wicker chairs in the center of a big courtyard (he lived in what was once a Manchu palace, covering with its gardens and courts an acre of ground) and turn out all lights. There we sat in darkness. The air was so clear that the big, lustrous stars seemed close enough to touch.

Then another servant brought a loud speaker into the court, attached by long wires to a gramophone. Presently out of the darkness came the sweet melancholy strains of Russian music. More than once, out on the deserts where dinosaurs roamed, millions of years ago, Roy's party had been entertained of evenings by that same gramophone and that same loud speaker.

We saw Roy often, after that. Our last glimpse of him was on the polo field, where he helped the Peking Polo Club beat the American Fifteenth Infantry, 8 to 0. As we turned to go to our train we heard a roar from the crowd. It was Roy, thundering down the field on his Manchurian pony. Another roar told us he had scored. Then he rode up to us, and saluted us by bringing the butt of his mallet to his chin. It was a true adventurer's good-by.

Perhaps you'd like to know a little about the Chinese boy. We saw plenty of him. In Peking he's taller and wirier than the Japanese boy, but just as active and full of fun.

He starts to school at six, just as you do, and spends four years in the lower primary grades. Then three years in the higher primary. Corresponding to the American high school is the middle school, offering a four-year course.

After that, if he wants to go on to college, he'll spend one or two more years in preparatory studies.

All this, of course, applies either to the boy in a well-to-do home, or to a poor boy who is so bright that he has attracted the attention of a wealthy patron. Nowhere in the world is learning so highly venerated as in China. A boy who shows an aptitude for learning will likely get as much instruction as he can absorb.

The average boy, from a poor home, doesn't fare so well. Perhaps he doesn't go to school at all, though local and national governments are making a valiant effort to extend educational facilities. On the other hand, he may be lucky enough to live near a mission school. (Our own American missionaries are numerous and energetic, in China.) This boy will perhaps marry at 18, and bring his wife to his father's home. In China the family spirit is strong, and sometimes five generations may be found under one roof. Indeed, a man has the right to divorce his wife if she neglects his parents.

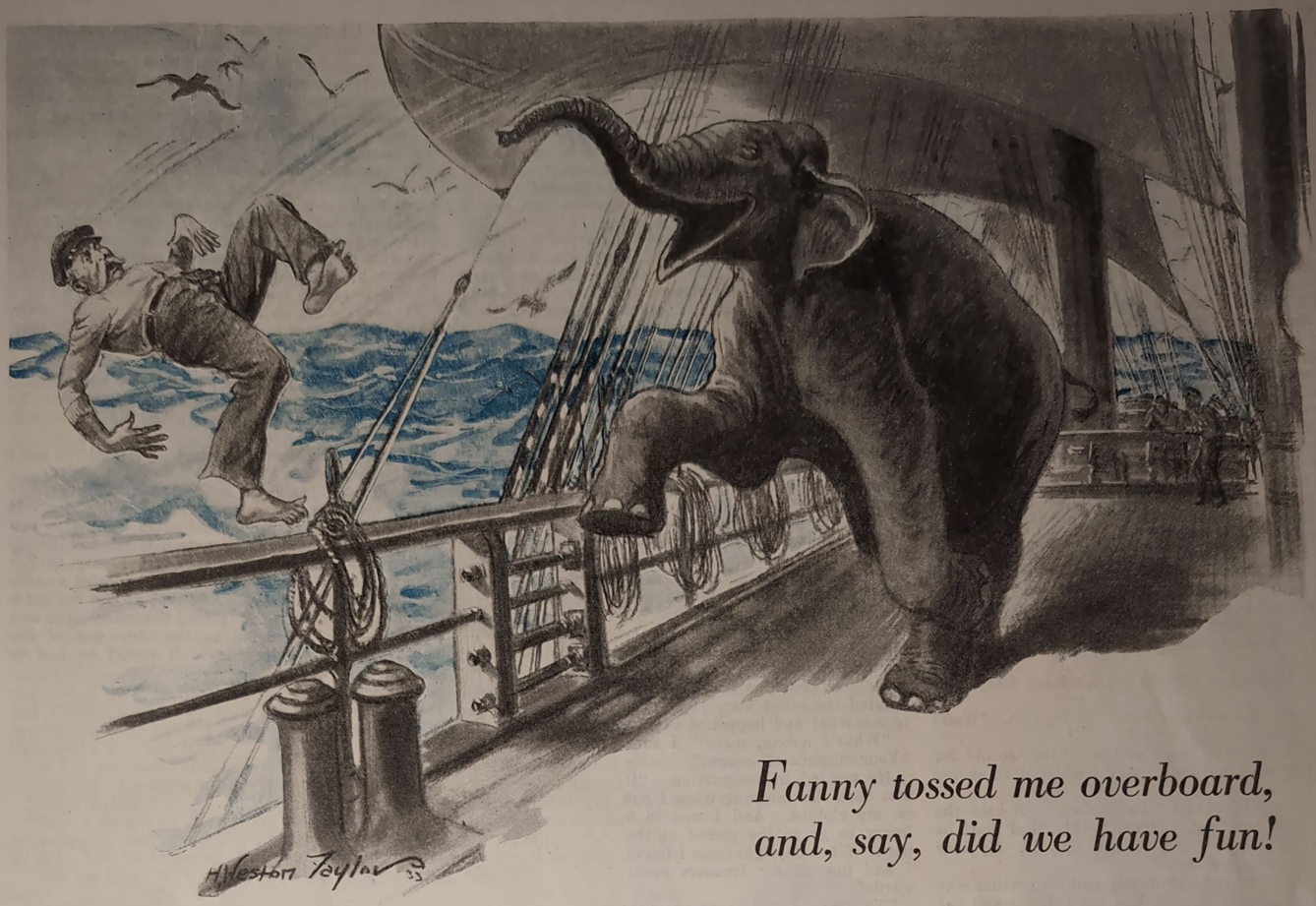
This tenacious family spirit is a big handicap to industrial and political China. The Chinese are individualists, and the family tie is the most powerful tie of all. If a man gets a political job, he feels duty-bound to make a place for his relatives. In business, efficiency comes second to his family. He must get the best possible job for his brother, whether the brother happens to be fitted for it or not.

Poor China. She has a tough hundred years ahead of her. All at once, to protect herself, she must develop a nationalistic feeling, in a huge area cut up into regions that speak different dialects and differ from each other in custom and tradition. She must, in a few short years, accustom herself to the industrial system which Europe took several centuries to assimilate. She must teach her people to govern themselves. Through diplomacy, she must save herself from being divided piecemeal by foreign nations. She must develop schools, in the interests of the 90%

(Cont. on page 28)

A marble bridge, looking toward the Bottle Pagoda.

The Marble Ship, in the Summer Palace that lost a war.



Fanny tossed me overboard, and, say, did we have fun!

A Land of Notions

by HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY

Illustrated by H. WESTON TAYLOR

CAP'N PEN FREEDOM seemed to think there was something queer about his young friends, the members of the Hammer and Chisel Club. His gaze strayed to them, as they worked busily in the big Freedom barn. Finally his curiosity turned into words.

"Excuse me for bein' what you might call personal," he began, "but I notice that three of you have got your sweaters on wrong side out. Did you put 'em on that way by mistake this mornin' or is it some newfangled style?"

Skeet Somerville grinned. "It's just a new way of wearing them, that's all. No reason for it, I guess."

"Hum," mused the captain. "I thought it might be some foolish superstition or somethin' like that. Mebbe a strange notion, like sailormen get. Y'see that sort of thing can be carried terrible far. I call to mind an adventure I had with some folks who let signs and omens pretty near wreck their happiness—not to speak of spoilin' mine for a spell. If you'd like to hear about it—and you're sure it won't interfere with your industrial pursuits—"

"You bet we would!" shouted the boys.

"Course I may embellificate a bit as I breeze along. And in this matter of the folks on Black Cat Island, I wouldn't blame some people for raisin' a doubtin' eyebrow — or even sayin' I handled the truth in a some'at reckless manner, but all same—"

"It's the truth!" cackled Napoleon, the parrot, above them.

"Thankee, Nappy. I'm obliged to you."

Well, boys, (began the captain) it came about this way. Some years back I was first mate on a ship which, if anybody *was* real superstitious, was no berth for a nervous man. Yes, sir, funny things had a way of happenin' on the *Four Leaf Clover*. And the cargo on that trip was the queerest one I ever remember. We had aboard a couple of elephants among other things, which made life interestin' below decks. Fanny and Bobolink certainly kept things on the hum.

Everything would have been all right if it hadn't been for some tanks of laughin' gas. These were stored aft in the hold and they hadn't been made secure. Well, we went through a pretty bad storm that chucked the *Four Leaf Clover* around like a peanut shell. Finally the storm died down, and I figured everything was all right—but it wasn't.

I was standin' by the man at the wheel when I began to get reports that it wasn't so quiet below. Soon the second mate came up, laughin' like a hyena.

"Ho-ho-ho! Oh, my! Hee-hee-hee. Mr. Freedom, come down—oh, my—haw! haw! haw!"

The poor man was on the verge of hysterics from laughin' so hard. Tears were runnin' down his face and he was holdin' his sides.

"What's the joke?" I asked him.

"Ha-ha. The elephants are out — oh, haw-haw-haw! And they're — ho-ho-ho, smashin' everything. Ha-ha, smashin' everything below decks! Oh, haw! haw! haw!"

Well, if that was funny, then my idea of humor was adrift. Then up came the skipper, usually a dour, sad man. But now he was near killin' himself with mirth.

"Oh, my stars and garters! Oh, haw, haw, haw! Mr. Freedom, ah—haw, haw, haw! Bobolink—the—the elephant—is sittin' on the cook! Oh, haw, haw, haw! And the ship has sprung a leak! Haw, haw, haw!"

I stared at the skipper. I couldn't see anything funny about Bobolink sittin' on the cook—even if Bobolink *was* a baby elephant. The rumpus down below was deafenin'. Up came the carpenter, also laughin'.

"He-he!" he tittered. "It's those tanks of — haw! haw! haw!—laughin' gas. They're smashed and—ha! ha!—the gas is all over the place. And—ho! ho! ho!—the cook is chasin' Bobolink, and Fanny is chasin' the cook—ha! ha! ha!"

Then there was a terrible crash of timbers and up came the cook. Right behind him lumbered Fanny and Bobolink. All around the decks they ran, knockin' things endways. And would you believe it, those elephants were laughin' worse than the men. And the men were tied up in helpless knots of merriment.

Fanny charged me and I didn't stop to laugh with her! Up on the rail I jumped and Fanny gave me a tap with her trunk that was like a kick from a mule. Overboard I went.

When I come up, half full of water, the *Four Leaf Clover* was several ship lengths away. She was makin' about fifteen knots in that breeze, and apparently everybody was laughin' so hard they hadn't noticed my sudden leave takin'. I could see Fanny smashin' things in her uncontrollable joy, and then I saw her whack a lifeboat with that great trunk. It fell away and into the sea.

Now that was a little pinch o' luck in a big mess of misfortune. I swam for the boat. More luck! It was undamaged except for a splintered gun'l, and the oars were strapped inside. I lost no time gettin' in. But the *Four Leaf Clover* was far away, then, ignorin' my yells for help. Sadly, I saw her sail out of sight.

Now there I was, some place out in the South Pacific Ocean, without any idea of how near land might be. But I had to steer some place; so I scanned the horizon for a sight of anything. There seemed to be a faint blur off to the north and, thinks I, it might be an island. So I set a course for it.

The next afternoon I made it, almost worn out with hunger, thirst and fatigue. I was so tired I just laid down on the beach and slept until the next mornin'.

That was a careless thing to do on a strange island and I realized it the minute I woke up. But if there were people in the place they either hadn't seen me or were harmless. I left the beach and moved up a slope—and then discovered that the island, which seemed to be pretty sizable, was most certainly inhabited. There were paths through the trees, and a village in the distance.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained, thought I, so I set out to see what sort of a place I'd landed in. There was a wide path and down this I went toward the village.

ROUNDIN' a bend, I almost stumbled into a man dressed in a new white suit—and standin' ankle-deep in mud! Black, oozy mud—and mind you, as contented as you please. He was makin' no move to get out. I spoke to him in English.

"H'lo!" I piped. "Did you know you were standin' in mud?"

"Certainly," he replied in just as good English as I used.

"Well, why don't you step out of it?" I asked.

"What's the use? I'm a fatalist. When I came out this morning it was foreordained that I should get mired. I should be defying fate if I pulled my foot out!"

"Well, I swan!" said I. "D'you mean to tell me you're goin' to stay there all day—with your foot in the mud like that?"

"It is not bad mud, really. It is warm. And there is, when you have tried it out, a certain delicious feeling in having your foot plastered with comfortable mud."

While I stared at him, he put his other foot in the mud.

"I see you're a stranger here," he went on. "Won't you join me in a mud bath?"

"No!" I almost hollered at him. "I'm too old for wadin' and such pursuits. And besides, I think it's dirty."

"All in the viewpoint," he replied. "Behold the cow, the pig, the frog, and the toad! Mud must be good, or they'd never use it the way they do. My dear sir, I beg you to join me—"

Just then he bowed elaborately and his gesture was so extra hospitable that he lost his balance and sat right down kerplunk in that mud! His pure white costume was a sight and a big blob of mud was completely plastered over one eye. I rushed over to help him, but his one mudless eye warned me away.

"Please, sir, I am in no need of help. It was all arranged that I should sit down in it—"

"But your eye—and—"

"I shall not disturb it. By tonight, if the sun comes out, this will cake and fall off. Perhaps my eye has been seeing too much—who can tell?"

"But your nice white suit—"

He considered this. "I had put it on in honor of the games at the park," he said precisely. "It goes to show I shouldn't have *gone* to the games."

For a while I looked at him—a grown man, calmly sitting in that black mud.

"Neighbor, do you mean to tell me you're goin' to sit there until things dry up? Supposin' it rains?"

"Suppose it does? We have two possibilities. A—it may dry up. B—it may rain. If it rains the mud will be washed away. If it dries up, the mud will drop off. How can I lose, my dear sir?"

I wanted to tell him he was an idiot but when you're a stranger to new shores it doesn't pay to be too uppity with the populace and their ideas. So I left him, sitting there—and I hoped he wouldn't catch cold.

Thinks I, Pen, you've struck some queer folks and you'd better make up your mind now for a surprise or two. I wandered along a wide path, an awful zigzaggy path, full of turns and bends. If there was a rock in the way, the path wound obligin'ly around it. It was the most apologetic highway I ever saw.

Well, I hadn't gone far when I realized my guess about surprises was correct. Alice in her journey through Wonderland never saw anything foolisher than I did in a few minutes.

Up the path came a figure. At first I thought he was comin' my way and then I decided he wasn't. Then I understood. His face was lookin' straight at me and his feet were comin' my way, too, but his clothes were pointed the other way. I stopped to see what had happened to him.

"What's wrong, mate?" I said. "Your riggin's all askew."

He nodded in resignation. "It was dark this morning when I put on my clothes. And I was in a hurry to go to the games at the park. When daylight came I found I had put on my trousers backwards!

"Naturally I had to go on with it. So I put on my collar and tie and hat—all backwards. Also my coat. They will have to remain so, I fear, until I retire tonight. Tomorrow I'll be more careful." He seemed to study me a moment and then said: "Sir, have you ever put in a whole day with your pants on backwards? It is very confusing. People are constantly saying 'Good-by' when you are just coming up to them—and saying 'Hello' when you're leaving them."

"But, good grief!" I said. "Why don't you change 'em around?"

"I wouldn't think of it!" he replied, giving me a horrified stare. "No one could possibly put on his pants backwards unless fate intended it. Besides, if people talk behind my back, I'll catch them at it!"

I vum, I couldn't make any sense out of such goin's on. Just because a body made a mistake, he seemed to think he ought to stand by it.

"Which way do you sit down?" I asked.

"I have to sit down in front," he replied sadly. "And when I place a child in my lap, I'm really placing him on my back. It's very difficult—but it's all for the best."

"You spoke about games," I said. "What games?"

"Running races, jumping contests and the like. We have to have them every month. And it's most annoying in a way—"

"*Have* to have them?" I asked. "Surely, you don't *have* to play games if you don't want to!"

He sighed. "It was an accident. Once, forty years ago, a wayfarer to our shores started the idea. It was very pleasing; people had often wanted to run and leap, but there was no reason for it. This brilliant gentleman—his name was Mr. Bleary Guffey from the ship *Unicorn*—conceived the idea of awarding prizes to the winners. And thus at last we had a reason for running. He repeated the tournament and unfortunately it occurred on the same day of the month! *That* was an omen! It meant we had to

Just then a chunk of plaster fell down and landed on my head! "Don't disturb it!" the governor yelled.

have them every month. So we have, ever since. I am entered in the 40-yard dash and—why—"

Here he broke down and seemed to choke. Then he stared wildly around.

"Steady, mate," I said. "What's wrong now?"

"It's my pants again, sir," he moaned. "The judges will never allow me to run with my costume so contrary. I'll be partly coming when the others are going. And vice versa. I couldn't possibly win. It's dreadfully confusing."

"It certainly is," I agreed. "And, if you don't mind my sayin' so, I think it's plumb foolish. I'm stranded here and I want to see about gettin' home again."

"You should see our governor. You'll find him at the Hall. It's just beyond the swamp. You'll know it by its peculiar cupola. It was put on upside down and—"

"I'll bet they left it that way, too," I said.

"Of course. There was nothing else to do. It was too bad. You see, the weather vane had to be attached to the roof of the cupola, which unfortunately brought it inside the building pointing downward, instead of outside. And that rather spoils it for weather vaning purposes in a way. Well, I must be going. Tell me, my dear sir, what would *you* do if by chance you got your pants on wrong side to?"

"Why, I'd change 'em as soon as I found it out. I hope I know enough to correct a mistake."

HE looked at me, with admiration and awe. "You are a very brave man—even rash I might say—to dare fate like that! Well, I must be on my way. Good day, sir."

I watched him out of sight and he certainly did look confused. I took up my journey to the Hall and pretty soon I came to what would have been a handsome building, only the top was turned inside. Right in front of the Hall, blocking the way, was a swamp and a little pond—why they hadn't drained it was beyond me. An old fellow had a scow on the near bank and I spoke to him.

"Is this the Hall?" I asked.

"Yes sir. I'll ferry you across. Free trip today."

"Oh, a holiday?"

"No. I forgot to charge the first passenger this morning—so that meant I couldn't charge anybody all day. It'll bankrupt me—but, well, there you are."

"But see here, don't you people ever correct a mistake?"

"No sir. I see you are a stranger. And speaking of mistakes—I'm almost afraid to tell you what happened to my first passenger this morning."

"Well, what happened to him?"

"He lost his balance and fell overboard. See him in there, swimming behind that log?"

"Well, why doesn't he come out?"

"Goodness, no. That would be tempting fate. He fell in for some purpose."

"Well, here's one passenger who won't fall in," I snapped.

He sighed. "Then I suppose I must refuse to ferry you over. It's about spoiling my business. So many refuse to fall overboard. Won't you *please* fall overboard if I take you across? Really, it's not deep. I'm asking you with the best intentions in the world—won't you *please?*"

"No!" I shouted. "There's a narrow place over at that end and I'm goin' to jump across!"

And I did, leavin' him standin', starin' at me.

I found the governor's office in the buildin'. The door was closed but his name was on it. I was just about to knock, with my fist up in the air for a good whack, when an awful crash came from the other side of the door. I burst in.

There was a big man dressed in the uniform of an admiral seated flat on the floor, the wreck of a chair all around him. His chapeau had settled down over one eye and the other was full of surprise. I rushed to help him up and slipped on something soft. Up went my own feet and down came your humble servant, as flat as the governor himself. There we sat staring at each other—considerably surprised.

The governor spoke. "I can't see very well with this eye—and the other is covered by this hat—but you look like a stranger to Black Cat Island."

"I am. I just dropped in—as you can see—to pay my respects. My name is Penhallow G. Freedom, from the United States, and I left my ship yesterday — um — quite unexpectedly. Let me help you up, Governor."

He shouted so loud I sat down again from halfway up.

"Don't, I beg," he said. "What comes must be borne. My chair collapsed—and you stepped on a banana skin—and here we are. Welcome to Black Cat Island."

Well, as I have often said, when you're in Rome you've often got to do what the Romans are doing or get into serious trouble. I've drunk tea with mandarins when I hate tea, smoked the pipe of peace with South American Indians, eaten raw fish with savages, danced with the wild men of Borneo. But I never thought I'd have to sit on the floor and talk with another man speakin' the same language—and both of us scared to get up for fear of crossin' fate.

So there I sat like a heathen idol. I was too upset to laugh at the funny picture the governor made with his hat over one eye.

"I s'pose you're goin' to leave that hat over one eye until sundown," I said.

"Oh, of course. I see you are catching on to our ways. Already you are a citizen in good standing—or good sitting rather."

"How comes it you speak English?" I asked.

"Our forefathers were English. Three of them were shipwrecked here years and years ago. They were brothers and were cast up here on a Friday night by the dark o' the moon! Think of it! And they brought with them a black cat—and that's how the island got its name."

"Well, I swan," I said. "I never saw such queer actions. I met a man with his foot in the mud who wouldn't take it out—another with his clothes on wrong who refused to change fore and aft—"

"Yes," the governor interrupted, "and I must remember to have that man wear his clothes that way every day! He's done that twice, now! There must be something to it!"

Just then a chunk of plaster fell down and landed on my head. I reached up to brush it off and the governor yelled:

"Don't disturb it!"

But the worm will turn, whether he's in Rome or Hoboken—specially if his head is half buried in loose plaster. I knocked that plaster off and got up on my feet. Then I grabbed a good chair and plunked the surprised governor down in it. And put his hat on straight again.

"There!" I said, gettin' madder an' redder. "Nothin's goin' to happen to you. Nothin' at all. And what comes *hasn't* got to be borne!"

Out I ran and hailed the ferryman. "Ferry me across, now, and make it speedy."

"You've had a change of heart, I see," he said, happy as a lark. "You *will* be agreeable, won't you, and fall overboard for old Peter?"

I jumped into the scow, grabbed the punt pole, and shoved off. "What comes must be borne, old Peter. *I'm* the ferryman now! *You're* the passenger. If you want to fall overboard into this pond, go ahead. But I wouldn't. It's full of eels!"

He shivered. "Eels!" he groaned. "It would be eels. And how I dread 'em. Oh, how I dread—"

But the scow was across.

"Too late, old Peter. You can't fall overboard now. But cheer up. Nothin's goin' to happen."

I'd had enough of this queer place. I retraced my steps and in a few minutes came upon the man in the mud. In two shakes I had him out of that. He sputtered and protested.

"You go down to see the governor," I said. "He wants to see you. And be sure and take the ferry!"

I hurried on, payin' no attention to his wails. And pretty soon I met the man who was dressed all wrong. He was forlorn.

"I lost the race," he said, gloomily. "I came in ahead but the judges disagreed. Said I'd started all the other guys runnin' the wrong way!"

I slapped him on the back. "Excuse me. I thought I saw a bee fly down your collar!"

(Continued on page 42)

"When daylight came, I found I had put on my trousers backwards! Naturally I had to go on with it!"

Basil threw a rope to the leading swimmer, and we drew them both shoreward as rapidly as we could.

Jungle Haven

by ALBERT L. STILLMAN

The Preceding Chapters

WE three naked fugitives had our choice—we could wrench a living from the jungle or we could die.

Very thankfully Boris and Basil and I chose to fight for life in the jungle, with its alligators and anacondas and wild boars, its roaring floods and unfriendly White Clad Indians. We were outcasts, and this teeming South American jungle was our only haven.

In the far-off Balkan country of Algunia, Boris and Basil were princes. They were still princes in the jungle. They were the finest, gamest, gayest young fellows of seventeen and fifteen that I'd ever known.

Not that I told them so. They would only have grinned at me. I'm Bob Mexican, their American tutor, through no virtue of my own astonishingly well educated. Their father, Sergius IV, King of Algunia, had left the boys in my full charge just before he was killed in a revolution.

A great European power—we'll call it Power B—had stirred up the revolution in order to get rid of Sergius IV and his sons. Power B wanted commercial concessions that those three would never grant. Well, they wiped out Sergius IV, but Boris and Basil and I escaped. By a wild night flight in a glider, a second flight on a fishing boat, and another lap on a friendly ocean liner that landed us at Para in Brazil.

But Power B followed us, and we fled once more, to the Amazonian jungle. We took with us clothing, food, and equipment for camping and hunting, but the White Clad Indians captured us, drugged us, stripped us of everything, and left us to die.

Instead, we lived to make a game of living. It was an appalling game at times but always thrilling.

We established ourselves on a wild jungle island, and there we built a palm-thatched house, two rooms complete, with stoves of a sort and piassaba palm fiber hammocks and a neat supply of clay pots and pans. We turned a great Itauba tree into a seaworthy boat. We made harpoons of stout wood tipped with obsidian, and powerful bows and arrows; and with these weapons we brought in deer, sea cows, and wild boars to add to our diet of fish and turtles and jungle greens.

Only his hand showed above the torrent.

Growing ambitious, we planted a garden, started a poultry yard, and began raising our own wild boars. We even went in for primitive placer mining, washed gold out of our jungle, and made ourselves a complete table service of gold and solid gold window screens!

Basil was particularly happy over the screens. "It's pleasant not to have all the mosquitoes in the jungle dropping in for the evening," he would point out to Boris and me as we settled down after dinner to play games or work out problems around our manatee oil lamp.

All three of us felt somewhat triumphant. We had wrenched from the jungle more than mere life—we had won luxury as well. Naked, we had gone into the wilderness and conquered. But it was only for a time.

Late one afternoon as we sat talking in our hard-won jungle peace, we heard a sound only too familiar to fugitives—the ominous *crack, crack* of rifle shots!

Chapter Thirteen

RIFLE fire near Jungle Haven—a thousand miles from civilization! Had Cervenda traced us here? Was Power B to rout us out of the home we had labored months to build?

The sound of firing grew nearer. All three of us grabbed our bows and a handful of arrows and crept to the water side, taking care to keep under cover. Our dogs were yapping about our heels and I slapped them to silence.

There was a stir in the brush across the stream, an opening appeared, and we saw the brown face of a young Indian. He didn't see us, and we remained hidden. Another followed, and then another. We could see that they were panic-stricken and unarmed. With a quick glance they surveyed the stream, and then caught sight of the faint column of smoke arising from our kitchen.

We could see them consulting hastily, heads together. Then, one by one, they entered the river battling with powerful strokes the heavy current that swept them downstream toward the rapids.

The firing had ceased, but we heard shouting back in the mainland forest. I detected a syllable or two of low-caste Portuguese. Not Power B, then! But what kind of white monsters could they be that chased unarmed Indian boys to death?

Basil ran back to the house and reappeared presently with coils of piassaba rope. Basil threw a rope to the leading swimmer, who caught the end with one hand and grasped a rapidly tiring companion in his arms. Basil and I drew them both shoreward as rapidly as we could.

The third boy was apparently making good progress, when suddenly his head went under. Only his hand showed above the torrent, sweeping rapidly downstream. Boris dropped his weapons, ran along the bank till he passed the boy, and then dived in. With a few powerful strokes, he reached the Indian and brought his head to the surface. In that instant a triumphant shout sounded from the thicket across from us, and a bullet splashed in the water near him. If they hit Boris—

War clouds rolled down on Jungle Haven, and a three-man army prepared for battle!

Illustrated by THOMAS FOGARTY

A white man's face, stamped with cruelty.

Basil and I hid the two rescued boys in the bushes.

"I'll see to Boris," I whispered to Basil. "Raise a row—fire your arrows at 'em! Rout 'em if you can!"

"Boris will be all right," Basil answered, with his usual sublime confidence. But his face was a little white.

I seized the rope and ran downstream, hoping Boris could battle the current till I arrived. Meanwhile Basil bombarded the thickets across the river and let loose a series of Comanche war whoops. His marksmanship must have been good—at least the firing ceased. The raiders evidently thought they'd bumped into a strong and ready force.

I couldn't reach Boris in time. He was fighting a current that not even his powerful shoulders could combat. With rare presence of mind, he ceased to struggle against the rushing waters, and coasted toward a flat rock that split the stream in two. Presently he was resting behind the rock, hanging desperately to it. When he heard no more shooting, he scrambled and clawed his way to the top of the rock and dragged the Indian to a place beside him. There they lay, spent and exhausted, the wild waters roaring on each side of them as if, though defeated for the moment, they would not be cheated of their prey.

I hailed him. "Boris—Boris! Are you all right?"

"I am, but this lad isn't," he yelled. "I think his arm is broken."

I looked the situation over. It was futile to think of throwing a rope—I could hardly drag them against such a current without bruising them unmercifully.

Basil came up and took in the entire predicament at a glance.

"Good old Boris," he yelled. "Hang on, stout fellow! We'll pull you out."

He had a second rope with him. I looked about me again. Then I tied the two ropes together and threw the end over the branches of a tree near the bank.

"Can you climb that tree, Basil?" I asked. The trunk was thick and gnarled.

"I'm a monkey," he said confidently. "What am I to do when I get up there?"

"I want you to go out that overhanging limb as far as you can go, and see if you can swing that rope end down to Boris. Then we rescue, pendulum fashion."

"Ah," he said. "Ingenious!"

He took a running leap and caught the great trunk several feet up. He paused a moment, digging in with his toes and fingers. Slowly he managed the difficult ascent. From the crotch of the tree, he made his way out over a big branch, carrying the rope with him. Then he passed the rope through a fork in the branches and swung one end down to Boris. On the very first try Boris caught it and in a moment had it fastened about the Indian's chest. Basil, stretched flat on his stomach on the branch, pulled up gently, and I took up the slack.

CAREFULLY Boris lifted the unconscious burden. When the boy was about shoulder height, Boris pushed him gently from him. Simultaneously I pulled with all my might to clear the body of the water. It swung over to me. I dropped the rope and caught the boy as he thumped into the bank. Disengaging the rope, I laid him on the ground.

Basil flipped the rope end back into Boris' hands and twisted his end of the rope about the limb. Boris leaped up, caught the rope well above his head, threw his feet skyward, and under this tremendous impetus, swung easily to safety.

Boris, despite his strenuous battle with the current, seemed fresh and unhurt, and he helped us carry the three natives into the house. They were all badly cut and scratched. Two were unconscious, and the one Boris had rescued had his arm fractured above the elbow. We dressed their wounds and bathed their foreheads with cold water. I cut splints and set the injured arm as well as I could. Then we busied ourselves weaving three large hammocks to make our patients as comfortable as possible.

The next day all of our patients had gained consciousness. We took turns nursing, and chatted with our new friends in the Lingoa Geral dialect. They had been attacked, we learned, by wandering rubber hunters, who had raided a tribe far upstream to seize boys and girls for slavery. I nodded my head. In the dark interior of the continent such practices went on. Rubber hunting was a precarious business in Brazil. There wasn't much profit in it, and the men who engaged in it were often a low type. And so they fattened their incomes by snatching slaves.

The molucca, or compound, of these Indian boys had been raided at a time when most of the able-bodied men were out on a hunting excursion. The older people had been killed, and a number of the youngsters carried off to be "ransomed" to planters far from the centers of government.

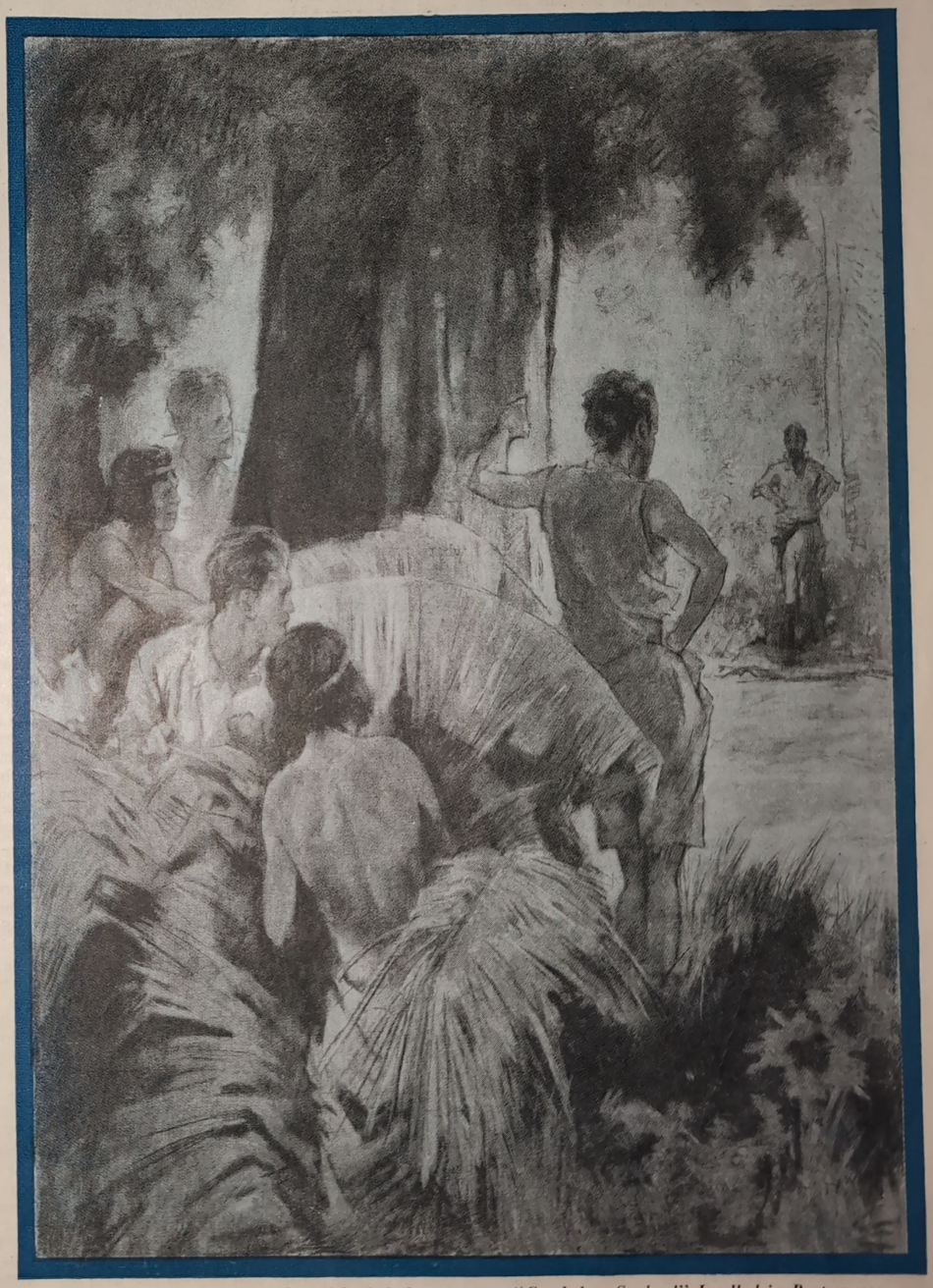
The three boys had eluded their guards and escaped, not many miles above our island. And the pursuit had brought them to us.

All this was very disturbing. I didn't like men with rifles in the vicinity — ruthless, criminal men. Fervently I hoped they'd give up the chase and leave us in peace. And when several days passed with no sign of the Portuguese, I began to hope.

"I wish we could make grenades," Boris said.

"We can," I replied calmly.

"How?" Basil asked. "You've got to have nitrates."



I stepped down to the bank and hailed the stranger. "Good day, Senhor!" I called in Portuguese.

"You know your chemistry," I complimented him. "Now for an examination in American history. How did the Southern Confederacy, without nitrate beds, maintain their ammunition supply for years?"

Neither boy knew. "Well, here's the answer," I continued. "Heaps of decaying manure and vegetable matter, preferably with wood ashes added, contain quantities of potash and nitrates, which form crystals when the mass ferments. If you treat the fermented pile with water these nitrate salts dissolve. There you have your nitrates in water!"

"I know the rest," Basil interrupted eagerly. "As the water evaporates, different salts crystallize out in succession, others staying in solution. So, if you have the knack of knowing just when to do it, you can pick out the various salts from an evaporating solution as they settle down in turn. One of them would be potassium nitrate, and that is the chief ingredient of gunpowder."

"Good!" I applauded. "You're hereby appointed chief chemist of this expedition. The other ingredients of gunpowder are fine sulphur and powdered charcoal, which we already have."

BUT we didn't start on gunpowder yet. If the Portuguese were going to make trouble, they'd do it before we could manufacture much gunpowder.

Our immediate need was for a new hut to house the Indians. So we threw the building hastily together, and when I started tying on the palm thatch for the roof, Basil voiced an objection.

"Can't we make some tile? This thatch attracts rats, bats, lizards, insects—everything!"

"Ambitious Basil!" Boris laughed. "But didn't you plan a water supply system, Mr. Mexican?"

"Yes," I answered. "And I do think it more important than tile. We may have long dry spells here, and I should hate to lose our garden. Also, the irrigation of the rice field should be under control."

So, by one feebly dissenting vote, we proceeded to construct a water service system.

At the foot of the falls near the upper end of our island I constructed a hydraulic ram—simply a device whereby a large supply of falling water is used to make a much smaller amount flow to any height desired. My hydraulic ram was crude—an affair of clay pipes and hollow tree trunks—but it was entirely satisfactory.

Basil persuaded me to make the service pipes of gold. "If these Portuguese ever visit us, they'll go after the gold," he said. "If we must bury it, let's bury it where it will do some good."

This sounded like solid sense to me. If we were invaded, who would look at one's water system for a supply of precious metal?

Casting gold pipe was simple, after our experience with tableware. Lengths of hollow bamboo served nicely for patterns! In back of the house, high upon a rock, we set our wooden pressure tank, caulked with rubber, and we laid pipe connecting it with the hydraulic ram. Another length of pipe led from this tank to the house, relieving us of the daily pilgrimage for water. Water—delivered to the kitchen!

At this point I was inclined to stop, but the enthusiasm of the boys was running over. As the tank filled and it became evident that we had enough head of water for a bathroom, they gave me no rest.

"A bathroom in Jungle Haven," Basil chortled. "And solid gold fixtures!"

I gave up. At their insistence I cast and fired successfully a wash bowl, and followed that with a toilet bowl. I used vulcanized rubber to seal all joints—it was fairly easy that way. Much of our remaining metal went into fixtures—faucets, plugs, and valves for flushing the toilet trap. We were going to be good foundrymen! We installed a shower bath — and then came our greatest triumph — our water heater. This was a clay stove in which we inserted a coil of gold pipe, the lower part of which was protected by a clay insulation. Hot water!

There was little more to do. To drain off the used water we ran a soil pipe of baked clay down to the lower end of the stream. Meanwhile another pipe line connected the ram and the rice field, so that we could flood our rice at will.

Our patients were getting about now, but they were still of little help to us. With quinine I could have brought them about more speedily. One of these days I'd have to go quinine hunting.

And then, one morning, one of the somber, dark-eyed Indians came up to me. "You are watched," he said in good Lingoa Geral, and with intense earnestness. "Day and night you are watched."

Chapter Fourteen

INCREDULOUSLY, I had the lad repeat his warning. Then I shrugged my shoulders. Amazon Indians believe in queer wilderness spirits—they call them "Curupira." The boy was simply a victim of some wild hallucination.

"Tomorrow night, after dark, you may come," I said. "I'll be glad to welcome you to our feast."

But I soon became convinced that the boy was talking fact, not fancy. Apparently our presence was well-known to all the tribes in the vicinity. Why had they never dropped in to trade? Indians missed no opportunity to call upon visiting whites — they usually wanted to obtain steel fishhooks by barter.

The boy explained that we were known to be connected in some way with the great White Clad tribe that came down from the northwest. And no Tupi—that was his tribe — meddled with the White Clads! Entrance to their country was forbidden on pain of death. Wondrous stories were told of the mighty magic said to emanate from the White Clad mountain tops! And now, said the boy, two scouts of the White Clads were near our island, watching every move.

"Watch all time — two White Clads," said the boy. "We much afraid."

"What are they watching us for?" I asked.

The boy shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps afraid your medicine. Maybe want to learn it. No know."

"Only two men—where are they?"

"Different places—in trees—on hills. Every seven sleeps two more come—two go back. Day's march away two more men—another day's march two more."

A chain of guards doubtless, for rapid communication! The White Clads who had first left us naked to die, were watching our every move! As he talked the boy trembled, and it was clear that he wanted to shake the dust of our island from his feet. I reassured him.

"Don't fear," I said. "They dare do nothing. Our medicine is greater than their medicine. See—we are but three, yet they fear to come forward."

I left the lad to talk this thought over with his companions, and passed the news to Boris and Basil.

"I suppose Basil is responsible for that," said Boris. "Remember how he impersonated their god? And now they see him without the whiskers!"

"They've probably taken Mr. Mexican for their god now," said Basil. "He has beard enough!"

I had plenty of beard. It completely covered my cheeks and grew well below my chin.

"It doesn't seem so alarming to me," Boris concluded. "They've left us alone so far."

"I don't know," I said. "They're still wondering what we are. If they decide we're not gods, they'll probably attack. They evidently don't tolerate visitors to their country."

"Do you suppose they captured the Portuguese rubber hunters?" Boris asked.

I brightened up. "That's a possibility," I said hopefully. "But—if they take the Portuguese and find them harmless, they might become bold enough to go after us."

"Well," Basil asked impatiently, "what can we do?"

"We can abandon this place and get out—" I paused. Both boys voted a howling negative. "We might persuade these sentries—if we can find them—to take us to their master, and impress him with our power and good faith," I went on.

"Fine, if we had a machine gun to supply the power," said Basil cynically. "Anything else?"

"How would you like to go downriver to civilization?"

"Thanks," said Boris. "I think we have a better chance with the savages."

"Then the only other thing I can suggest is to make explosives, and fortify ourselves against any attack. The idea of grenades is a good one. One of these days I'm going hunting for quinine. We should hunt that plant even if it requires months—it's the only safeguard against jungle fever. And grenades would be useful on such a trip."

"Let's go," Basil said eagerly. "If we start now, while this chap's arm is mending, we might rely on our Indians here to take care of the place."

I shook my head. "We'll hunt for quinine around here. It might be close. And for the time being we'll ignore the White Clads."

So Basil and Boris took turns remaining at home, while we continued our daylight expeditions. The one who stayed at home devoted himself to the garden, the animals, and the patients. The latter we christened Joe, Ben, and Alec. Joe, who was now well, went with us on our trips. Ben, now convalescent, was able to help with the lighter chores. Alec still nursed his broken arm. I didn't need to urge the boys to make the most of their conversation in the Lingoa Geral. They were quick to acquire the limited vocabulary of that dialect.

To Boris must go the credit for one of our greatest discoveries. We had swung far up a side stream not yet explored, about ten miles above the falls. I was on such a sharp lookout for my longed-for cinchona—the plant from which quinine is obtained—and doubtless plants of equal importance escaped me.

"There's a curious set of shrubs," Boris observed, pointing to the right-hand bank. "Large red and yellow flowers. Aren't large flowers scarce in these regions?"

I looked where he pointed, and burst into a gleeful shout. Among the flowers were white bolls in various states of maturity. "Cotton!" I blurted out.

We landed and examined the bushes. It was a well-known variety of perennial cotton, different from the American kind. I had known of this shrub in the West Indies, where it is called Haitian cotton.

"How did it get here? Birds?" asked Boris.

"No, I don't think so," I said. "I think it's native."

"Too bad. I've heard wild cotton can't be spun," Boris said regretfully.

"I don't know," I replied. "Somebody, somewhere, spun the first wild cotton. We can at least try!"

We landed and proceeded to gather the cotton bolls. There were a lot of the shrubs, and the fibre quality seemed excellent. With a full cargo aboard, we made our canoe hum through the water.

Basil was waiting for us, and his quick eyes recognized our precious cargo from a distance.

"Well! Well! Well!" he called. "Cotton! Underwear at last!"

Our little establishment now shifted quickly in appearance from a metal foundry and plumber's shop to a room in a Colonial home, when the making of homespun was under way. The Indians, even Alec, we put to the tedious task of removing the seeds. This done, we set them to carding the raw mass with wooden combs—a work with which they were evidently familiar, for they combed the cotton into long straight hanks that spun very easily.

The spinning wheel and hand loom were no great problem. They're rare sights in modern communities except as curiosities, but both are common in the Algunian mountains, and we were all familiar with spinning and weaving as practiced by this self-reliant peasantry. Both are operated in Algunia just as they were in America in the days of George Washington. The spinning wheel is controlled by a foot treadle, which serves to turn the wheel and at the same time to rotate the spindle on a vertical axis.

Spinning, after all, is merely twisting loose fibres into tight thread. The principle is the same, whether the work be done by a South American savage laboriously twisting his thread by hand, or by machines in a textile mill. The old-fashioned spinning wheel lies between the two, and it makes thread with surprising rapidity. The spinner controls the feed of the carded cotton to the wheel, and the wheel in turning stretches out the spun thread, while the spindle automatically winds the finished product.

The next day the boys went out cotton picking again, while I whittled pulleys from soft wood, made a treadle, and altered our wire-drawing apparatus into a spinning wheel.

When the pile of carded cotton was large enough, Boris undertook the spinning, and Basil knitted stockings as soon as the thread was ready. Very fair work he did, too, though I doubt that he could have shown his grandmother any tricks.

WHILE they were all thus busied I constructed a hand loom. I mounted two smooth logs about four inches in diameter on wooden supports. They were parallel to each other, about five feet apart, and the height of a dining table. One of these was intended to stretch the warp threads—the threads running one way are called the warp, and the threads running the other way, the weft. About the second roller the finished cloth would be rolled. Between the two logs I rigged a "heddle"—an apparatus designed to spread the warp, the threads being in a raised and lowered position alternately. That was to permit the spindle, carrying the weft thread, to pass through easily and quickly, to complete the formation of the woven texture. That's really all there was to it except for conveniences like the treadle which controlled the spread of threads by the heddle, and a device for shoving the weft threads together for close-woven material, and a brace to prevent the warp threads from pulling together.

By the time I had the loom in working order, a quantity of thread was ready for me, and I settled down to my new trade as weaver. At first my efforts produced coarse and unsatisfactory material, and Basil had to leave his knitting long enough to instruct me in the practice of the Algunian mountaineers. Basil was good at it!

How we longed for a pair of scissors! We cut patterns and cloth with knives and mallets on a soft wood table, and the result was crude. But for the sewing we did manage to make golden needles!

Homespun shirts, homespun underwear, knitted stockings, homespun coats and trousers, handkerchiefs, towels, bedding for our hammocks, tablecloths, and napkins! One after another, in the days that followed, they came from our factory.

We were gentlemen again! Gentlemen in the wilderness! Civilization had come to Jungle Haven!

We had to add another workroom to the house, for the loom, wheel, and tailor's bench were permanent fixtures, and we were becoming crowded. Disgusted with awkward rents made in the cloth by our inexpertness in cutting it with our knives, I spent three days fabricating a large pair of golden shears, which were useful beyond measure, notwithstanding their chronic dullness. We managed not only to cut cloth with them, but I was able to trim my straggling beard into rough gentility. With a little practice we were able to reduce hair cutting to one *ouch* per cut!

The cotton didn't grow all in one place, but we found little patches at various points along the shores of the little river where it was first seen. I made selections of seed and planted it in our garden.

Boris hunted vainly for cotton up Bird Migration River, but he and the Indian Ben came back with one of the greatest plant discoveries of them all—

A few ears of Indian corn!

Visions of corn bread in place of cassava cakes, of old-fashioned hominy grits, rose before my eyes. Corn bread was much easier *(Continued on page 36)*

The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with American Boy Founded 1827

Published Monthly by
THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, President.
ELMER P. GRIERSON, Secretary and Treasurer.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Editor.
GEORGE F. PIERROT, Managing Editor.
ESCA G. RODGER, Fiction Editor.
FRANKLIN M. RECK, Assistant Managing Editor.
MARTIN A. KLAVER, Assistant Editor.
MARK L. HAAS, Art Editor.

June, 1933 Vol. 107; No. 6

Friendly Talks With the Editor

President Roosevelt

WE don't discuss politics on this page. There are too many other subjects closer to your interests. But we'd like to say that we think that President Roosevelt has started off splendidly. Don't you agree?

A Fortune for a Penny

A BOY collector once owned a one-cent British Guiana stamp of 1856. The man who now owns this particular stamp paid over $32,000 for it. When you collect stamps, there's always the chance that you'll happen on something really valuable. But that isn't the best reason for reading our monthly stamp column.

The Fun of It

WE know of no more fascinating hobby than that of stamp collecting. It doesn't cost much; the lowest priced collections are often the most interesting. It's a splendid way of traveling, for it takes you to Uganda, Guatemala, Bali, Patagonia. Stamps are interesting little things, with their bright colors and their pictures of athletes and airplanes and Paderewski and Sphinxes and goddesses and generals. You can exchange stamps with friends. You can start a stamp club. Moreover, so many great men were stamp collectors as boys that we wonder if the boy who gathers stamps hasn't already started himself on the road to success.

He's Scared, Too

NO less an authority than Napoleon has said that "at the start of a battle both armies are afraid of each other." Remember that, next time you line up for the quarter-mile, or a set of tennis, or a go at any problem whatsoever. You're a bit nervous about the other fellow. But he is just as nervous about you. Take courage!

"Hand—Rod"

THE Chinese are peculiarly wise, and their language is peculiarly logical. The word "coolie," for instance, literally means "bitter strength." Since in China most burdens are carried by coolie-back, coolies being cheaper than roads or freight cars, the word is well chosen. In China the two written characters that together form the word "father" individually mean "hand" and "rod." The chief thing they emphasize about the Chinese father is the discipline he enforces. We are glad that the American word "father" carries no such suggestion. Aren't you?

A Deadly Weapon

MARK TWAIN humorously remarked that a bed must be the most dangerous place in the world because more people died in bed than anywhere else. He might, if still living, more seriously point out, and for the same reason, that the automobile is now our most deadly weapon; and it is such in the hands of careless or reckless drivers. In all the six major wars we have engaged in, from the Revolutionary War to and including the World War, less than 300,000 Americans have been killed or died from their wounds. In the last fifteen years, approximately the length of time covered by those six wars, 325,000 Americans have lost their lives through automobile accidents. Both firearms and motors have been boons to mankind. But they are deadly weapons in the hands of the reckless or even careless.

Their Business Was Fighting

WE recommend that you read "A Daughter of the Samurai," by Etsu Sugimoto, (Doubleday-Doran). Japan is very much in the public eye, these days, and it behooves American boys to understand her. The samurai, as you know, were Japan's professional warriors. They scorned wealth and luxury. They worshiped honor and courage. Their business was fighting, and they did nothing else. But toward the end of the last century Japan modernized her government. Swiftly the whole country Westernized itself. The samurai disappeared. If you want to read the fascinating story of this gigantic change almost overnight, if you like nice writing and the simple sort of anecdote that takes hold of your imagination, go to your public library this evening and get "A Daughter of the Samurai."

Anthony Fokker and You

IF you want friends, be modest. Modesty is the most endearing of qualities. A man like Anthony Fokker, the great Dutch airplane designer, has every reason in the world to be swell-headed. But he isn't. He admits, frankly, that luck has played a big part in his exploits. "Hurtling through space on what now seems a predestined course," he says, "I had no idea what the course was. Most of the time I merely hung on. Sometimes I sat erect in the cockpit, giving the impression to the world that I was calmly guiding my life. And when my flight was interrupted by inevitable crashes, I sat up again in the wreckage as quickly as possible with a smiling suggestion that it was all a prearranged part of the hop. I fooled some people; never myself. From beginning to end . . . life was most enjoyable when the combat waxed hottest." That from a very big man. Smaller men, or older boys, have even better reason for being modest.

A Young Man With Sense

AN intelligent young man of seventeen came into our office the other day. "I notice you publish Best Reading Ballots," he said briskly. "Best Reading Ballots tell you what readers like, *after* the magazine is out. It seems to me that it would be wiser for you to find out what they like *before* you buy the manuscript. Then you won't make many mistakes. I'd like to work for you as manuscript reader. I can give you a typical boy's opinion, and you won't need the ballot. What about it?"

He'll Get Along

NOW, it happens that the ballot isn't our sole way of measuring our reader's preferences. We use many other devices, so that we can be pretty sure, when we buy a story, that it's going to please. But we liked that boy. He used his head. He didn't come into our office, twist his cap in his hands, shift nervously from one foot to the other, and stammer out something about needing a job. He gave our problem some thought, and he came in with something definite to sell. We couldn't hire the boy, because we didn't need the form of service he was prepared to give. Nevertheless, we liked him, and we admired his way of going about things. He'll get along, and so will you, if you use his formula.

All but Seventeen Cents

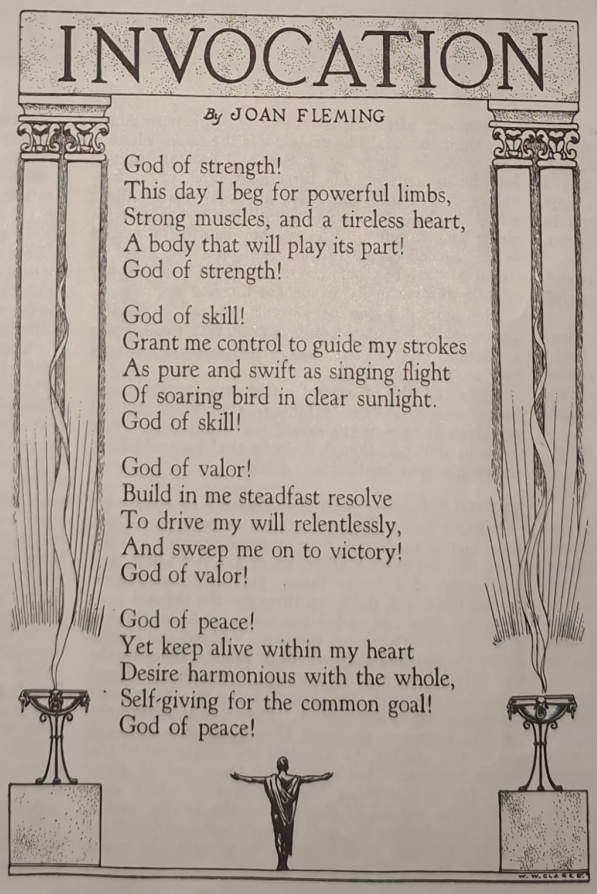
WE have always liked a certain popular song entitled: "The Song Is Ended, but the Melody Lingers On." The other day we were examining some tax figures. It occurred to us at that time that while the War is ended, *its* Melody, too, lingers on. But the Melody, unfortunately, is one of debts. There are pensions, sick benefits, benefits to the disabled. There is the staggering interest on the war debt. And, in addition, there is the Army and Navy budget, for preparedness against future wars. All in all, approximately 83c of each dollar you contribute to national taxes goes to pay for war in one form or another. That leaves 17c for government, highways, unemployment relief, federal education, and all other activities. It doesn't sound very sensible, to us.

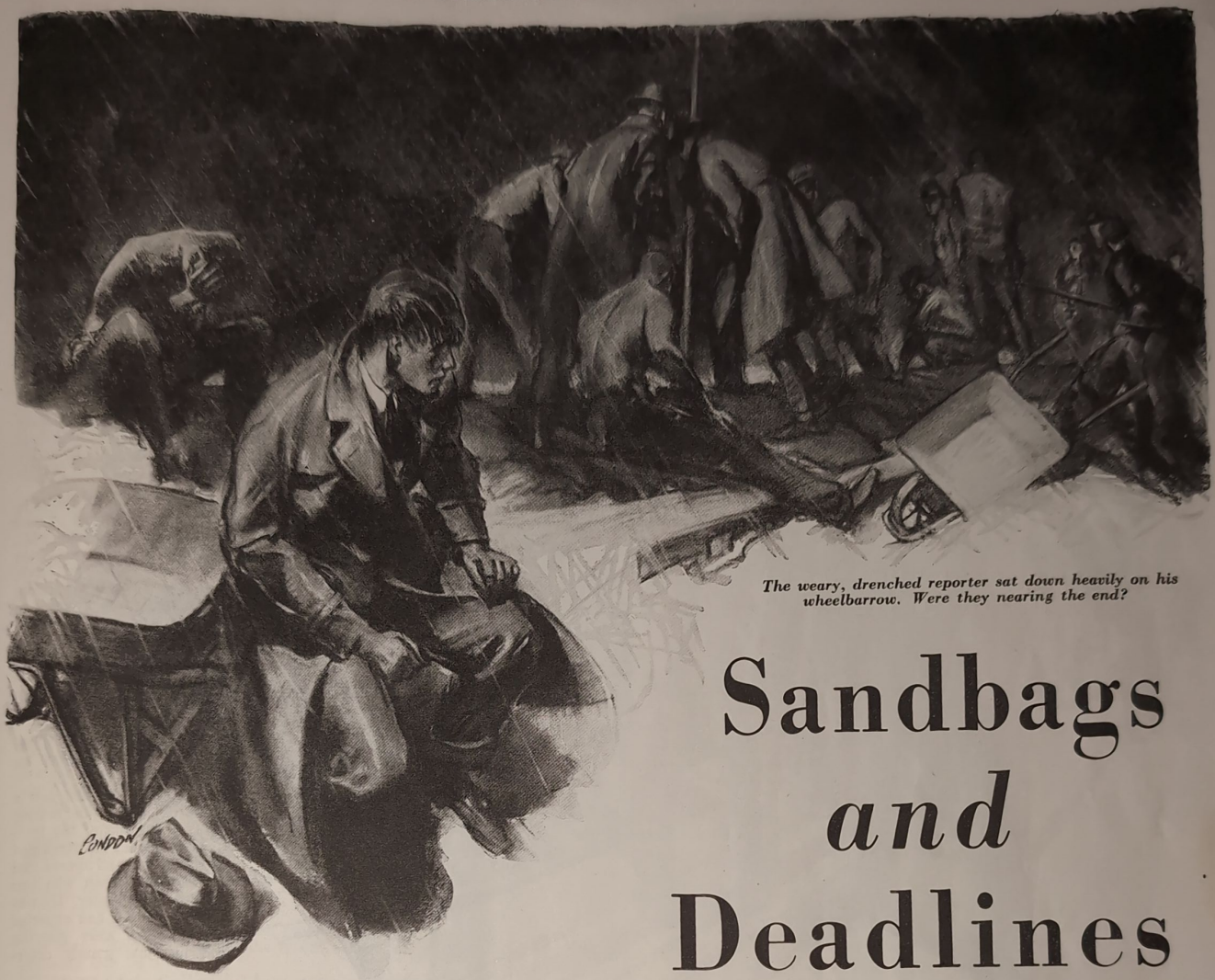
We Still Go Traveling

WE are delighted to learn that, depression or no depression, Americans continue to visit Europe. In 1929, at the peak of our prosperity, 505,600 of us crossed the Atlantic. In 1932, when we were at the bottom of the prosperity hill, no less than 502,464 crossed the seas. We recommend travel as the best of all vacations. Travel is one pleasure that lasts a lifetime. It enriches life. It provides new friends, and happy memories that never die. When you draw up your plans for future years, don't list travel as a luxury. Put it down as a necessity, for it is necessary to your happiness and to your enjoyment of the fullest kind of a life.

Camp Cookery

THE discovery that we didn't know very much about what food to eat in camp and how to cook it led us to a real discovery. We found Horace Kephart's excellent little book, *Camp Cookery*, published by Macmillan. Do you know how much flour a given number of men should take on a two weeks' camping trip? What are the best ways to use it, and how much does one cup weigh? Which foods give the most energy for their weights; just how should you cook them so as to get maximum benefit and finest flavor? No, we couldn't answer any of these questions either, but we found that Kephart with simple directions had answered them and many more for us.





The weary, drenched reporter sat down heavily on his wheelbarrow. Were they nearing the end?

Sandbags *and* Deadlines

Sometimes, Phil Carter found, you had to wade knee-deep in mud and misery to get a story

by ROBERT *and* HOYT MOORE

Illustrated by GRATTAN CONDON

"OUT-OF-TOWN assignment, kid," was Big Jim Verity's greeting as Phil Carter hurried into the Winston *News* office.

"Yes, sir," the reporter answered, a quick thrill coming to him as he realized that the editor was picking him for a particular job. "What is it?"

"The correspondent at Creston called a bit ago. The old Mississippi's roaring high. He said the Reelfoot levee at Blue Bayou is certain to go out soon. Major Markley, the big plantation owner, is in charge of the fight to hold it. Creston's practically deserted—abandoned. The correspondent thinks the crack-up will come tonight." Big Jim glanced out at the lashing rain and shook his head.

"Any report yet on the crest of the flood?" Phil asked.

"It'll pass Cairo during the night. It's going to leave a sixty-foot mark on the Cairo gauge. That's five feet more than Creston's ever faced before. Looks bad."

"What is the Blue Bayou—some of the new work?"

"Yes. The other parts of the levee will probably hold, but this mile-long Blue Bayou stretch is new, and the drag-line fill hasn't settled. It's the danger point. The Creston reporter's dead sure the levee's going out."

"And you want me to relieve him?"

Verity smiled grimly. "He's gone. Scared. He said everybody was leaving who could. Seems they can't get enough trucks to haul sandbags in."

A sudden thought came to Phil. "Why can't they get that highway fleet that came in here yesterday for that Dukedom road job?"

"They've been trying to all day," Verity explained. "But the district engineer is a new man and nervous about his job. Won't take the responsibility. He's afraid the levee might crack up with some of his trucks behind it. He told Major Markley he'd be glad to send them if he could get an order from the highway commissioner — but the commissioner's out on an inspection trip and can't be located. Well, get down to Creston, kid, and see what's going on."

Phil nodded and turned to go.

"Don't take any fool chances," Verity cautioned him. "We'll want the story, remember, and if you get yourself drowned it won't get us the yarn."

"Okay, Chief," Phil answered lightly and went on.

Under his nonchalance was a surge of exultation. Big Jim had picked him for a tough job—that meant he was getting somewhere! He'd go after this levee yarn hard.

Creston was thirty miles away, and within a few minutes Phil was heading for it in his car.

Halfway to Creston he began to meet refugees—men, women, and children, some in wagons and aged automobiles, some plodding along on foot in the steady rain. The dull despair in their faces sobered Phil. Here was tragedy.

Five miles out of Creston, in Bayou de Chien Creek bottom, a highway patrolman waved Phil to a stop. Just ahead, water was flowing across the highway.

"Where to, young fellow?" the officer demanded.

"Creston. Can I get through?"

"Sure. It'll take quite a bit more to close the road. But why do you want to get through?"

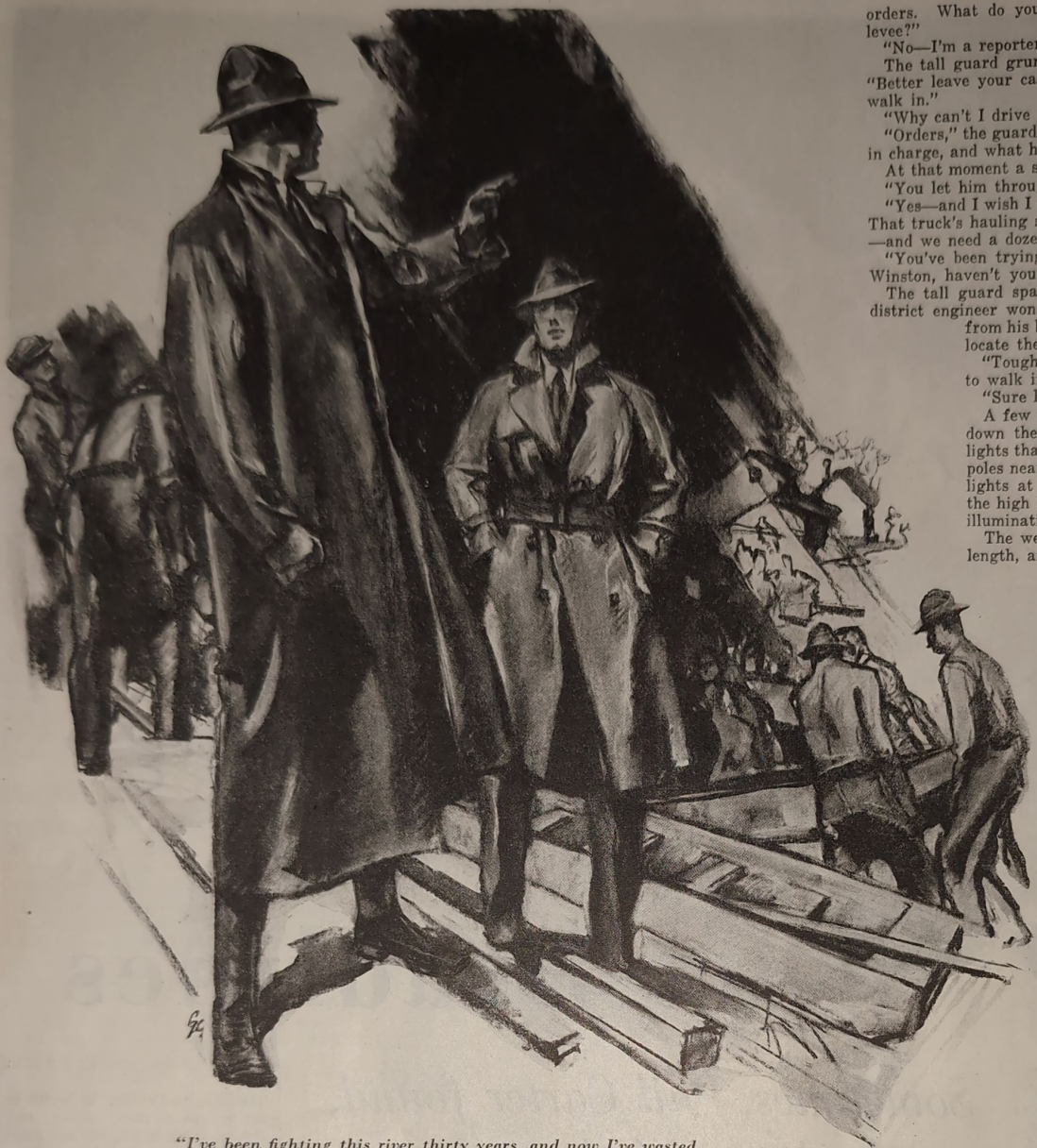
"I've got orders to get in there," Phil answered. "Reporter."

"I see," the patrolman nodded. "Well, it's your funeral. Drive slow — you've got three miles of water."

Phil knew the road reached higher ground again after passing the creek bottom. He dropped the car into gear and rolled gently into the water. It soon reached the running board but crept no higher. He pushed slowly along. It seemed hours before he reached higher ground and, leaving the water behind, resumed his swift pace.

He knew that from the bluff behind Creston he could see the swollen Mississippi. The town was built in a great bend of the river, and the road climbed in twisting curves to the top of the great bluff. Here Phil got his first look at the turbulent river—and gasped.

The island on the Missouri side across from Creston seemed a solid sheet of water, from which the thick



"I've been fighting this river thirty years, and now I've wasted all the time I can spare. Get out and stay out!"

trees stood up stiff and stark. As far as he could see, there was nothing but rolling, muddy water. The main channel was choked with logs, trees, bits of wrecked houses, and splintered boats. For a long time Phil sat spellbound. Below him rolled the relentless flood, plunging toward the distant sea. The only barrier that stood between this mighty destroying river and the great cotton empire of the valley was a chain of man-made embankments.

To Phil those powerful levees had always looked impregnable. But now, faced with this unleashed monster, they seemed poor, puny things.

Far below, between its concrete sea wall and the great bluff, nestled the century-old town of Creston. There was no sign of life in the town. It seemed dead, deserted, cowed by the menace that rolled past beyond the concrete wall. Creston was in a trap.

Looking south, Phil could see the dim outlines of the vast, flat Reelfoot area, already green with thousands of acres of cotton. All that stood between that land and utter ruin was the earth rampart. Against that rampart the yellow river was pounding remorselessly, unceasingly. And desperate men were fighting to hold the river back.

Westward, in Missouri, and on south along a thousand miles of twisting river line, other desperate men were struggling to meet the greatest challenge the Mississippi had ever hurled.

Awed, shaken, tingling, Phil rolled down the incline into Creston.

The long street paralleling the river was like a place of the dead. All the stores were closed. Only one man was in sight—an old negro, with snow-white hair, who hobbled along the deserted street.

"Ev'body's gone, young boss," he called. "De levee, hit's sho' gwine out tonight! I'se on mah way to de hills."

"Are they working on the levee below town?"

"Sho' is. De Majah, he say he's gwine to hold de levee, but ol' rivuh's too big foh him dis time. De levee's sho' gwine to go out! And anybody what gits caught sho' gwine to git drowned, young boss," he added warningly, and hobbled away.

Tight-mouthed, Phil drove slowly down the street, on into West Creston. Here the concrete sea wall ended and a great rampart of earth loomed up. Through the early dusk came a new sound, and its sinister meaning struck Phil with staggering force.

He was behind the levee, and the tawny flood raced thirty feet above. All that stood between him and that raging torrent was a man-made embankment. The flood waters of half a continent—the combined power of the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and countless smaller streams—roared within fifty feet, restrained only by a puny wall of earth.

Phil felt a sudden impulse to turn back. But he had his story to get. Ahead he saw lights and moving figures. He'd get in there, talk to Major Markley, and then hustle out of this place.

A tall, muddy guard soon halted him. "You'll have to stop here," the man said. "Major Markley's orders. What do you want—come to work on the levee?"

"No—I'm a reporter."

The tall guard grunted and indicated a side road. "Better leave your car up that hill. You'll have to walk in."

"Why can't I drive on down?" Phil argued.

"Orders," the guard said briefly. "Major Markley's in charge, and what he says goes."

At that moment a small truck clattered past.

"You let him through," Phil said pointedly.

"Yes—and I wish I could let more of them through. That truck's hauling sandbags from the filling depot—and we need a dozen more."

"You've been trying to get that highway fleet at Winston, haven't you?"

The tall guard spat disgustedly. "Yeah, but the district engineer won't let them roll without orders from his boss. And Major Markley can't locate the commissioner."

"Tough luck," Phil said. "So I've got to walk in?"

"Sure have, kid."

A few minutes later Phil was walking down the roadway toward the chain of lights that had been strung on temporary poles near the top of the levee, with flood lights at scattered intervals. Evidently the high line had been tapped to provide illumination.

The weak section was about a mile in length, and here a muddy army of men worked in the sucking mud, under the beating rain—rich and poor, white and black, united in a common purpose. Straining trucks groaned in with loads of sandbags. Sack-laden men struggled up the inclines to the levee top. Under the shelter of mud-stained tarpaulins many men were sleeping the sodden sleep of utter exhaustion.

Phil asked for Major Markley, and a man jerked his hand upward—"On top."

Phil gazed up and saw a group of men around a flood light at the top of the rain-slashed levee. He struggled up the incline and approached the tall, lean man who was obviously the leader. He was older than Phil had expected but his eyes were piercing and his jaw grimly determined.

"Major Markley?" Phil questioned.

The man turned. "Yes," he said curtly. "Come to work on the levee?"

The second time that question had been asked! "No," Phil said slowly. "Newspaper reporter. Carter, of the Winston *News*."

Markley waved him aside. "No time to talk to you. We've no interest in newspapers now. Get out!"

Phil flushed hotly but stood his ground. "No objections to letting me stick around, I suppose? Probably you can talk to me later."

"No! No time to talk now or later. And there's no place here for an idler. Get out. If you stay I'll make you work."

Phil ventured a laugh. "You can't do that, Major Markley," he said lightly. "You can't compel a man to work at this job."

"Son," Markley said grimly, "we have only one law here tonight—the law of self-preservation. Nothing else matters. I could tell some of these men to throw you in the river and they'd do it. I've been fighting this river thirty years, and these people think I know my business. Now I've wasted all the time I can spare. Get out and stay out!"

Phil turned away, sickened by disappointment. Yet he was gripped anew by the tragedy into which he had plunged. These people were stripped down to the very elementals of life. They could think of only one thing — holding the river back! Newspapers, the world outside, meant nothing to them now. They didn't even want him around. He was in the way.

Just the same, he had to stick. He had to get his story. And he wanted to help! If only there were a way of getting those trucks from Winston! Couldn't Big Jim—

Turning abruptly, he strode back toward Major Markley. First he must check his information at

headquarters. He reached the tall man and asked without preamble:

"Do you need more trucks, Major Markley?"

"Thinking of those highway trucks in Vinston? You can't get them!"

"I believe I can," Phil returned.

"No use," Markley said wearily. "I've tried all day. If I could locate the commissioner I could get them, but I can't find him. His office says he'll be back tomorrow—but that will be too late. Without more sandbags, the river will be washing over the top before midnight."

"Do you mind if I try to get them?"

"It'll be a waste of time—but go ahead."

"And may I stay on the levee until you know I've failed to get the trucks?" Phil questioned shrewdly.

Markley was shrewd also. "If you'll trundle a wheelbarrow," he agreed, a twinkle showing in the tired eyes.

Phil smiled in answer, and turned away. "Do you have a telephone here?" he asked.

"Line's down. You'll find one in a house up ahead on the hill."

"I'll be back soon," Phil said, starting off.

In a few minutes he had Big Jim on the wire and was explaining his mission. "You see, Chief," he wound up, "we've got to have those trucks! If you could talk to that dumb district engineer—"

"I've talked to him, kid," Big Jim's heavy voice rumbled back. "No use. He won't take the responsibility. Don't see what else I can do. I've tried to reach the commissioner but the wires are down—he can't be located. Guess we'll have to let things ride."

"And let these people be washed out!" Phil flared, in sudden overwhelming grief and rage. "That's what it means. You can't do that, Chief. You can't! Why—"

HE paused, choking, and Big Jim's voice rumbled back, half understanding, half protesting: "Easy, kid. Don't get all steamed up. If I could do anything—"

"Look here!" Phil cut in sharply. "You're always preaching to me that a newspaper man should show backbone and initiative in a jam. This is the biggest jam that's struck our state in a dozen years, and you crawfish by saying that you can't find the commissioner. Seems to me it's up to you to *get those trucks!*" He fairly hurled the last words into the mouthpiece, and then slammed up the receiver without waiting for a reply, and flung away.

But as he tramped back to report to Markley, he cooled down somewhat. Bleak realization came over him. He'd failed to get the trucks—and he'd probably lose his job!

"I'm not fired yet, though," he muttered. "And I'll get this levee yarn first."

Meanwhile he'd trundle a wheelbarrow, if Major Markley would let him stay. He had a right to stay. After all, he hadn't as yet actually failed to get the trucks. There was a slim hope that Big Jim might still achieve something.

Phil finally found Markley. "I didn't get the promise of the trucks," he admitted.

"Any hope at all of their coming?" demanded Markley.

"Just a bare chance." Phil didn't go into explanations. They wouldn't add anything to what Markley already knew. "Where will I find a wheelbarrow?"

A grin flickered across the leader's harrassed face. "Staying, are you? Well, we need every available worker!"

"Think there's any hope of saving the levee without the trucks?" Phil asked.

Grimly Markley shook his head. "But we'll keep fighting. I might be wrong—maybe there's a chance."

"What happens if the levee goes out?"

Major Markley stared soberly toward the vast area behind the levee. "All that will be under water before dawn. Ninety thousand acres of cotton, hundreds of homes, the biggest plantations in the valley—all will be flooded. The crop lost. Starvation for the poor, bankruptcy for the rich. That's what happens if the levee goes out."

"And these men working here—what happens to them?"

The lines around Markley's mouth seemed to deepen. "That's what brings the gray hair, son. I've tried to fix things to get them all out. There are rafts and flatboats scattered along the base of the levee, but when a crevasse comes suddenly, it's hard for everybody to get away. Some make the boats, and some—well, we just have to chance it."

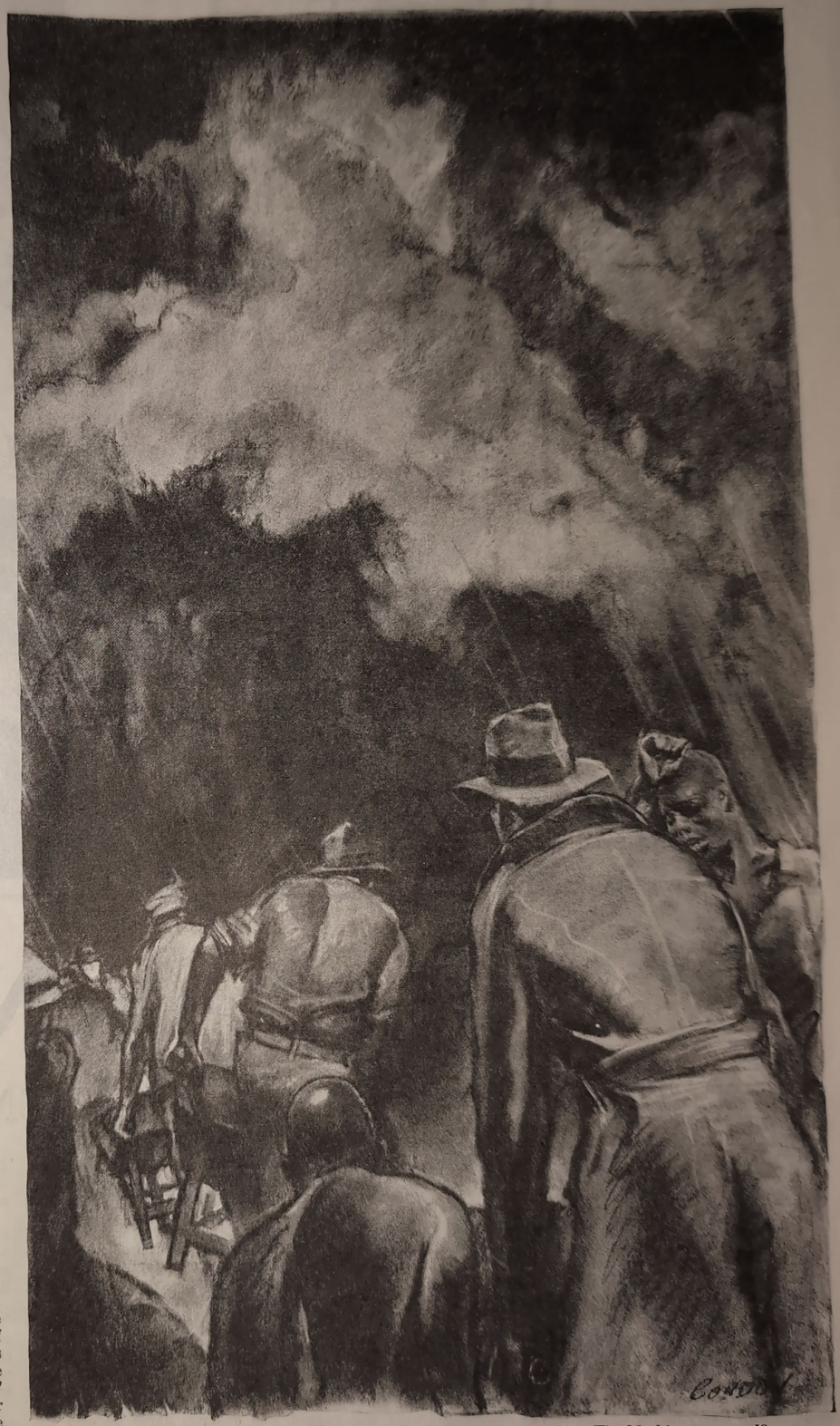
Phil nodded. He knew suddenly that the major would be the last man to get away. "I'll stick," he said simply. "Show me where to go to work."

Markley pointed down the levee. "Report to Joe Territt, in charge of the wheelbarrow gang," he said. "He'll show you what to do. Now get this. When you hear a whistle like this," and he softly blew a police whistle, "you'll know it means danger to the levee somewhere. Follow the men and be ready to help. And if you hear this siren—it means to get out as fast as you can. Don't hesitate a second! Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Phil replied soberly, starting down the plank roadway.

Territt, a bearded, taciturn man, assigned Phil a wheelbarrow. "All you do," he instructed Phil, "is to push this back and forth along the levee. Sandbag men will load you at different places, and levee men will take the sacks where they're needed. Get into line."

Phil pushed his wheelbarrow down the plank roadway. At his right men were swiftly placing sandbags three wide. The river was already lapping hungrily at the top of the levee; it was going to be necessary to raise the barrier much higher. The men worked silently, almost sullenly. There was only the ceaseless slap and beat of the water, the squeak of the moving wheelbarrows, the sucking of many feet in the mud. *(Continued on page 33)*

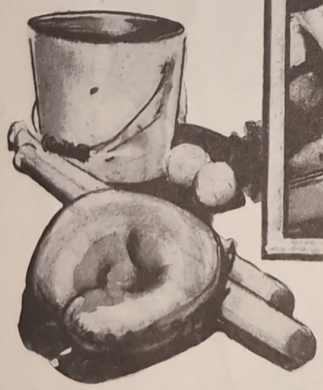


Lightning far down the river—and the levee getting weaker. Would this never end?

Gibson couldn't pitch so well but--

how that boy knew opposing batters!

Jerry closed up like a clam, boiling with anger at Buckner's scoffing.



The Never Never Ball

by ALLEN FIELD

CHEM shark and Phi Beta Kappa man—that was how Jerry Gibson, Rockton senior, was known to the campus. His hopes of baseball glory, however, had long since faded. Quiet, unassuming, and at times painfully shy, he had been unable to break into the brilliant staff of first-string pitchers. Compared to them, his fast ball was short on smoke and his curve was only average.

Yet pitching to him was a fascinating study. Armed with notebook and pencil, he never missed a varsity game at home or abroad. His notes he carefully compiled and worked into what he called "the record," and the record was a complete account of exactly what had happened to every ball pitched in those games. It was Jerry's hobby, and as long as Rockton continued the winning streak that dated back to his sophomore year, he was quite content to keep it more or less his secret. Aided by his quick imagination, Jerry was able to "pitch" with the varsity moundsmen. Every inning was for him an absorbing study of what could and what could *not* be pitched safely to the rank and file of conference batters.

In early May, when the team invaded the Dartmoor camp for the first of a home-and-home series, Jerry, as usual, followed them. Late in the game George Buckner, Rockton's pitching ace, broke a low curve over the outside corner on Nelson, the Dartmoor catcher. With horrified eyes Jerry followed the course of the ball. It was what Jerry called a "never never." The record showed that the chances were about three in five that Nelson would swat that type of ball for a homer. The record was not wrong! Three runs scored, and Rockton lost 5 to 2.

The slump dated from that game. The team seemed to crack in all directions. They gloomed about the dressing room, the batting went to pot, teamwork was ragged, and quarrels flared up over the most trivial of happenings. At first Coach John Gordon, Rockton's Old Man, tried to joke them out of it. Then he pleaded. And at last he roared like an angry lion.

"Quitters!" he shouted, pacing before the whole squad in the dressing room. "Not a backbone in a carload! That's your trouble. Lot of fair-weather soldiers! A bunch of nose divers who go down for the count on the first punch!"

Jerry's face burned red with embarrassment. The habit of putting himself mentally in the shoes of varsity pitchers gave him a full sense of the shame that George Buckner, Jimmy Moss, and Tom Redding must be feeling. Angry, scorching words seared his sensitive nature always.

"Baseball is a fighting game," the cutting voice of the Old Man continued. "I want to see this team stand up and fight! You and you and you—" his

Illustrated by
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

"Baseball is a fighting game," the cutting voice of the Old Man continued.

finger jabbed at varsity members, then swung to include the whole group—"and *all* of you! There were mistakes in that Dartmoor game! Mistakes that licked you! I want to see you fighting to overcome those mistakes! I want to see the spirit that says you won't be licked again by Dartmoor or by anybody! Trot out there now and let's get down to business!"

Out in the warm sunshine of the practice field Jerry came to the conclusion that the record should be no longer his alone. "The mistakes of the Dartmoor game!" From the record Jerry knew that Buckner and Captain Bob Hyde, behind the plate, had made mistakes. He wondered if Rockton's star battery knew exactly what those mistakes were. He felt certain that the record could help them overcome such mistakes.

That evening Jerry decided to offer the record to George Buckner. George seemed to be the logical choice. Going to the Old Man would be too much like "shoving in." Bob Hyde was a good sort, but Bob had probably called for that ball on Nelson, and Jerry shrank from the cruelty of proving flatly to Captain Bob how he had lost the Dartmoor game for his team. He set out for Buckner's room.

"I wonder," he began with carefully planned diplomacy, "if you know about Tim Tanner, the old Iron Man of the Bruins?"

Buckner nodded.

"Yeah," he said. "They wheel Tanner out in a chair. His fast ball wouldn't break a pane of glass and they ought to bunt him to death. He creaks every time he takes a step."

"I—met him once," Jerry said, flushing as he ran his fingers through his light blond hair. "He said, 'There are lots of fellows who know how to pitch, son, but there's not so many who know *what* to pitch.' I've—made rather a study of that end—I'd like to show it to you."

Jerry opened his black loose-leaf record book. Buckner yawned and stretched his tall frame.

"Looks like it might be chemistry," he said with a smirk.

"Those are just the symbols I use," Jerry explained, ignoring the jab as he plunged into the talk he had prepared.

"You see," he said, some minutes later, "it shows very plainly that Nelson hits a low outside ball hard. That's a *never never* on Nelson."

Jerry's own word for a dangerous pitch slipped out unconsciously. Buckner threw back his head and laughed.

"And you've got a 'no-no hot-hot' doped out for all of 'em, huh? Listen! I pitch on the idea that they can't hit what they can't see! Nelson had a horseshoe in both pockets when he hit that one. Nobody could remember all that junk anyhow. It isn't practical. I'd have to pull out the book between pitches!"

Jerry closed up like a clam. He boiled with anger at Buckner's scoffing; yet where other fellows might have launched into hot argument, Jerry simply went silent. He took his leave with cool politeness and walked back to his room. He reflected that he had at least done his duty. He knew, as Buckner had implied, that he had never tested the record himself by actual pitching. Jerry had found that even scrub catchers insisted upon having their signs followed, and rather than come to an open argument Jerry had made his pitching conform. But the correctness of the record was not affected.

The Grenfell game was rained out at the end of six innings with the score a tie. Following it, Rockton dropped the Franklin game 4-2. In both contests Jerry wildly but secretly maintained that "never never" balls had a bearing on the outcome. He was certain Rockton could have won the Grenfell game and that a difference of one run in the Franklin score could not be denied in the face of the record. Both were conference games. Rockton's championship hopes had crumbled.

The mouth of the Old Man became a grim line. On the practice field the ax began falling. Buckner went to the bench. Captain Bob Hyde, Andy Russell, shortstop, and Joey Case, second baseman, went to the scrubs. Eager substitutes took their places. For two days Gordon ironed out wrinkles. Then, apparently satisfied, he called a practice game. Jerry started nervously as he heard the Old Man bark his name.

"Pitch for the second team," Gordon ordered.

The varsity took the field with Jimmy Moss pitching and Steve Ferris, Bob Hyde's understudy, behind the plate. The first three scrubs went down in order. Jerry walked over to where Hyde was buckling on his harness.

"Signals?" the captain grunted. "Go ahead and pitch your own game! I'm through giving signals!"

Jerry stared at him. "Pitch your own game," meant that he was free to put the ball where he knew it should go! And with a control developed from his high school days Jerry knew he could make the ball behave!

"I'll—grin for a curve," he suggested, trembling with excitement. "The rest will be straight fast balls."

Hyde grinned dryly. "I'll try to hold 'em," he muttered.

On the bench the Old Man fidgeted as he watched his revamped line-up walk up to the plate and then, for the most part, come back to the bench! They were hitting the ball, but the wholesome, joyous slugfest he had expected failed to develop. In three innings only four men had reached first in safety, and by that time the Old Man had ceased to watch the batters and was gazing thoughtfully at the slender Jerry Gibson! Jerry, coming in at the start of the fourth, went to the water bucket and then looked up into the Old Man's eyes. He thought he detected a speculative twinkle in that look.

"Best cure for a batting slump is an old-fashioned slugging bee, Gibson," the Old Man said and turned away.

Jerry's heart missed a beat. The Old Man was asking him to ease up. Asking *him* to ease up on the varsity! The value of the record was in that roundabout request. No better proof was needed!

Then Jerry laughed inwardly. He had proved his record book forward. Now, to please the Old Man, he'd prove it *backward!* He was eager to get back on the mound. The Old Man would have his slugging bee. Jerry would simply pitch them "never nevers!"

Captain Bob and the two deposed varsity men bunched hits that inning and produced a run for the scrubs. Bob's eyes burned with the light of battle as he gripped Jerry's arm before they went to their places.

"Stick with 'em, ol'-timer," he said in a low tone, "and we'll lick 'em!"

For a moment Jerry faced a divided path. But the voice of the Old Man was stronger. Jerry laid the ball in the "groove" for the first batter and saw it soundly cracked into left field for a single. Thereafter, the varsity made a complete trip around the batting order. Captain Bob took it in glum silence. The peppy chatter of the scrubs died out as they accepted their usual lot.

At last, with seven runs scored against him, and only one down, Jerry attempted to stem the tide he had started. It was uphill work. Two more runs came in. With the last out the Old Man called a halt. Seated on the bench the coach watched the squad scamper to the showers. Then, still in a reverie of his own, he got up and slowly followed them.

That evening a tap sounded on Jerry's door and Bob Hyde entered.

"Hello," he grinned. "I came over to talk some dope."

Jerry started up from his chair.

"Hello," he said. "I—was hoping maybe you would."

The captain laughed.

"Since this afternoon," he chuckled, "I've been trying to figure whether you're fish, fowl, or freak."

"It really doesn't matter," Jerry beamed. Then, "I'd like an awful lot to show you something."

At the end of an hour the two were still poring over the record. Hyde listened and asked questions. Jerry, flushed and happy, did the talking.

"You're fish," Bob concluded, with a smile. "Didn't you ever figure on making the varsity with this?"

"I guess I did once," Jerry confessed, "but with Buckner, Redding, and Moss out there, you didn't need a book. It's hard for an ordinary pitcher to shine alongside that crew. Besides, catchers are touchy; so I—just made it into a game for myself. But now—it might help you and Buckner. I spoke to him about it but—" he stopped.

"George is out," Hyde said, after a moment. "Flunked his second exam in math today."

Jerry sat stunned by the news.

"That's—awful!" he burst out at last. Bob nodded.

"It's a hole," he said. "We've booted the championship but Dick Bronson, Andy Russell, Bill Bingham, and I have one more chance at Dartmoor. We—"

"There's Jim and Redding," Jerry interrupted. "If a fellow like me with no stuff at all can take this—" he tapped an open page of the record—"and pretty near stand the varsity on its head, it ought to do some good."

"They've both got plenty of stuff," Bob agreed, "but they both have weaknesses. Jim is good until something goes haywire and Redding's an in-and-outer. Sometimes he can pitch through a ten-quart pail and sometimes he can't hit a barn door. It'll just have to be our lucky day, I guess."

"You can carry both of 'em, Bob," Jerry said in quiet loyalty.

"If the Old Man eases up on me I sure will try," Hyde answered. He got up. "I'd like to drop in pretty often," he said, "and soak up some of this dope."

"You can't make it too often," Jerry smiled and then winced at the crushing grip of the captain's big paw.

Jerry was happy in the days that followed. The Old Man was pointing the varsity for the Dartmoor game, and team spirit was coming back. Captain Bob was letter perfect on the Dartmoor batting order and Jerry felt he had done his bit. He was satisfied.

He saw Bob grooming Moss and Redding in the record book, and with his lively interest in these things he failed to appreciate the fact that he, too, was receiving more than his usual share of work. The shock came suddenly when the list of players for the Westover game at Middleton was posted. The last name on the list was "Gibson!"

"You did it," Jerry accused Captain Bob, but Hyde only grinned at him.

"The Old Man got an eyeful in that practice game," he said. "Haven't you noticed how he's been checking up on you?"

The Westover game was easy. Jerry watched seven innings of it from the varsity bench, and then with the score 5-0 in Rockton's favor, the Old Man sent him to pitch. Westover was outside the conference. There was no record to chart Jerry's course in those last two innings. Yet Jerry's keen eyes had not been idle. His ability to analyze batters helped him. When the game ended Jerry's heart was thumping. He had pitched two scoreless innings! He had borne a small share of a Rockton varsity's battle and—he had not failed! It was beyond anything he had dreamed since his freshman days!

To Jerry the week that led to the Dartmoor game passed quickly. He was on the varsity squad—he would sit with the team on the bench and in the dressing room! As he donned his dark blue Rockton uniform, the sudden rise of his baseball fortunes seemed unreal to him. Through the open grill of the windows he could hear the band playing on the field and the murmur of the big crowd.

As the team ran out, the Rockton stands came up with a mighty shout of welcome. Jerry felt as if every pair of eyes in the crowd was fixed on him. He reached the varsity bench and gripped the edges of the pine board beneath him with nervous, chilled fingers. But almost at once the Old Man ordered him to pitch to the batting *(Continued on page 26)*

He whipped it past the speeding Dartmoor runner into Dick Bronson's glove.

Adv. Copyright Hood Rubber Co., Inc., 1933

those Smelly Sneakers are *too strong* for us"

WHICH we freely admit is a bit exaggerated. *Nevertheless*, old-fashioned sneakers *do* work up a smell that is very offensive to the human nose. Probably you've heard your family's opinion on the subject?

This year, you can end that "sneaker-smell"—and the family arguments—by wearing Hood Canvas Shoes with the Hygeen Insole that *prevents* excessive perspiration odor!

How? Because the Hygeen Insole *does not* absorb perspiration. Instead of soaking into the shoe, the moisture *evaporates* quickly into the air!

VENTILATED* UPPERS, TOO! Hood Canvas Shoes are *cooler*, too! Why? Because the uppers are scientifically *ventilated**. Cool air shoots through tiny "air spaces," cooling and drying your feet!

Feet don't tire out half so fast in cool, comfortable Hood Canvas Shoes. Ask for them. They'll prevent all those arguments about "sneaker-smell" and they're *inexpensive*, too!

*Patent applied for.

HOOD

BATAN—AN ALL-ROUND SPORT SHOE—This shoe, the Batan, is extra comfortable because it is molded together in one smooth unit by the patented XTRULOCK *process*. No seams to chafe your feet! The Batan has a molded outsole and comes in *five* different color combinations—with contrasting 2-color trim.

Look inside the shoe for this mark

Hygeen Insole

on the Green Insole for your protection

HOOD CANVAS SHOES

Hood Rubber Company, Inc. • Watertown, Mass.

REDUCE UNEMPLOYMENT BUY AMERICAN MADE MERCHANDISE

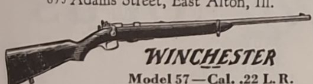
Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

"One 'chuck shot at 123 paces collapsed on the spot"

The greater power of Super-X .22's has often been demonstrated on hawks, woodchucks, and even coyotes at remarkable distances. Gerald Averill of Bangor, Maine, writes: "Out of 47 woodchucks shot at, I killed 42 stone dead with one shot, using Super-X .22 L.R. hollow-points in my Winchester Model 57. One 'chuck shot at 123 paces collapsed on the spot. With Super-X they meet their end as if struck by lightning. 3 were killed at over 90 paces. Another at 128. The average range for all was 75 paces. One old settler apparently had been making an addition to his cellar and was covered with clay. Upon the impact of the bullet he threw off a cloud of dust like a bursting puffball. This 'chuck gave me the opportunity of duplicating a quartering shot that had failed so dismally with a different load. This ammunition doesn't start the horses to kicking when let off behind the barn, and it doesn't start a run on the bank when shells are needed."

Super-X is made in all .22 caliber sizes, with solid or hollow-point Lubaloy greaseless bullets. Loaded with Western Double-Action smokeless powder and non-corrosive priming, gun cleaning is unnecessary. No higher in price than old style .22's. Sold everywhere. Mail the coupon for interesting free descriptive leaflet.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
653 Adams Street, East Alton, Ill.



WINCHESTER
Model 57—Cal. .22 L. R.
Bolt Action Repeating Rifle

Here is the rifle Gerald Averill refers to above. A marvel of accuracy, simplicity and reliability. Winchester "world-standard" quality. Military-type stock. Pistol grip. Magazine holds 5 cartridges. Ideal for small game and target shooting. An exceptional value.

Western
SUPER X

Long Range .22 Cartridges

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
653 Adams Street, East Alton, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send your free Super-X leaflet.

Name ....

Street ....

Town .... State ....

(Continued from page 24)

string while the varsity infield warmed up.

Jerry stumbled out to the box, juggled the ball Dick Bronson threw him from first, wound up hastily, and sailed his first pitch three feet wide of the plate! Big Bob Hyde unfolded like a jack-in-the-box and captured the ball.

"Come on, Jerry, old boy," he called. "Groove one for this baby!"

Jerry steadied. His next pitch split the center. From then on he forgot himself in action. The crowd receded into a buzzing background. On the Old Man's signal, they all trooped in to the bench and, a few moments later, Rockton took the field to start the game.

"Play ball!"

Jimmy Moss was the starting pitcher. The battle he waged with the gray Dartmoor batters absorbed every shred of Jerry's attention. He found himself, by long habit, placing each Dartmoor man as he came up, rehearsing his particular section of the record.

The game developed into a struggle between Moss and Farrell, the Dartmoor left-hander. Four innings slipped by without a good scoring chance on either side. Then, in the first of the fifth, Davis, the Dartmoor second baseman, led off with a single. The next man bunted and Moss, attempting to catch Davis at second, threw wild. Without a check in his stride Davis flashed on to third and slid into that base safely while the batter stretched his bunt into a double on the throw-in.

Dartmoor rooters began pleading incoherently for a score. Moss bore down hard to pull out of the hole. But with a count of two and two the next batter stepped into a fast one and sent the ball in a long high arc out towards left field where Bill Bingham, of Rockton, raced to make the catch. Jerry leaped up from the bench.

"Foul!" he screamed. "It's foul, Bill! Let it *go!*"

But the warning was lost. Bingham apparently had his whole mind centered on the falling ball. In a last desperate stretch he gathered it in, then lost his balance and went rolling! Off the bags like sprinters the Dartmoor runners came on! Davis scored and the coacher at third waved the second man in! The ball came in, relayed from Andy Russell, but Dartmoor's second run came over the plate in a cloud of dust an instant before the throw plunked into Bob Hyde's mitt.

Moss turned toward left field, his face an angry, fiery red. He was shouting something at Bill Bingham, but the words were lost in the Dartmoor din of triumph. On the bench Jerry felt a nudge in the ribs from the elbow of the man next to him.

"Old Man says warm up," he heard.

Back of the stands Jerry found Tom Redding and Steve Ferris already at work. The sound of scattered rooting came to him from the field as he pitched alongside Tom. Then Bob Vernon, varsity manager, came bustling up to them.

"You, Jerry," he said excitedly.

Jerry stood transfixed. He couldn't have heard right!

"Move!" Vernon panted. "Moss has gone higher than a kite," he explained as they hurried along. "Hit the last man and the bags are loaded!"

For a moment the Old Man's eyes bored into Jerry's.

"Noise is the only difference between this and a practice game, Jerry," he said calmly. "Two down, bases full, and Nelson up. Take your time. That's all."

A varsity cheer for "Gibson" rolled over the diamond as Jerry went out. Captain Bob came up and handed him the ball.

"Stick to the record, old man," he grinned. "Don't take any 'never never' sign from me."

Jerry used his five throws to find the plate. Then Nelson stepped into the box. Keep the ball high and inside on Nelson! Nelson would hit that kind of ball, but Jerry knew the chances were about one in five against its being a safe hit.

He wasted no time trying to "fox" the Dartmoor slugger. Yet by the very simplicity of his pitching he succeeded better than he knew. Nelson let the first two go by for called strikes! On the third he attempted to step back and get a full swing at the ball.

Crack! A small dust explosion rose from the infield and the ball flashed into deep short where Andy Russell took it cleanly and burned it home with a speed that brought a wild howl of relief from the Rockton side of the field! But the score was still Dartmoor 2, Rockton 0.

While Farrell continued to hold Rockton helpless, Jerry clung faithfully to the record as his only hope. In the sixth, backed by brilliant fielding, he set Dartmoor down in order. Coming in to the bench, his head jerked up in sharp surprise as once again he heard his name coupled with a booming cheer from the Rockton stands. It made him feel guilty. He knew the cheer belonged to Dick and Andy and Bill Bingham. They had choked off at least two hits in that inning!

In the seventh the first Dartmoor batter was safe on a wide throw to first. Farrell was next and Jerry, much to his own surprise, fanned him—but the Dartmoor batter stole second. Then the top of the Dartmoor batting order brought trouble. A long fly-out to right field and a walk put runners on first and third.

To Jerry it seemed as though his record was wobbling. And at that moment Captain Bob called for a high fast one on the craftiest bunter in the conference! It was plainly a "never never" and Jerry shook his head. But Bob only repeated the sign.

Then light came to Jerry! Bob was saying "Make him bunt!" Jerry laid the ball in the groove and with the pitch he dashed forward.

The bunt came twisting slowly toward him. He scooped it up, straightened, and whipped it past the speeding Dartmoor runner into Dick Bronson's outstretched glove! The right arm of the field umpire jerked up over his shoulder. A long roar of triumph split the throats of Rockton rooters.

Jerry dropped onto the bench and leaned forward to rest his elbows on his knees. He was shaking all over. The thought of just one little slip on that play left him breathless. He felt a slap on his shoulder.

"Good boy," he heard Bob's hearty voice saying. "The book works backward or forward, eh?"

A red flush came into Jerry's face. He'd called plays like that "mistakes" when they had not succeeded! He'd called taking a fighting chance a mistake! It was he who had been mistaken! The Old Man called baseball a fighting game. It *was* a fighting game! A fighter's game!

"Come on here, gang!" he heard Bob's voice continue. "Holding 'em won't win! Unlimber some bats here and fire a few rounds on that southpaw! Give it a long ride, Bill!"

Bill Bingham up. Jerry was next. As he watched the left fielder at the plate the meaning of "fighting baseball" became clearer to him. It was up to Bill Bingham and Jerry Gibson to fight to get on base, to fight against giving Dartmoor the advantage of two down when the Rockton top came up!

A choking determination surged into Jerry's throat as he saw Bingham beat out the throw to first on a sketchy drive over short. He jumped eagerly for the bat row.

Behind his back, the eyes of the Old Man followed him. The Old Man uncrossed his legs as if he were about to stand up. Then he settled back. Jerry never knew how close he had come to being taken out of the game when his whole being was on fire as it had never been before!

Farrell set in to make short work of Jerry. His first ball cut the heart of the plate with smoking speed. Jerry raged inwardly. Standing like a lump and letting Farrell sneak one over! Back came the ball a second time and Jerry missed it six inches with his furious swing. A tight grin showed around Farrell's mouth. He launched his next pitch with every ounce of power he could put on it. Jerry swung with all his maddened strength and—felt the solid impact of bat against ball!

Dashing for first he saw Bill mincing along toward second with his eyes on the Dartmoor outfield. Then Bingham's head went down between his shoulders and he put on full speed!

Rounding first, Jerry's eyes snapped to the outfield. No sign of the ball! Only the centerfielder walking in toward the diamond. Had he thrown?

Jerry slowed at second, still trying to spot the ball as he watched Bill go home like an express train. Then he caught the wild gesticulations of Bob Hyde in the coacher's box at third. Bob was waving him on!

"Over the fence—a homer, Jerry!"

Jerry trotted around third to home plate. His spikes stamped the rubber. Then quickly he turned for the bench. The joyful thunder from the Rockton crowd seemed to overwhelm him. He stumbled into the Old Man and felt his affectionate grip as the coach pulled him down to the bench. For a time Jerry, not daring to look up, watched the Old Man's hand patting his knee. He saw Bob Hyde's sturdy legs pass along the bench in front of him, heard Bob's big hands clapping together and his voice bellow: *"Now, you guys!"*

The game went into a mad whirl for Jerry. He saw the things that happened on the field, hardly realizing their significance. Andy Russell, Joey Case, and Dick Bronson went up and then, with two out and Andy roosting on third, Bob Hyde cracked the single that put Rockton ahead 3-2!

Gordon held Jerry down on the bench as the run came in. He rubbed his hand slowly along Jerry's thigh, talking in low tones, trying to bring Jerry's nerves back to normal for the trial that was yet to come.

"Easy does it now, son," he said quietly, as a long fly ended the inning. "Take your time. You have five throws to settle down out there. Use 'em all and don't hurry."

Jerry obeyed. And when he faced Nelson, the first batter, he was steady. Jerry thanked his stars that Bob had taken a fighting chance on that "never never" ball in the preceding inning. Failure might have meant disaster but success now gave Jerry the comparatively safe strategy of passing the Dartmoor clean-up man and going into the lower half of the batting order.

Nelson fought to refuse the pass, but with the bases clear Jerry had the up-

We'll Pay a Dollar

WE need ideas for Best Reading Ballots. Take a look at the ballot on page 30. Then get out your pencil and sketch us an original idea, preferably humorous, featuring Pluto, the office pup. For those we can use we'll pay a dollar—and we suggest that you get your idea in early, since we're likely to pick all the ideas we need from those that arrive in the first two weeks. Address your ideas to the Best Reading Editor, *The American Boy*, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

AND THANK YOU!

per hand. His advantage increased when the next batter hit into a fast double play. The third man up was a side-stepper. He caught Jerry's curve on the end of his bat and poked a weak grounder that Dick Bronson handled alone to end Dartmoor's chances for the inning.

As the ninth came up with the score unchanged the stands were in a riot of pleading. Shooting the ball into Bob Hyde's mitt while the Dartmoor batsman waited outside the box, Jerry realized that he was tired. His arm was going. For a moment he thought of Tom Redding. Tom was strong and fresh—his fast ball had more hop, his curve more snap. Tom could polish 'em off in short order if—he was right!

Then, in memory, Jerry saw the Old Man's pointing finger. "Quitters!" he heard the echo of the Old Man's voice saying. "Not a backbone in a carload—stand up and fight!"

Jerry drew a deep breath. He would fight and he *would* stand up! Then he looked at the Dartmoor batter and did not recognize him! The record was gone. In his last moment it had failed him! The Dartmoor coach was pushing in a pinch hitter.

Bob signed a fast ball, high and inside. A hard ball for anyone to hit but—no more than a fighting chance with a strange batter. Jerry wound up and sent the ball in. His heart leaped as he heard the crack of the hit. Instinctively he threw up his gloved hand and felt something strike it with the force of a bullet. Where the ball went he didn't know. He whirled to see Joey Case come in swiftly and make an underhand snap throw to first. Joey grinned into Jerry's white, scared face. "O. K., ol' boy, ol' boy," Case shouted. "Fight 'em! We're with you!"

With him! The Rockton varsity! And Jerry Gibson had thought of running away! He took the ball and turned back to the plate. The record seemed to grow smaller and farther away. It wasn't the big thing! The big thing was Joey and Dick and Andy and the rest propping up Jerry Gibson, scrub pitcher!

AND how they did it! Every man on his toes, shifting catlike, leaping like tigers to smother the hits of the last two Dartmoor batsmen!

Then it was over. Jerry stood for just a moment in the center of the box with the roar of Rockton's triumph in his ears, his wildest dream of baseball glory at its height and—at an end! Tears came into his eyes, his head dropped, and he started slowly for the bench. But the crowd swarmed over the field. He was pounded, his ears rang with their happy shouts of praise, Bob Hyde's arm fell around his shoulder, and Bob's hug almost took him off his feet.

Standing before the Rockton bench the Old Man accepted the congratulations of the Dartmoor coach.

"You have the makings of a pitcher in that fellow," his rival said after a moment.

The Old Man shook his head. "We *had* the makings of a pitcher," he smiled ruefully.

Walking across the field Jerry and Captain Bob were the center of an admiring group.

"You were great, old man," Bob said sincerely. "Greatest thing I've ever seen on a ball field!"

But the thought that Bob was talking about his pitching didn't occur to Jerry. Pitching and the record had ceased to be all-important to him.

"I just had to do it, Bob," he exclaimed earnestly. "I knew I *had* to hit that ball!" He chuckled joyously. His eyes danced with the light of the new understanding that had come to him as he added, "Farrell probably thinks he pitched me one of those 'never never' balls!"

PHOTOCRAFT for BOYS

Published for Boy Photographers by the Eastman Kodak Company

ACROSS THE CAMPFIRE...

As I look at this last summer's snapshot, I can imagine myself again beside that campfire. I can almost smell the burning jack-pine logs and hear the shouts of laughter as Tom, the clown of the party, recounted the day's adventures.

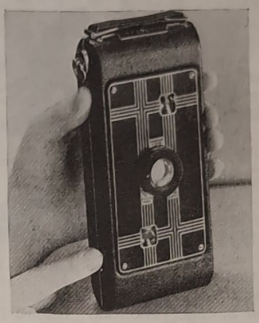
Tom had a keen eye for the high spots of camp life, but as for that I think my camera kept even with him. With fast films and a hand flashlamp, it could jump into action at any time, night or day. And it didn't miss much of the fun of that vacation.

What a kick I got out of "shooting" some of those pictures. If you looked through my book of snapshots, you would agree that photography is chock full of real thrills. What's more, you can have the same fun with your camera. Watch for the pointers I'll give you.

Denny

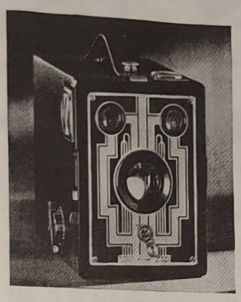
BEGIN NOW...

A camera is a useful tool for every boy to own. It makes you a keen observer. It teaches you to see faster and see more. Whatever you are going to be—an architect, an engineer, a scientist, a reporter—you will find a knowledge of photography a constant advantage. Make photography a hobby now. It will help you in many ways later.



JIFFY KODAK POPS OPEN

Snapshots really are a "snap" with Jiffy Kodak, the simplest of all folding cameras. Touch a button and it pops open—ready for use. Touch another and it makes a brilliant picture. Take the new Jiffy Kodak to camp this summer. It's the camera for quick action. Has Twindar lens that can be instantly set for near or far focus. Smartly finished with polished metal and enamel front. In two sizes—the Six-16, 2½ x 4¼, at $7.50; the Six-20, 2¼ x 3¼, $6.75.

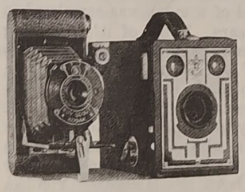


NEW BROWNIE HAS TWO-WAY FOCUS

Here's a new Brownie that gets sharp close-ups as well as far-away shots. Move a little lever on the face and presto, the focus has been properly changed for close-range work. A fine yet inexpensive box camera. The Six-16 (for 2½ x 4¼ pictures) costs but $3.50; the Six-20 (2¼ x 3¼), only $2.50.

COMPARE THESE PICTURES

Note the absence of fuzziness in the picture at the far right made on Kodak Verichrome Film. In the other picture see how the same scene photographs on ordinary film. Verichrome Film has a special back coating, which prevents halation or blurring of the bright parts in any picture. It gives clear, crisp outlines to light objects against dark backgrounds, faces in bright sunlight, etc. Use Verichrome Film for your summer snapshots. Your Kodak dealer has it.



SCOUTS, TAKE YOUR CHOICE

These two cameras carry the official Scout insignia stamped on the front. The Boy Scout Kodak (left) takes pictures 1⅝ x 2½. In a knife sheath case to fit your belt, it costs only $6. The Boy Scout Brownie (right) is a splendid box camera that makes 2¼ x 3¼ pictures. Price $2.25.

HERE'S A BIG THRILL...MOVIES

Would you like to be a movie director? Make your own comedies, thrillers, and news reels. Record trips, sport events, and local news in movies you make yourself. It's easier and costs much less than you probably think. The new Ciné-Kodak Eight takes scenes as long as those in theater newsreels for less than 10 cents each. And it costs but $29.50. The whole family can use and enjoy this fine camera. It is described in the free catalog offered below.

WATCH 'EM COME OUT

There's real fun in finishing your own snapshots. You can quickly set up a home darkroom for developing your films. And as for prints, you can make as many as you want, in just a few seconds for each. Kodak Darkroom Outfit No. 1 contains everything you need. Cost, complete, $8.75.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

NEW KODAK CATALOG FREE!

This new 56-page book is filled with all the latest cameras, accessories and examples of the photos they make. Has a movie section with pictures and complete descriptions of Ciné-Kodaks and Kodascope projectors.

A. B. 6-33

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York. Please rush me your new free catalog of cameras and supplies.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Making a hard job
EASIER

Cutting grass is a lot easier when you use 3-in-One on the mower. It *lubricates;* keeps the working parts *cleaner; prevents rust.* All stores have it.

3-IN-ONE OIL

WELCOME
to a LAND *of*
TREASURE

JAPAN

Join the treasure-seekers who are sailing across the Pacific to Japan this year. The Japan Tourist Bureau provides a series of all-inclusive tours to show you the Empire's choicest regions at the lowest possible cost. Write today for a booklet detailing these fascinating itineraries.

Full information will be furnished by any of these Lines, any tourist agency, or by the Japan Tourist Bureau c/o Japanese Gov't Railways, One Madison Ave., N.Y.C., or c/o Nippon Yusen Kaisha, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C., or Chamber of Commerce Bldg., 1151 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

JAPAN
TOURIST BUREAU

The Vagabond Trail

(*Continued from page 10*)

who are illiterate. She must build railroads. She must rehabilitate her national finances. She must struggle with a religious reformation.

Did any nation ever face a more difficult problem? Likely not. Yet a misunderstanding world is all too quick to call this struggling people—this people who invented gunpowder, the printing press, their own superior art, water wheels, engineering devices of all kinds, fingerprinting for identification, paper money, porcelain chinaware — a backward people. Nothing could be more unfair or more inaccurate. Of the last 5,000 years, in only the latest 200 can the western world be said to have surpassed the Chinese. And will that condition last, I wonder? The Chinese are hardy, virile and industrious; they are honest, inventive, and quick-witted. Count on it, they will not lag for long.

My greatest thrill in China came when I stood atop the Great Wall, the wind whipping my slicker straight out behind me, and gazed down from the hills toward Kalgan. It was unearthly quiet, and the grandeur of the Wall was so overpowering that I found myself speaking in whispers.

We had climbed in a shabby little train up Nankow Pass, which is China's Khyber. Here the ancient Chinese camel caravans plodded outward toward the Gobi, bound for Siberia, Turkestan, and Europe by way of the Asian deserts. Thus tea came west, before the sea route to China had been discovered. Down Nankow Pass came Marco Polo, celebrated Venetian traveler, in A. D. 1274. It was here, behind the Great Wall, that the valiant Chinese threw back the Mongol hordes of Genghiz Khan, the great Twelfth Century conqueror whose domain extended from the China Sea to the middle of Europe. Genghiz, undaunted, broke through the wall at a spot to the east, and his mighty grandson Kublai Khan set up his dynasty in Peking.

The steep railroad up the pass speaks well for Chinese engineering. It zigzags across bridges, clings to the lip of chasms, thrusts its way through cliffs. At the bottom of the pass, along a little stream, we saw heavily laden coolies, trudging up the slope. Camel caravans scrambled over the rocks. Donkey carts rumbled down toward Peking, one donkey ahead to pull and another behind, bracing himself to keep the heavy cart from careening forward.

We got off at the little station of Ching Lung Chiao. Immediately we were surrounded, as at Soochow, by yelling Chinese. Some wanted to guide us. Some wanted to carry us in sedan chairs. Others wanted us to travel donkey-back. We had brought our own guide, and he howled imprecations at them. But imprecations failed to dampen their enthusiasm. As we set off at a brisk pace toward the wall, the whole mob followed us, apparently in the hope that we'd get tired of walking. We pretended not to see them. Presently we were at the open arched gate in the Wall, and had scrambled to its top.

There is nothing to compare with the Great Wall of China. It was one of the Ancient Wonders of the World, and it, save for the Great Pyramid at Gizeh, is the only one that survives.

Astronomers say that the Great Wall is the earth's only man-made structure that would be visible from the moon. It contains enough masonry to encircle the globe at the equator with a wall eight feet high and three feet thick.

In this particular locality, the wall is 25 feet thick at the base, 15 feet wide at the top, and from 15 to 30 feet high. A low parapet rims its top. It is encased in brick, and strengthened with blocks of stone. Here, and along accessible passes, there are watch towers at intervals of 100 yards. In olden days these towers were garrisoned. At the approach of an enemy, signal drums would boom, warning fires would flare, and the armies of defense would gather on the run. Against the cavalry and archers of ancient days the Wall was very effective. Later, in the gunpowder era, the Chinese mounted rude cannon on the Wall.

While sections of Eastern China were walled as early as 500 B. C., it remained for the first universal emperor to unite these fragmentary ramparts into the vast structure we know today.

We gave our ricksha coolies a ride in their own rickshas.

This first emperor was named Chin Shih Huang Ti. (I can't pronounce it, either.) He lived about 220 B. C. At that time Rome was at death grips with Hannibal and his Carthaginians. France and Germany and England were savage wastes. Chin started out by uniting his empire. He soundly trounced all his rivals, and made them vassals. Then he set out to protect his empire from the Mongols and Tartars by building his wall.

Most of the "Myriad Li Wall" (a "li" is a third of a mile) was completed in fifteen years. Think of it! Counting all its windings, the wall is 2,000 miles long. If you placed one end of it in Philadelphia, the other would rest somewhere northwest of Topeka, Kansas. The story goes that Chin turned loose his magic white horse, and bade his workmen build the wall in whatever path the beast should choose. You can imagine how those workmen must have yelled at the horse, every time he strayed to hunt himself some grass.

Chin employed 300,000 soldiers for the job. He used all the criminals he could find. He used dishonest public officials. How he got such quantities of stone and brick up the mountain tops, or how he contrived to run his wall so smoothly up and down steep gorges, nobody will know.

For two thousand years a feud has raged between Chin and Chinese scholars. It seems that Chin, who on the whole was pretty proud of himself, issued a decree that he was the first emperor—that there had been no emperors before him. This bombast enraged the scholars. They were historians, they could read the records, and they knew better. When they scoffed at Chin, however, he flew into a royal rage.

He ordered a big hole dug, and in it he buried 500 scholars alive. After that the scholars shut up. But the moment Chin died they cut loose on him. They have been reviling him ever since. One native historian spitefully describes him as a man of "high-pointed nose, slit eyes, pigeon breast, wolf voice, tiger heart, and stingy, graceless, cringing character."

But tiger heart or no tiger heart, Emperor Chin must have been a great man. As Roy Andrews said: "Think of a man with a conception so big that he'd even *think* of building a wall around his whole empire."

The Wall was variously treated by various emperors. Most of them chose to enlarge and strengthen it. Some granted great tracts of land to their soldiers, by way of keeping them contented so far from home. These men spent all their time either drilling, or cultivating the soil in the shadow of the Wall. The Ming Emperors (A. D. 1368-1644) brought the Wall to its greatest strength. Today it is falling into decay. In the far reaches it has shrunk to mere ramparts of mud, scarcely five feet high.

I climbed to a watch tower high up the slope, and with my eyes followed the wall as it writhed like a great dragon over the mountain-tops. It must have been a doughty invader indeed who, at the sight of the great rampart, didn't dig spurs into his horse and gallop back toward the deserts.

At noon we were still atop the Wall. Our guide rolled some loose stones together, and spread us out a luncheon of cold chicken. The wind tore at our flimsy tablecloth. Twice it spilled our luncheon on the dirt strewn stones. I personally chewed down at least a cupful of the Great Wall of China. Not being an ostrich, I can't say that I especially enjoyed it.

Just before train time we saw a caravan coming up the stony road. Excitedly Bob got out his movie camera.

"Go and meet them," he said. "Act like you owned the caravan."

So Bob got a picture of a real Mongolian caravan hurrying through the Nankow Gate, with myself at the head of it, and glancing back nervously, from time to time, at the leading camel, who seemed eager to take a bite out of my shoulder.

When Bob had finished two ragged Chinese came up to me, put out their hands, and began to jabber.

"What are they saying?" I asked my guide.

"They say," he translated apologeti-

About Peking

TODAY there is no such place as "Peking." The name means "North Capital," and it has been changed to "Peiping," meaning "North Peace." Pronounce "Peiping" as though it were spelled "Bay-ping," and accent the second syllable. Nanking is now the national capital, but Peking remains the center of learning and culture.

Peking was founded in 1200 B. C. In the Twelfth Century it was the capital of the Golden Tartars. Later the great Mongol, Kublai Khan, made it his capital. His followers named it Cambaluc, meaning "Khan City." Marco Polo visited it, as Kublai's honored guest. Today it has 1,300,000 inhabitants, and is perhaps the most interesting city in the world.

Throughout this article I have used the name "Peking" instead of "Peiping." For no other reason, perhaps, than that "Peking" was the name I learned in school, and I like it better.

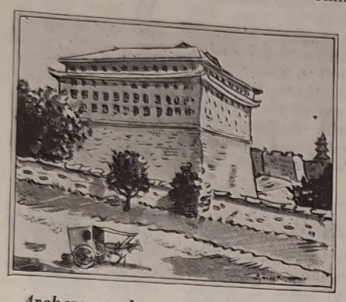
—The Author.

cally, "that they made the camels come faster."

It was a good story, and Bob and I got a good laugh out of it. We gave them each twenty cents, Mex.

Shopping is a delight, in Peking. At the time, an American dollar was worth $4.25, Chinese, and even at par Chinese merchandise is low priced. Tell your mother that in Peking we could buy full length white rabbit coats for $12.50. Tell her that the best ermine coats sold at $300. Tell her a carved amber necklace, and an amber choker to go with it, sold at $15. Watch her gasp.

Buying jewelry, as we did for women friends back home, was a rare experience. We sat in easy chairs in a friend's living room. Soft voiced merchants, in tunics and round, close fitting caps, came in with jade and silver and gold and amber wrapped in cloth rolls. One at a time they would enter, bow gravely, show us their merchandise, and blandly quote a price considerably more than they expected to get.



Archers used to shoot through the windows of this Peking gate.

In the Grand Hotel itself was the loveliest gift shop I ever expect to see. The charming Helen Burton, once secretary to Upton Close, was proprietor. It was a fairyland of pictured scrolls, of fur coats, of fascinating jewelry and black carved chests and yellow ivory figurines. The Camel's Bell, she called her shop, and as I look about me, in my home, I see plentiful reminders of it.

Peking and Paris. They are my favorite cities. Yet Paris, old to Americans, seems raw and young beside ancient, splendid, serene Peking. There are so many spots in Peking that I remember as vividly as if I had visited them this morning. There was the sublime Temple of Heaven, where the Emperor used to kneel in solitary worship. There was the Summer Palace, a great pleasure ground which helped lose for China the Sino-Japanese War. (The Empress Dowager took the money she had been given to build up her Navy, and with it paid for her lavish Summer Palace, instead. She did build one ship, but it was an ugly marble one, resting in one of the lakes of the Summer Palace.)

There was the Lama Temple, home of a giant, cruel visaged Buddha seventy feet high.

There were the rich palaces of the Forbidden City, the noisy bazaars, the Drum and Bell Towers, the White or Bottle Dagoba, full of relics of the Buddha. There were colorful new friends. But we must stop no longer in the Jewel City. We must entrain for the two-day journey back to Shanghai.

Never lose your faith in the destiny of China. China will be, some day, a great and unified nation. Its people hate war, and at the moment they seem defenseless. But the well equipped, well trained Chinese can fight as well as anybody else, and unless the world lets China alone, the world will find that out to its cost.

Today China wants foreign powers to relinquish their concessions, their treaty ports in which, though on Chinese soil, China has no authority. Foreign powers refuse. They say that China must guarantee a stable government and be able to guarantee protection for foreign investments before they withdraw. At present both are right. But before many years China will be able to satisfy the foreigners, and then they will have to give up their special privileges. China is entitled to complete autonomy just as quickly as she can stabilize herself.

In my opinion Japan is fighting a losing battle in Manchuria. Always, China has absorbed her conquerors. If the Japanese stay in Manchuria, China will absorb them. The Chinese are too thrifty, too sturdy, to permit a foreign people to compete side by side with them. Peacefully but surely, in my opinion, they will absorb all foreign elements in Manchuria. And, resistless as the ocean, they will spread into

Good Books About China

MORE about China! We asked an expert—he is Benjamin P. March, distinguished curator of Asiatic Art at the Detroit Institute of Arts—to make you a bibliography of the sort of books you'll be proud to own and thrill to read. Books that tell you all about China, accurately, colorfully, fascinatingly.

Here is Mr. March's list. Get the books at your library. Or, better yet, buy them and put them on your own bookshelf.

CHINA YESTERDAY AND TODAY, by E. T. Williams, (Crowell). Readable, and a good picture of the differences between old and new China, and the current forces that are now at work. An authoritative general summary of the development of Chinese history and culture.

TWENTY YEARS OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC, by Harold A. Van Dorn, (Knopf). Offers a clear picture of what lies back of the news that comes from China. An excellent interpretation of problems and progress.

STRANGE STORIES FROM A CHINESE STUDIO, translated by Herbert A. Giles, (Liveright). These stories range from humorous anecdotes to weird narrations of devils and shape-shifters. They remind one of ARABIAN NIGHTS. P'u Sung-ling first set them down in the Seventeenth Century.

WANDERING IN NORTHERN CHINA, by Harry A. Franck, (Century). The absorbing story of an American who vagabonded through China. Splendid reading, and full of information and color.

THE YOUNG REVOLUTIONIST, by Pearl S. Buck, (Friendship Press, John Day Co., sales agents). A short novel of modern youth in China.

YOUNG FU OF THE UPPER YANGTSE, by Elizabeth Foreman Lewis, (Winston). Another adventurous story of modern China.

IN THE LAND OF THE LAUGHING BUDDHA, by Upton Close, (Putnam). A wild and thrilling yarn of adventure in the interior of China, based at least in part on the author's own experiences.

THE LONG OLD ROAD IN CHINA, by Langdon Warner, (Doubleday-Doran). The exciting personal narrative of adventures encountered in archaeological investigation in western China.

A HISTORY OF CHINESE LITERATURE, by Herbert A. Giles, (Appleton). A standard introduction in English to the vast literary treasure of the people who first invented printing and who regarded a knowledge of literature as an essential qualification for public office. It is rich in translated quotations which give some idea of the original expression.

THE DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER translated by Chi-chen Wang, (Doubleday-Doran). An abridged translation of a famous Chinese novel dealing with the lives of young people in a large and wealthy household of the old style.

CHINA SPEAKS on the conflict between China and Japan, by Chih Meng, (Macmillan). A semi-official statement of how the Japanese invasion of China's Eastern Provinces looks to China, written by the Director of the China Institute in America.

YOU'D BE HEALTHIER

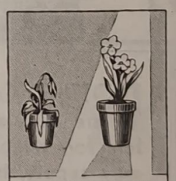
—if you played naked in the sun

Build strong bones—sound teeth with Sunshine Vitamin D

supplied by this delicious food-drink

THERE are only a few months during the year when you can get into a bathing suit and play almost naked in the sun. Those are the days when your body is tanned—when you're full of strength—bubbling over with energy.

But when you stay indoors the beneficial rays of the sun cannot reach you because of windows, walls and roof. The clothes you wear are also a barrier whether you are outdoors or indoors. Result—your energy lags, your strength and pep tend to disappear.



GROWING THINGS NEED SUNSHINE—EVERY GROWING CHILD NEEDS SUNSHINE VITAMIN D

Now what is there about Summer Sunshine that makes you feel so wonderful? What is there in the rays of the sun that gives your body that tingling, "it's-great-to-be-alive" feeling?

Science explains the answer. In the rays of the sun there is a powerful force—sunshine develops Vitamin D—which helps to build strong bones, sound teeth and sturdy bodies. And Science goes one step further—it has been able to harness this great force, Vitamin D, and put it into a delicious, nourishing food-drink called Cocomalt.

The way to sturdy development

NOW you can have Vitamin D benefits of summer sunshine—*all year round.* NOW you can secure the Sunshine Vitamin D your body requires, from Cocomalt, the tempting chocolate flavor food-drink. Made as directed, *Cocomalt almost doubles the food-energy value of a glass of milk.* It is rich in food calcium, food phosphorus, carbohydrates and proteins—elements which you MUST HAVE for sturdy growth.

Special trial offer

Cocomalt has a delicious chocolate flavor. It is easy to mix with milk HOT or COLD. It is sold at all grocery and leading drug stores. For trial can, send coupon and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing).

Cocomalt comes in powder form only—never in liquid or syrup. To be sure that you receive essential food elements you need for strong, sturdy growth, *insist on Cocomalt.* It is accepted by the American Medical Association Committee on Foods and licensed by the Wisconsin University Alumni Research Foundation.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods

Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.

DELICIOUS—HOT OR COLD

R. B. DAVIS CO., DEPT. V-6, HOBOKEN, N. J.

Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I am enclosing 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

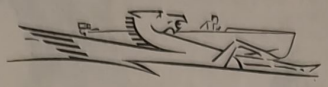
Name_____

Address_____ State_____

City_____

SEA-HORSE Model A-65

THE ALTERNATE FIRING TWIN IS *Exclusively* Johnson



THERE are two kinds of outboard motors. The older kind has two opposed cylinders that fire simultaneously. The improved type is entirely different. Its cylinders are *parallel* and fire *alternately. Two* impulses per revolution as in a 4-cylinder car give a flow of power that is practically 100% smoother than you get with one impulse.

Moreover, alternate firing makes starting easier. You pull against the compression of one cylinder only—and the ignition spark is intensified.

This improved type of motor costs a little more, to be sure. But thirty days after owning one you'll be the happiest mortal on earth that you've got its silken smoothness, its easier starting, its greater quiet, and its longer life. *These* are the things you'll enjoy when your boat struts its stuff on the water —*not* the little you "saved" when you bought. And remember Johnson's alternate firing twins—Models A and K—have such other outstanding developments as Synchro-Control, Full Pivot Steering, Integral Rotary Valve, Shock Absorber Drive, Underwater Exhaust and Sight Gas Gauge—*everything* you want in an outboard!

JOHNSON MOTOR CO., 900 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.
Canadian Johnson Motor Company, Ltd., Peterboro, Canada.

Write for your copy of the 1933 SEA-HORSE Handy Chart with complete specifications on the 7 great motors in the Johnson line — both simultaneous and alternate firing types — a model for every outboard purpose.

Handy Chart FREE!

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES

QUICK "PICK-UP" FOR STUDENT and ATHLETE

BOTTLED Carbonated Beverages are a palatable and effective form for "refueling" when your energy supply is at ebb, says *Dr. Donald A. Laird*, Director, Colgate University Psychological Laboratory . . . . They restore work power and relieve muscular tension.

Dr. Laird's statement is based on six years of experimenting to find the effect of certain foods and beverages on work power and personality.

AMERICAN BOTTLERS OF CARBONATED BEVERAGES

Bottled beverages Carbonated

—They're GOOD and GOOD FOR YOU—

eastern Siberia, too. There is no stopping them. Let us hope that Russia and Japan will accept their expansion peacefully and understandingly.

Three days later we stood on the deck of the P & O steamship *Comorin*, headed down the Whangpoo. Gay Shanghai, with its American-type buildings, its teeming harbor, its battleships of all nations and its gay and cosmopolitan people, faded from sight.

Hongkong! Singapore! India! Egypt!

We were on the last lap of our round-the-world trip, and we intended to make every second count.

(To be concluded in the July number of THE AMERICAN BOY.*)*

Picked at Random

Hours—Count 'Em

HOW much time do you waste? Two hours a day? In a year, two hours a day amount to 730 hours, or more than eighty working days! If you want to have a little fun, sit down and figure what you could do with that time. You could, for a starter, read 20 books on some subject in which you're interested, and still have time left in which to discuss those books with others. You could ground yourself in any of the sciences, become familiar with a fascinating period of history, or improve your skill at many things! Precious hours, those wasted ones!

Land Ahoy!

HOW'D you like to travel three miles in a high sea, riding a keg? That was the experience of Leslie D. Smith, marine, when his ship sank in Cuban waters in 1917. He arrived safely ashore, dressed himself in a suit of palm leaves while he dried out his clothes, and then walked 27 miles to the nearest town.

Take a Look at Yourself

WHOM do you admire? A philosopher once said: "We become like that we admire." So, if you want to get a good picture of yourself—your general character and habits and way of thinking—take a careful look at the older friend you most admire. The chances are you'll imitate him in more ways than one!

Make Your Own Cushion

WANT an improvised cushion to sit on during that baseball game? Then buy an 11 by 14 in. Manila envelope—you can get one at most office supply stores—and stuff it with excelsior. If you need some cash, try making up a hundred of these cushions and selling them for 15 cents apiece.

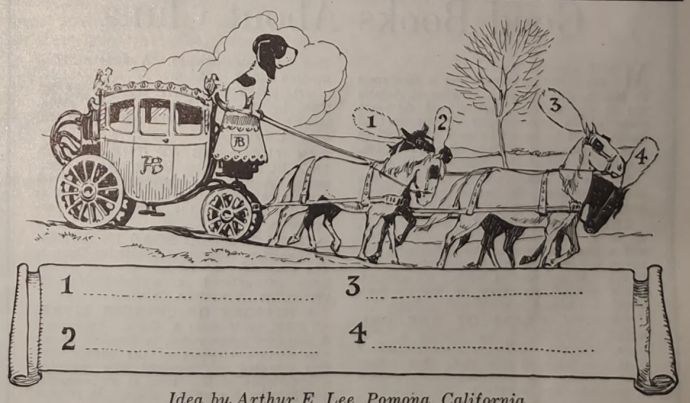
Enter the 1933 Model Airplane Contest

GOOD news for model airplane fans! The official national model airplane contests will be held in New York City, June 27-28, under the auspices of the Universal Model Airplane News. Six contests, approved by the National Aeronautic Association, will be held—indoor and outdoor fuselage contests, an international outdoor fuselage contest, the Mulvihill outdoor, indoor duration, and exhibition scale model. Contestants will have a chance to win 78 trophies and medals.

Contest officials promise first-rate conditions for the meet. The indoor duration contest will be held in the great armory of the 258th Field Artillery Regiment, a building 600 feet long and 300 feet wide, with a clear vertical space of 106 feet. Outdoor flying will be held at historic Roosevelt Field on Long Island.

For entry blanks and complete information, write the Contest Director, Universal Model Airplane News, Room 1201, 125 West 45th St., New York City. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Fill Out and Mail This Ballot!



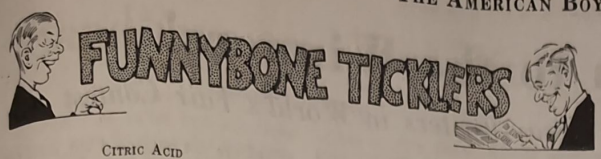
Idea by Arthur E. Lee, Pomona, California

PLUTO, driver of the Good Reading Coach, wants to know what stories and articles in this issue pull the hardest. Select the four you like best, write the titles in order above, and mail the ballot to the Best Reading Editor, *The American Boy*, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Your ballots help the editor to select the kind of stories you like best!

Your Name.....Age.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



CITRIC ACID

Floridian (picking up grapefruit in California fruit store): "Is this the largest lemon you can grow in your state?"

Californian: "Please don't pinch the grapes, if you don't mind."

HURRIED RIGHT OVER

Student: "Hey, I want to exchange this textbook."

Clerk: "Too late. You've had it a whole term."

Student: "But I just found that every other page is missing."

NO HARM IN THAT

"And that jackass," said the witness, pointing to the policeman, "tried—"

"That will do," said the judge, "this court is not a place for insulting officers of the law."

"Beg pardon, Your Honor," the witness said. "But I suppose there's no harm in calling a jackass a policeman, is there?"

"None whatever," replied the judge.

"Good-by, policeman," said the witness, as he left the stand.

"Now son, this is going to hurt me as much as it does you!"

HOW IT TURNED OUT

She was a most precise person, and she decided that if she could prevent it no one would nickname any of her sons. So she named the first one William, well knowing that he might be called Will or Willie for a time. The second she named Wilmont, the third Wilbur, the fourth Wilfrid, and the fifth Willis. Then she sat back contented in the thought that people would have to call them by their real names. So they were called Bill, Chuck, Skinny, Tubby, and Buddy.

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

Professor: "Dear me, this is very distressing."

Daughter: "What is it, Dad?"

Professor: "I gave a pupil a special course in memory training. Now he has forgotten to pay me, and try as I will I can't remember his name."

BORROWED PLEASURE

Roommate A: "What's this, Roomie? Bought a saxophone?"

Roommate B: "Nope. Just borrowed it from the guy next door."

A: "What for, fevvens sake! You can't play it."

B: "Neither can he while I've got it."

IT HAD TO BE GOOD

Freshman: "I didn't bring an excuse for being out yesterday because Ma was too busy to write one this morning."

Teacher: "Why didn't you get your father to write one?"

Freshman: "Aw, he's no good at making excuses. Ma catches him every time, and you're smarter'n Ma."

THIS HURTS!

"My work," remarked the dentist, "is so painless that my patients often fall asleep in the chair while I'm operating."

"M-m-m, indeed!" said the rival. "They faintly resemble my patients, who nearly all insist on having their pictures taken while I'm at work so that the camera will catch the expression of delight on their faces."

NO CHANCE FOR DEBATE

"Did you make the debating team?"

"N-n-no. Th-th-they s-s-said I w-w-wasn't t-t-tall enough."

TO GET PERMANENT RESULTS

"The thing for you to do," said the doctor to the man with frazzled nerves, "is to stop thinking about yourself and bury yourself in your work."

"Gosh!" returned the patient. "And me a concrete mixer."

DEVASTATING DEDUCTION

Sherlock: "Ah Watson! I see you are still wearing your winter underwear."

Watson: "Marvelous, Holmes! How on earth did you deduce that?"

Sherlock: "Simple enough. You see, you have forgotten to put on your trousers."

WORTH THE RISK

Instead of submitting, Jones had tackled the hold-up man, had taken his gun away from him, and had turned him over to the police. A reporter interviewed him.

"I suppose," he said, "that the reason you resisted was that you had a large sum of money with you."

"No," Jones said, "I figured that he had."

HE QUALIFIED

The country minister ended his sermon and then announced he would like all the Board to remain after the service a few minutes. A stranger in the village made his way to the front pew and seated himself with the deacons and elders. The minister approached him.

"My dear sir," he said hesitatingly, "perhaps you misunderstood. I asked that only the Board remain."

"That includes me," said the stranger. "I certainly was never more bored in all my life."

TALES OF WOE

Soph: "Why is a crack in a chair bottom like a traffic policeman?"

Sophess: "I couldn't say."

Soph: "They'll both pinch you if you don't park right."

THE FRIEND OF MAN

Jack: "What is the noblest kind of dog?"

Jill: "I give up."

Jack: "The hot dog. It not only doesn't bite the hand that feeds it; it feeds the hand that bites it."

OR A WIG, WAG!

Nurtz: "I know a place where men don't wear anything but hats."

Kurtz: "Gwan, where?"

Nurtz: "On their heads."

WASTING HIS TALENT

Business Man: "What do you do with all these pictures you paint?"

Artist of the Modern School: "I sell them, sir."

Business Man: "Well, name your figure and report Monday. I've been looking for a salesman like you for years."

PAINFUL REMINDERS

Friend (consolingly): "Never mind, old fellow. You'll forget all about her in a few months and be happy again."

Jilted: "Oh no I won't. I've bought her too many things on the installment plan."

ELEPHANTS EAT 'EM, TOO

Sara: "Do you believe that man descended from the monkey?"

Bill: "I couldn't say, but I know a man who's sure of it."

Sara: "Who?"

Bill: "The chap who sweeps up the peanut shucks after a ball game."

The Smoke Test *spelled* "TAKAIAMAGAD" to the Chippewas

"TAKAIAMAGAD" is a long word in the Chippewa language. But in English, it means the four letter word *cool.*

The Chippewa Indian you see in the picture above is blowing smoke through the new Goodrich Shoe to show you how *cool* it is.

When Chief Long Lance helped re-design the Goodrich Sport Shoe several years ago, he told us how important it is to keep your feet cool and comfortable. So now we offer the new upper that scientifically ventilates* the shoe.

These tiny spaces permit air to circulate around the feet and keep them *cool.* The circulation of air also allows perspiration to evaporate more rapidly. The famous Hygeen Insole prevents excessive perspiration odor.

And many of the new Goodrich Shoes are made by the patented XTRULOCK process—a seamless construction that prevents chafed feet and undue wear on your socks.

Washable, too, in ordinary soap and water, because there is no artificial stiffening to wash out and leave the canvas limp!

For cool feet on hot days insist on Goodrich Sport Shoes with the ventilated uppers.

*Pat. applied for.

Goodrich *Sport Shoes*

The Chief Long Lance Shoe with the new Ventilated* Upper and the famous Hygeen Insole.

Adv. Copr. B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corp., 1933

AB-6

B. F. GOODRICH FOOTWEAR CORP., Watertown, Mass.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of (check one):

☐ Goodrich Archery Book ☐ Indian Sign Language Book

Name.....

Address.....

KLEANBORE .22's SPEED POWER CONTROL

YOU want speed and power—in a pitcher or a rifle cartridge—but control (accuracy) is more important than either.

Accuracy is the outstanding feature of Kleanbore cartridges. Remington ammunition holds practically all rifle-shooting records. A test by army inspectors, involving millions of Kleanbore cartridges bought by the Government, produced the greatest demonstration of accuracy ever made. For supreme accuracy—perfect control—shoot the regular Kleanbore .22's with Lead Lubricated bullets.

Kleanbore Hi-Speeds
Unexcelled Velocity and Power
Unequalled Accuracy

They're speed-demons that crash into the mark with a pile-driver smash. 25% more average speed—in some sizes 35%. 50% more average power—in some sizes 80%. The only .22's cased in brass like military cartridges—greater strength. You will be astonished at their supreme accuracy.

Kleanbore cartridges, regular and Hi-Speed, in the green boxes, are for sale everywhere. Be sure to get them. Write for a descriptive folder. Remington Arms Company, Inc., Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition, Bridgeport, Conn.

Remington KLEANBORE
WORLD'S LEADING 22 CARTRIDGE

© 1933 R. A. Co. 4984

Print Your Own
Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Advertising, etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Junior Press, $5.50. Job press $11 up, Power $149. Easy rules sent. Write for free catalog with all details. The KELSEY Co., Y-27, Meriden, Conn.

STOP! READ!

Send for this full size, Professional Players Model Fielder Glove. Oil Treated Horse-hide, Full Leather Lined, Leather Laced at wrist and between thumb and fore-finger. Ready for play the minute you put it on. **Glove No. 2120, a regular $2.00 value for half that price.** Address our Athletic Goods Dept. for **FREE** Catalogue, Baseball, Boxing and Football.

$1.59 Post Paid

HUDSON SPORTING GOODS CO.
52-12 Warren St., New York.

100% PROFIT
Building **NEW BOAT SENSATION** IN 2 DAYS

Make 100% Profit on each 18 lb. Mead KI-YAK you easily assemble at home in 2 days from complete cut-to-fit Kit, $11.75 F. O. B. Chicago. Non-sinkable! Seaworthy! 600 lb. buoyancy! Fast! Lift it with 2 fingers, carry it on bike or auto, navigate in 2 inches of water. *Snappiest thing afloat! Nothing else like it.*

Easy to Assemble! If you can drive a nail, you can build a Mead Ki-Yak! Can't go wrong with the *numbered* parts, detailed instructions, clear blueprints. Fascinating work. **Exclusive, new construction method** saves time, insures success! Order **now** or RUSH 10c for "sensation" boat details and *Great Money-Making Plan!*

MEAD KI-YAK KIT $11.75 FOB CHI.

MEAD GLIDERS Dept. W-63
12 S. Market St. Chicago, Ill.

Health to the Winners!

Prizes Go to These Essay-Writers in World's Fair Contest

HERE'S a toast—drink it in bottled ginger ale, root beer, lemon sour, or whatever your favorite soft drink happens to be—to Hugh Forster, 17, of Evansville, Indiana. Forster's essay, printed on this page, won first place in the contest conducted by *The American Boy* and the American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages.

For the best essay on the subject, "Why I Drink Bottled Carbonated Beverages," Forster may choose either a week at the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago, with all expenses paid from his home and back again, or $200 in cash.

And here's another toast—this one to the other 25 winners whose essays earned them cash prizes! They gave Forster a stiff race, writing eloquently of the joys of downing cool swallows of ice-cold bottled carbonated drinks on blazing summer days and citing pages of statistics. It was only because Forster's essay combined exceptional originality of treatment with colorful writing—and because he worked in his facts so ably—that he outdistanced his competitors.

As a matter of fact there were hundreds of well written essays—the judges had to go over many of them a half-dozen times before they were able to start picking the prize-winners from the top fifty. But at last it was done. Whereat the judges heaved a sigh of relief and went out to refresh themselves with a root beer float.

So a third and final toast—this one to all the contestants who made the job of judging the essays a hard knot to untangle! Better luck next time!

Here's the first prize winner. And below you'll find the names of those awarded second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth prizes. The next 20 place-winners are in alphabetical order, as are the 50 given honorable mention.

As the Bubbles Dance

By HUGH FORSTER (17)
Evansville, Indiana

Hot, tired, thirsty! Here is shade for resting. Where's my bottle opener? Fizz-z-z. Ah, that's better. Half gone at the first draft. Squinting at the sparkling liquid, I see an ascending bubble, which discloses, as a seer's crystal, toga-clad Romans seeking health by drinking the waters of Vichy. Poor fellows! "Born two thousand years too soon!"

Another bubble reveals a thin-faced chemist working tirelessly over an earthenware water trough bristling with gas tubes. It's Joseph Priestley, inventor of the artificial method of impregnating water with carbon dioxide. His two-hundredth birthday occurred this year!

Here's an ingenious Yankee druggist in knee breeches profiting by Priestley's discovery. To fill a doctor's prescription, he manufactures carbonated water, to which he adds fruit juices to tempt other buyers. Behold the forefather of today's beverage industry!

A crystal globule quivers with forcefulness as a United States chemist announces that bottled carbonated beverages are easily assimilated food, abounding in calories, surpassing in carbohydrates many well-known foods, including milk, besides having tonic and stimulating properties due to fruit acids and juices and the carbon dioxide they contain.

Framed in a shining sphere, a white-capped nurse explains one reason why hospitals serve carbonated beverages regularly. The exhilaration after drinking these beverages is actually *renewed energy* due to the blood's immediate absorption of invert sugar which requires no digestion. We feel better because we really *are* better.

In behalf of food sanitation, an official in another effervescing drop states that conditions in bottling plants are better than the laws require. Products are ultra-pure because the carbonating process itself expels germs, while hermetic sealing keeps them out and also confines the healthful gas.

I'm letting valuable bubbles escape! Here's sending them where they belong. Tired? Not after imbibing this "instant-starting, lightning pick-up, high-test" beverage! Forward, to a longer, livelier life!

Second Prize—$100 in Cash

Why I Drink Bottled Carbonated Beverages

By M. RAY (20)
Memphis, Tennessee

Gosh, I'm tired. Nerves jumpy—back aches—sitting over this typewriter all evening. Getting late, too. Coach says we start hitting the old horsehide tomorrow—snappy, peppery games to limber up—better go to bed. Takes plenty energy to scoop up those short ones. Shucks, I can't quit this thing now. Forty-nine, yeh, forty-nine starts—crumpled up in the basket—and back where I started from.

Names . . . names—Priestley, Jefferson, Philadelphia, Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Bacteriology, Department of Agriculture—I know 'em all by heart, backward and forward. But it's no use; can't get them put together right. Carbonated, sparkling, wholesome, exhilarating, nourishing, purifying—the big parade of words. Let's see now—"They have a tingling tang that's right in tune with the times. No muss. No fuss." Wait, that's not right, that's out of the book. I'm getting tired—quitting—don't feel like fooling with this any longer.

I'm hungry—wonder what's in the refrigerator. Quiet—can't let 'em catch me in here—cold, all right—plenty of ice cubes. What's this? A bottle—more bottles. Oh Boy! Ginger ale — root beer — grape — where's a glass? Now half full of ginger ale—rest of the way with the grape. MMmmm mm. Sure hits the spot—"tingling tang"—I'll say. Back to the typewriter—bet I can write an essay now—betcha I win a prize.

Listen to this, "And the best of it is that these wholesome bottled carbonated drinks are not only good but good for you. Health beckons from every bottle." Yessir, I'll get it this time. Clock struck once—nine-thirty or ten-thirty—I'll see. One o'clock! What'll Coach say! Throw this thing in the basket—got to get in bed—no, I'll send it in—show 'em I tried. Where's the address? Have to hurry—I must get another one of those palate ticklers before crawling in—to overcome the effects of losing all this sleep—got to hustle tomorrow if I'm going to hold down the initial bag this year.

G'night. And don't forget! "Not only good but—" Well, you know the rest.

Third Prize, $50—Rawson K. Moore (16), Traverse City, Mich.

Fourth Prize, $25—Robert W. Brown (18), New York City.

Fifth Prize, $15—Lee A. Lampson (20), Seattle, Wash.

Sixth Prize, $10—Cecil S. Keesling (19), Los Gatos, Calif.

Next Twenty Prizes, $5 each—William Chester Beach (12), Holland, Mich.; Rose Cooney (16), Covington, Ky.; Ralph G. Coulter (18), Ann Arbor, Mich.; Norman Cousin (17), New York City; Cloyd Dinger (16), Philipsburg, Pa.; John H. Dudley (15), Pittsburgh, Pa.; Philip George (19), Birmingham, Ala.; Leon F. Graves (18), Philadelphia, N. Y.; Douglas Lascar (16), Missoula, Mont.; Charles G. Manterfield (19), Pittsburgh, Pa.; Merwin Meyer, Jr. (16), Milwaukee, Wis.; George Muedeking (17), Arcadia, Wis.; Ruth Prince (17), Montclair, N. J.; Evelyn Robinson (19), Spokane, Wash.; Mary Adele Simones, Shakopee, Minn.; Jack Thomas (12), Seattle, Wash.; R. L. Torrison (18), Fisher, Minn.; George H. Watson (17), Lakewood, Ohio; Jay Welch (16), Lawrence, Kans.; Lloyd A. Winslow (15), Grand Rapids, Mich.

Honorable Mention

HONORABLE MENTION: Robert Adams (15), Minneapolis, Minn.; James Thomas Allums, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Alfred Asikainen (16), Green, Mich.; John Paul Barrett (18), Scranton, Pa.; J. Carlton Beard (18), Beloit, Wis.; John Booth (20), Hamilton, Ont., Can.; George W. Brett (20), Spirit Lake, Ia.; Joseph Callahan (18), Anniston, Ala.; Wallace Capel (17), Evansville, Ind.; George M. Cobren (18), Chicago, Ill.; Walter Allen Crow (18), Highland Park, Mich.; Neal Donaldson (18), Alameda, Calif.; Gilbert Eakins (11), Iola, Kans.; Warren Eck (12), Allentown, Pa.; Percy Floyd, Jr. (16), Boonville, Mo.; Alfred J. Ghezzi, Jr. (13), Nenana, Alaska; Gene Goodin (20), Fairview, Ill.; Eugene Griffith (17), Crowley, Colo.; Ellis B. Hanks (18), Winthrop, Wash.; Frank T. Hoadley (17), Chevy Chase, Md.; Francis E. Horan (19), Atchison, Kans.; Harkins Howard (16), York, Pa.; Norman R. Hoyt (18), Rockaway Beach, Mo.; John D. Hudgens (18), Grand Bay, Ala.; Allan H. Hull (19), Lakewood, Ohio; Clarence D. Johnson, St. Paul, Minn.; Benjamin Katzman (17), Waterbury, Conn.; Joseph P. Keough (14), Pawtucket, R. I.; Richard Kieffer (14), Custar, Ohio; Richard H. Kimball (15), Colorado Springs, Colo.; Bernard Kohn (20), Washington, D. C.; Jack Lassetter (19), Villa Rica, Ga.; Douglas Lorimer (16), Collyer, Kans.; Alfred H. Lovell, Jr. (16), Ann Arbor, Mich.; Marjorie Murphey, Covington, Ky.; Harold Meyer (18), Milwaukee, Wis.; Robert Nicholson (17), Wheaton, Ill.; Russell Olson (20), Des Moines, Iowa; Max C. Ottney (18), Gibsonburg, Ohio; Pascal B. Owen, Jr. (16), Roanoke, Va.; Charles Aycock Poe (20), Raleigh, N. C.; William Fenwick Scudder (16), Edwardsport, Ind.; Arthur Silliman (16), Hibbing, Minn.; Arthur K. Stevens (16), Lynchburg, Va.; K. Stromquist (15), Birmingham, Ala.; Oswald M. Suksdorf (17), Rosalia, Wash.; H. Andrew Thoresen (17), Providence, R. I.; Bruce Underwood (19), Kingsville, Texas; Joseph Walton (17), Edgewood, Pa.; Edwin K. Waterbury (20), Chittenango, N. Y.

Lo, the Embattled Bonehead!

James Tierney, besieged on his New Jersey farm! Defending from the underworld all he holds dear—George the Rooster, Emma the Hen, his lone stalk of corn, and Maggie's pies! July's chortling detective story—

"The Lost Auxie"

By John A. Moroso

Sandbags and Deadlines

(Continued from page 21)

A gruff voice halted Phil and three sandbags were flung into his wheelbarrow. A few yards along, another voice stopped him, and the sandbags were removed to take their place in the slowly rising wall. On and on he went, his wheelbarrow being loaded and unloaded at intervals. Occasionally he met other wheelbarrows.

The toiling lines of men, naked to the waist and barefooted, climbed upward and floundered back like so many columns of ants. And next to the river the levee men worked ceaselessly at placing the sandbags. Phil knew that soon after being water-soaked the sandbags became as hard as concrete. The new wall would stand, provided the base stood beneath it.

A whistle cut sharply through the heavy air. "Sand boil!" came the cry.

Phil grabbed one of his sandbags and, slipping and sliding beside half-naked running men, hurried to the scene.

A thin pencil of water was shooting upward near the base of the levee. Swiftly it grew bigger! Phil's breath caught. How could such a peril be met?

But these men knew what to do. "Box it in," came Joe Territt's curt command. "Make it snappy!"

Sandbags were hurriedly placed in a square about the spurting water. Phil put in his, and his fellow runners slammed theirs into the rapidly rising sandbag box. Edges were tucked together so that no water escaped, though it rose swiftly within the barrier. Soon the box walls were five or six feet high. Joe Territt examined them closely and ran his hand and arm deep into the pool.

"All right—she's balanced," he said. "Get back on the levee."

Major Markley came into the group and eyed the boxed-in sand boil. "All right, Joe?" he asked.

"Yes, Major," Joe answered. "We're not getting many boils so far, and that's a good sign."

"Yes," Markley agreed. "But we're getting a terrible lot of water," he added, his low voice tightening. "I'll be glad to see that crest go by. We're taking a pounding up there on top. And I can feel a storm coming."

PHIL realized that though the steady, fine rain had ceased there had come a sudden warmth, an oppressive stillness. Far down the murky river, streaks of lightning played through heavy clouds. Joe Territt eyed them.

"Yes," he agreed, "there's going to be a blow. But maybe it'll set toward the west. Wonder how they're getting along over in Missouri."

"I don't know. The wire's been down for several hours. Hope their levee at Dorena holds."

As Markley started back, he noticed Phil. "How are you doing, son?" he asked. "Like the job?"

"Not very much," Phil confessed. "But I'm glad to help if it does any good."

"Any labor helps," the major said quietly, and passed on.

Neither one of them had mentioned trucks, though Phil knew that the aching hope of the fleet from Winston burned in the major's mind as it did in his.

Four more times within the next half hour Phil heard the shrill whistle that told of sand boils, and each time helped the straining men to box in the spurting water.

He glanced at his watch. Almost ten o'clock! Big Jim ought to have the trucks here by this time if he were bringing them at all. No trucks, however. And no chance to set down any of the night's story, though deadline time for the *News*, two o'clock, was coming on fast. Well—the Mississippi was dictating deadlines tonight.

And here he was, pushing a wheelbarrow along a narrow plank road, thirty feet above the ground on one side, the maddened river on the other. Sandbags and more sandbags! Crawling, half-naked men who came clawing through the sucking mud from the bottom and then floundered back. Slaving men who silently reached out for the sandbags. Then more climbing men, more sandbags, more clutching hands as his wheelbarrow moved slowly along the planks in exhausting, ominous routine.

Lightning far down the river, thunder that made the earth quiver—and the levee getting weaker every minute. Would this never end—would the trucks never come? Surely Big Jim had got after the district engineer again. And yet . . .

Phil tramped on doggedly.

AT the north end of the levee Markley stopped him. He indicated the gauge in the levee wall—a white-painted pole with black figures.

"She's rising fast now," he said slowly. "We're nearing the crest."

"It's coming over the levee now," Phil said slowly.

"Yes. We can't get the sandbags up fast enough." His face was tortured. "If only those trucks—" he broke off sharply, staring toward the road. "What's that?"

Phil's heart began to pound as he saw the speeding lights of a car racing along the road. Big Jim? Big Jim bringing news?

"Maybe it's word about the trucks," he said huskily.

The car stopped below them, and two figures came climbing up the incline. Phil unconsciously held his breath. Was it—

It *was* Big Jim—and he had the district engineer with him!

Verity barely nodded to the reporter, and introduced the district engineer to Major Markley.

"The trucks are at the filling depot taking on sandbags," the engineer said. "They'll be coming through in a few minutes."

With suddenly glowing eyes, Markley sent a stentorian call through the night:

"Everybody out! More trucks, more sandbags coming in!"

As sleeping figures came to quick life, Phil saw the gleaming lights of the ten highway trucks roaring down the road—and then a heavy hand fell on his shoulder.

"Guess that shows you what a newspaper man can do in a jam," Big Jim rumbled with biting irony. "How do you like it, kid?"

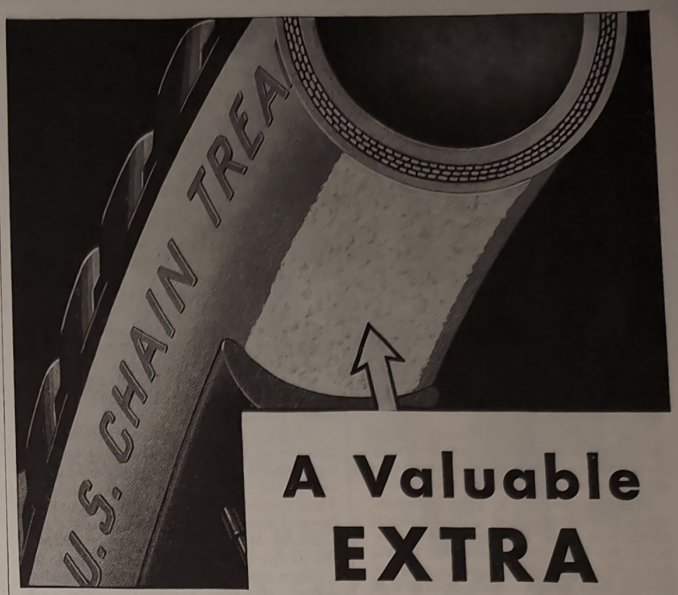
Phil went scarlet. Big Jim needn't try to rub it in. He knew he'd been too fresh. But hadn't he been right?

"I like it fine," he flung back defiantly, and turned again to his wheelbarrow—anyhow, now there was a chance of holding the levee!

There was new life in the slaving, toiling men as Phil pushed his wheelbarrow along the planks this time. Steadily the long line of trucks came and went, and swiftly the sandbag wall rose to meet and turn the river back. Sand boils continued to come and were stopped.

But in the south the storm still brewed, moving closer.

Phil paused again at Markley's station. The major was talking to Big Jim, and Phil saw them glancing upward at the scudding clouds.



A Valuable EXTRA that Saves your Tires —and Costs you Nothing

Even if a tire makes swell marks in the mud it's not much of a tire if it creeps on the rim and pulls valves out by the roots.

In other words, look at the *rim side* of a tire as well as its tread. On a U. S. Giant Chain Tread (or any other U. S. Tire) you'll find a Flannelette Rim Strip built right into the tire. It's put there to make a better bond with the rim—it prevents creeping—and, with proper rim cement, not shellac, you'll never have trouble with tires that pull loose. The fuzzy rim strip takes hold of more cement—the cement grips the rim—and the tire stays put for keeps. Which is just one of the more-for-your-money features built into U. S. Giant Chains at no extra cost to you.

Get all four of these features in the bike tire you buy . . .

1 **Construction . . .** three strong plies all the way around (not just 2 plies and a breaker strip)—deep, buttressed tread of toughest crude rubber known.

2 **Rim Grip . . .** flannel strip makes possible grip that prevents creeping, eliminates separation of tire from rim. (On *all* U. S. tires.)

3 **Non-skid Tread . . .** specially designed to give greater non-skid safety under all riding conditions.

4 **Appearance . . .** sidewalls are *permanently* white, treads *permanently* black—tire always new-looking.

Every one of these features means more miles—less trouble—more for your money!

In addition to the U. S. Giant Chain Tread, U. S. Makes the U. S. Nonpareil Thornproof and U. S. Overland — a tire for any bike or any allowance.

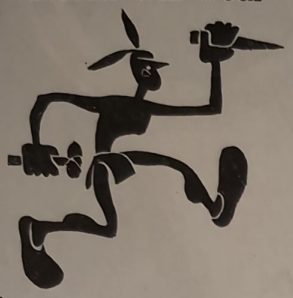
United States Rubber Company

WORLD'S LARGEST (US) PRODUCER OF RUBBER

All U. S. Tires always have this seal

U.S. Giant Chains with the GRIP that *never* slips

What the well-dressed Indian will wear



EVERYWHERE the Indian went, he *walked*. His easy, quiet stride depended on comfortable footing. He got it. He wore *moccasins!*

You should wear moccasins. Wear them for school. For sport. Everywhere. Bass makes all kinds of smart shoes that are *moccasins*, with sturdy soles added.

Feel the comfort in Bass moccasin-shoes. One soft curve of leather extends all the way under the foot—like a hammock. No hard flat innersole to buckle and curl. Write for the name of your nearest Bass dealer. We'll send you a *free* catalog, too.

WARNING: Beware of shoes that look like moccasins, but are not. Ask for BASS.

Both are Bass Moccasins

With Moccasin Comfort

G. H. BASS & COMPANY

64 Main St. Wilton, Me.

QUICK EASY SHINES FOR LESS MONEY!

If you want to look your best, your shoes must always be neatly polished. Here's how to get the best shine you ever had and save money, too. The coupon below will bring you a handy Shoe Shine Kit containing a real bristle dauber, a genuine lamb's wool polisher and a big tin of high-grade paste polish. The kit is worth 50¢, but 25¢ is our special offer.

Remember, good polish makes shoes look better and it preserves the leather, making them wear longer, too. For most shoes use paste polish, but for kid shoes try Bixby's Liquids. Don't turn this page until you clip the coupon!

2 IN 1 · SHINOLA

BIXBY'S SHOE POLISHES

2 IN 1-SHINOLA-BIXBY CORP., Dept. C-3
88 Lexington Ave., New York City. Enclosed find 25c (stamps or coin). Send me the Shine Kit.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

"We're getting too many sand boils," Markley said slowly. "And it looks as if the storm's blowing our way!"

Big Jim only grunted, and Phil went on.

Before he reached the south end of the mile-long stretch, the storm broke. There was a sudden patter of heavy raindrops, a reverberating roll of thunder, and the skies seemed split open by glaring lightning flashes. Then rain fell in blinding sheets. Phil struggled along, past cowering, half-naked negroes who still clawed their way upward and back, working in a frenzy of desperation.

Phil turned and headed back toward the north end of the levee with the storm in full fury. The wind was now whipping around, away from the distant Missouri levee, where other hundreds of men fought frenziedly—relieving that side only to drive disaster down on this!

As Phil hurried along, the water at the top of the levee slapped resentfully against the massed sandbags. The toiling levee men seemed near despair. They moved more slowly and constantly eyed the river.

Major Markley and Big Jim were at the gauge when Phil turned near them.

"Two more inches," the major called softly. His eyes, too, watched the restless river; and as Phil started back, he motioned for him to remain.

"Stay here, Carter," Big Jim rumbled.

The weary, drenched reporter sat down heavily on his wheelbarrow. Were they nearing the end? What would it be? Had the crest of the flood passed? Or would it come down upon them any minute now?

He gazed up the river. Oddly, he visioned the crest as something that could be seen—a great, racing wall of foaming water pounding down to flatten out the walls that defied the river.

Throbbing moments dragged along as he waited there with Markley and Big Jim. Waited in a silence broken only by the rumble of the thunder, the howl of the wind, and the ominous roar of the river. Was that roar rising?

The other two watched the gauge. Their faces seemed frozen. Minute after minute rolled by, each an eternity of menace, filled with that endless roar. Then—

"She's holding!" Markley broke out hoarsely.

Silence again—and the roar. At last Big Jim's pent-up rumble:

"Falling! I tell you she's falling!"

And Markley's voice jerked: "I think the crest's gone by!"

"You mean we're safe?" Phil asked dazedly.

Markley nodded. "Barring some unforeseen collapse here within the next two hours, we're safe. And now the Missouri side is safe too. We'll keep up our inspection, of course, but no more sandbagging."

"What next?" demanded Phil. He tingled with life again—and the *News* deadline was near!

Markley smiled. "You're through, son," he said. "You didn't get the story of a levee break here—but those trucks surely prevented one."

Joe Territt came plunging up with a question, and Markley turned to talk with him. Phil became aware that Big Jim was eying him with an ironical grin, and once more he turned hot with recollection.

"I—I was pretty fresh, Chief!" he stammered.

"Yes," agreed Big Jim, "and I was mad for a minute. Then I got sense. I needed stirring up, kid."

And suddenly Phil realized that all Big Jim's irony had been for himself! With a great sigh of relief he asked:

"How did you get the trucks? Did you locate the commissioner?"

"No, I argued them out of Randolph, the district engineer. It'll be all right with the commissioner, I know."

"But how did you get the engineer to see reason?"

Verity chuckled. "The rough draft of my argument's still in my pocket, I think. Yes, here it is." He drew out a crumpled sheet of copy paper. "I just laid this down before Randolph and asked how he'd like to see these facts spread in smashing headlines across the *News* if the levee went out tonight."

Phil smoothed out the sheet and read what Verity's emphatic pencil had dashed down:

State trucks refused, levee gone; 90,000 cotton acres flooded while highway department fleet lies idle at Randolph's orders; Markley, levee chief, declares district engineer could have saved Reelfoot area.

As Phil read, his mouth twitched with amused comprehension. No wonder Big Jim had won. He had shown the safety-seeking district engineer that there was more danger in dodging his duty than in doing it. It took Big Jim to handle a situation! He looked up to give his chief a grin that was a glowing tribute.

"You're a newspaper man!" he blurted.

"Yeah?" Big Jim grinned back. "Then that makes two of us, kid."

The Time Element

(*Continued from page 5*)

"Sounds pretty fishy," agreed Renfrew. "Let's see what Ralston has to say."

In his cell at the Dawson jail, Barry waited, his face set.

"I've been thinking over this business," he said. "I think I can help you find the real murderer."

"You understand," said Renfrew, "that anything you say may be used against you?"

"Yes. But this isn't about me. It's about Spike Gallion. Last fall I discovered that after all Dan had done for Spike, he was stealing Dan's money right under his nose. Then, while I was thinking out what to do about it, one morning in Barney's Pool Parlor I heard Spike telling a lot of dirty lies about Dan—and I lost my temper and followed Spike out and swarmed over him. That's why I went to jail."

"Why didn't you explain that to the magistrate?"

"I didn't want to bring out the filthy gossip Gallion had told about Dan. People remember that kind of thing even if it ain't true."

"I hope what you're saying is true," Renfrew said.

"It is," Barry maintained heavily. "But what I want to tell you is this. Dan came to see me in jail—and I told him about why I'd jumped Spike. So he had a row with Spike and I guess chased him out of the country. Well, I heard after I got out of jail that Spike had sworn he'd get even with Dan. Gedge Harrison heard him say it, and Dominic Tirossi."

"I know," said Staires. "They told me that."

"Then you'll check up on Spike?" demanded Barry.

Staires nodded. "Yes. We're checking on him," he said. "Now if you want to look over those effects by daylight, Major Renfrew, we'd better be at it."

They took kindly leave of Barry, but outside Staires immediately voiced his unbelief.

"That's a good story," he said. "But it won't hold water. We've checked on Gallion. Coreall was murdered in May, and Gallion's been a prisoner in the White Horse jail for petty larceny ever since March seventeenth."

"But if that boy's story about Coreall's giving him his private papers to keep for him is true," Renfrew said, "it would seem as if Coreall were in fear of something's happening to him."

Back at the barracks Staires laid out on a table the clothing that had been found upon the body, and also an odd assortment of articles. Renfrew examined the clothing reflectively. It consisted of two suits of heavy woolen underwear, a pair of thick woolen trousers, a Mackinaw shirt, high moccasins, and woolen stockings. Renfrew frowned, deep in thought.

"Funny clothing for a man to be wearing in May, isn't it?" he remarked.

"I thought so when we pulled in the body. He was certainly dressed for cold weather."

"Yes." Renfrew's tone was preoccupied. "Let's have a look at the wrappings."

He turned to the queer articles Staires had placed beside the clothing. They consisted of five long sticks and a coil of rawhide. Renfrew first examined the sticks, whittling at their bark-covered surfaces with his pocket knife. They were sticks that had been cut from saplings. Each was about five feet long and they varied in thickness.

"This," said Renfrew, picking up one, "is pine. And this—" he picked up another—"is balm of Gilead. That makes it rather interesting, doesn't it?"

"I don't think I see what you mean," Staires confessed.

"Well, you tell me that the body was trussed up in these sticks. They were laid lengthwise about the body and lashed around with this rawhide."

"That's it. Queer way to tie a man up."

"Yes. And wouldn't you say that the murderer undoubtedly cut these saplings for his purpose as they stood at hand? I mean he probably took whatever stood near him, didn't he?"

Staires nodded.

"All right. One sapling is balm of Gilead and another one is pine. Both those trees grow well away from the water and aren't often found in the same spot. Of the other three sticks, two are willow and one is of alder, both of which hug the water."

"If you mean that up the Sourdough all these shrubs grow pretty close together," said Menzies, "you're mistaken. I don't remember seeing willow and pine together anywhere along the river."

"Yes," said Renfrew. "That's what I thought. I wish you'd tell me something more about the Sourdough. What would you say the chances are that a body, thrown into the Sourdough near Coreall's cabin, would float down to the Yukon in as good condition as this one?"

"I'd say it wasn't possible," Menzies reflected.

"Good!" cried Renfrew, in obviously rising excitement. "Now, Staires, can you tell me where Gallion was from the time he left the hospital in the winter to the time he was arrested at White Horse in March?"

"Yes," said Staires. "He was trapping up around Thistle Creek, on the Yukon."

"Thistle Creek, eh? That's interesting. Now tell me, would you say that this rawhide was Indian cured or a factory job?"

Staires examined the rawhide that had been used in trussing up the body.

"Factory," he said.

"We must have the marks of the knife on it magnified, and the knife marks on these saplings, too. Menzies,

I want you to take a little airplane ride with me. We need samples of the bloodstained wood from Coreall's cabin. Spicer can have us up there in an hour or two—he's the pilot. By the way, Staires, why do you think the murderer trussed up this body?"

"To carry it by sled, I'd say. He must have brought it down the Sourdough to the Yukon."

"Come, Staires! Transport by sled in May?"

"Well, for ease of transport, anyway. As Menzies says, the body couldn't possibly have floated down the Sourdough."

"Good. We'll take off at daylight, Menzies. And now I think I'll have another chat with our prisoner. Maybe I can cheer him up a little."

Staires nodded. "Poor kid. Too bad he's so hot-headed. I hate to think he's a murderer."

"So do I," said Renfrew, and abruptly walked away.

The next morning Renfrew and Menzies departed in the airplane for the wilderness. Late in the afternoon the plane returned with Menzies and Spicer.

"Renfrew had me drop him at Thistle Creek," explained the pilot to Staires. "I'm to pick him up there tomorrow."

Menzies carried several fragments of wood cut from the floor and wall of the cabin. The dark stains upon them were to be analyzed at the hospital.

"He asked me to remind you about the magnified photographs of the knife marks," Menzies told Staires.

"They'll be ready in the morning," said Staires. "And when you see Renfrew tomorrow," he grinned to Spicer, "tell him he cheered up Ralston plenty."

"What do you mean?" demanded Menzies.

Staires grinned more widely. "The kid told me today that if you and I together had half Renfrew's brains we'd have had the real murderer two months ago. He sounded fighting innocent, and I moved back."

Menzies chuckled. Then he reflected: "Renfrew must have a hunch the kid's innocent. Hope he works it out all right."

WHEN Renfrew returned the next day, he brought with him several peculiar exhibits not least among which were Jonas Spelt and a huge dog with a shaggy yellow coat and an effusive friendliness.

"Recognize him?" laughed Renfrew, as the yellow dog nearly upset Staires with his affectionate greeting.

"Sure. He's one of Coreall's dogs. Where'd you get him?"

"Hear that, Jonas?" Renfrew turned to the withered, gray-bearded little man who had stepped from the plane with him.

"It's a lie!" shrilled the little man. "That dog's mine. I got him off Spike Gallion."

"How's that?" cried Staires. "Gallion gave you this dog?"

"No. He threw him out, and I saved him! The dog got caught in a trap and Spike turned him loose. He'd 'a died cruel if I hadn't took him in."

"You see," explained Renfrew, "that was in late February. Gallion was trapping from a shack near Jonas's cabin. Spike didn't have anything but his traps and some grub, but in February he came back from a journey with a loaded sled and a dog team. This was one of the dogs. Jonas didn't see much of Spike after that. Too scared of him, weren't you, Jonas?"

"I was," shrilled Jonas. "And I ain't too proud to say so. Spike's tough and cruel. I went down to his shack after he came back and there he was packing down snow in a crevice between the Yukon ice and the bank. Them crevices get plumb deep, and I said to Spike, 'You ain't takin' chances to fall in,' I says, 'air ye?' An' he turned on me and bellers, 'You light out, an' keep your spyin' eyes to yer own affairs!' he says. 'Or you might get stuck in a crevice yerself!' I was scared. After that I stayed right clear of Spike. Didn't even say nothin' when he threw this dog out. Just took him in and brought him round."

"That, remember," said Renfrew, "was in February. And here are a few cuttings I made around Gallion's shack. I want you to have some magnified photographs made of the knife marks, Staires. I believe you'll find that the knife marks on these stumps I've brought down and the knife marks on the sticks we found on the body will fit very neatly together. And they'll show the nicks in the blade of this knife."

THEY were at the barracks now, and Renfrew laid on the table five stumps of five different saplings and a rusty, dirt-stained sheath knife.

"Gallion's shack," he explained, "was near one of the few spots along the Yukon where alder and willow and pine and balm of Gilead grow close together. These five sticks were cut near the river bank. The knife I found buried behind the shack with a few other articles of interest."

Among these, it developed, were fragments of a canvas sled cover that had been burned in a fire, a number of charred articles that Staires and Menzies recognized as Coreall's, and a hammer handle that bore ominous stains.

"It looks as if Gallion had looted Coreall's cabin, all right," said Staires. "But I can't understand how. He's certainly been in jail since March, and Coreall wasn't killed till—"

"He was killed by Gallion at his cabin on the Sourdough in February," said Renfrew. "Gallion wrapped the body in this canvas sled cover and brought it to his shack near the Yukon. He planned to have the body float down when the thaw came—as if Coreall had been accidentally drowned and his head crushed on the rocks."

"But the condition of the body—"

"Using Coreall's own dogs, he brought the body to his shack. There he cut these saplings, trussed up the body, and shoved it down in the crevice. With snow packed down upon it, he was able to keep it in cold storage until spring. Unfortunately he was jailed at White Horse and so couldn't remove the trussing and the winter clothing—and those oddities set me to thinking."

"My golly," moaned Staires, "why didn't I think of it myself?"

"You were under the disadvantage of believing that Ralston committed the crime. I felt that he hadn't. I believed his story and so I just put myself in Gallion's shoes and set out to find the stumps of the saplings and the place he used for cold storage. I'm willing to bet that we can locate Ralston's American employers, and that we can trace Gallion's disposal of Coreall's dogs and other belongings. The stains on Coreall's cabin floor, the hammer handle, and the sled cover will no doubt prove at what time the murder was committed, and with Jonas' evidence we'll have our case fairly complete. Let's break the news to Barry Ralston."

"And let him break our heads," Staires grinned to Menzies.

But Barry's mood was one of intense thanksgiving. He devoted himself solely to giving invaluable aid to Renfrew, Staires, and Menzies in the gathering of evidence against Spike Gallion until the chain of facts was linked together and the murderer inescapably shackled to his crime.

Then Barry shook hands with the three officers and prepared to go home to Edmonton.

"So you're letting Menzies and me off easy?" grinned Staires. "Not smashing us up? Thanks, kid."

"After this I'm not smashing up anybody," Barry returned fervently. "And all the thanks go to Major Renfrew!"

It Won't Be Long, Now!

Vacation is almost here!

HAVE you tried SPEED SHOOTING? Here is one way. There are lots of others. If you can't use a boat, you can get your hurry-up by allowing a suitable amount of time for 5 shots. Fun at night with automobile headlights or a flashlight. Hang your Winchester "Elephant" Target *safely* against a good backstop, like the dirt cutbank shown.

How good are you with a .22 WINCHESTER?
TRADE MARK

YOU'LL know what kind of a shooter you can be *at your very best* when you get some speed shooting practice with one of the new Winchester .22s. Speed shooting is *real* shooting. These rifles are built for it. Handle easier. Work faster. Hit harder—more accurately. Give you the big thrill of this style of shooting and make of rifle, that Dad, himself, likes best.

Winchester, you know, means the world's standard of fine firearms. Special Winchester-treated gun steels—superior, improved rifle design—precision rifle workmanship—expert rifle testing—fine finish—and more testing—all give Winchester .22 Rifles the same world-wide supreme leadership as all other famous Winchester Rifles and Shotguns.

Pick YOUR new .22 out of the Winchester models shown here. They are priced for all pocketbooks. Go examine your choice at the dealer's. Handle it, get it to your shoulder. It will put a valuable new accomplishment in your hands—real SHOOTING with a Winchester .22! Get it for vacation.

MODEL 61

SLIDE ACTION HAMMERLESS

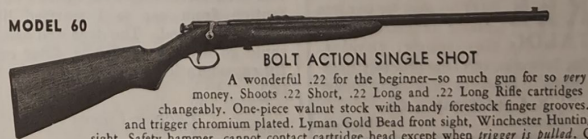
Fast-handling—dependable—accurate. A handsome, full-size, finely balanced rifle for all-around use. Shoots .22 Short, .22 Long and .22 Long Rifle cartridges interchangeably. Semi-beavertail slide-action handle. Round 24-inch barrel. Closed-in breech. Positive safety. Magazine holds 20 Shorts, 16 Longs or 14 Long Rifles. Quick, handy take-down.

MODEL 62

SLIDE ACTION HAMMER RIFLE

A man-sized rifle for the young shooter stepping into the repeater class. Well balanced. Fast handling. Snappy action. Shoots the same .22 rim fire cartridges and has same magazine capacity as Model 61. Handy take-down. Dependable—accurate . . . and—*popular priced.*

MODEL 60



BOLT ACTION SINGLE SHOT

A wonderful .22 for the beginner—so much gun for so *very* little money. Shoots .22 Short, .22 Long and .22 Long Rifle cartridges interchangeably. One-piece walnut stock with handy forestock finger grooves. Bolt and trigger chromium plated. Lyman Gold Bead front sight, Winchester Hunting rear sight. Safety hammer, cannot contact cartridge head except when *trigger is pulled.* Quick, handy take-down. A man-sized rifle priced so low that almost any ambitious boy now can begin his shooting career with a *new* Winchester.

BUY THESE CARTRIDGES

For ordinary use—the regular, non-rusting Winchester Staynless or Western .22 rim fire cartridges. For long range target shooting and hunting—Winchester Staynless Super Speed or Western Super-X, with their 25% higher speed and 60% more striking power. In your Winchester .22 Rifle they will do lots to put you *in right* as a shooter.

Full Information in Attractive Folders—FREE! • *Address Dept. 1-C*

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY • NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.

WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK

TAKE MOVIES
this new easy way

See Yourself in Movies

Show movies of yourself and friends in sports—capture the big thrills of baseball, track, tennis and football. It's now easier than taking snapshots.

Tell dad about the new type, simplified, 4-speed movie camera which has banished mystery and high cost. It's just the thing for making a record of his hunting and fishing trips. You and the whole family will enjoy it. Take movies of vacations, travels—big events, anniversaries, etc. The fascinating illustrated book, "Home Movie Taking Made Easy," tells the whole story of the new

STEWART WARNER
Movie Camera

designed by Hollywood Cameramen—simplified by Stewart-Warner, and used and endorsed by leading Hollywood movie stars. Get the book—it tells you how you can take s-l-o-w motion, normal and talking picture speed movies of theatre-like brilliance. Your copy is ready for you.

FREE SEND COUPON TODAY

Stewart-Warner Corporation,
1826 Diversey Parkway, Chicago
Please send me without obligation your new booklet, "Home Movie Taking Made Easy."
AB-6
Name
Address
City State

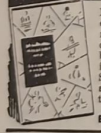
S. Model 25c Postpaid

BOYS—Play BIG LEAGUE Baseball!—ON THE GREATEST OF ALL BASEBALL GAMES, WITH 120 BIG LEAGUE PLAYERS, AND THE MOST THRILLING AND REALISTIC BASEBALL GAME IMAGINABLE. Organize your own league (we help you) and join the others having real fun playing this exciting game!
O'NEILL'S GREAT BASEBALL GAME, 1474 CHAPIN ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Build your own
RACING KAYAK

Save half the cost of a sporty 10 ft. craft of the latest aero-skiff design.
You assemble a Kayak from the Morris Kayak Kit in two days for $9.85. Price includes: simple building instructions, blueprint, waterproof canvas, and parts cut and shaped to fit, a complete Kayak. It's great sport.
Our 12 ft. Umiak for two, the hunter and fisherman's delight, is only $15.25, the Kit. Write us for details and pictures.
MORRIS KAYAK CO., 221 State Street, MILES, MICHIGAN

FIT YOURSELF For LIFE'S WORK



Don't be a square peg in a round hole. Learn early in life the profession for which you are naturally adapted. Jeeco Engineers and Educators have developed a plan to assist ambitious boys in "finding" themselves. It is explained in the 72 page JEECO Manual, "Outlines of Sciences and Books." If you have no systematic program of reading and study, send 25c today for this book.
JEECO, Dept. B,
Box 150, Pleasant Ridge, Cincinnati, Ohio

FREE CATALOG
BOYS—send for our free catalog of Jokers novelties, magic, puzzles, tricks, fireworks, etc. Low prices for quality goods. Send for your copy today.
E. A. HOFFMAN & CO.
160 Baldwin St. Elmira, N. Y.

The Perfect Graduation Gift

A fitting reminder of graduation day and a constant help for years to come.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE

A wealth of constantly needed information instantly available. The best abridged dictionary. 106,000 entries, hundreds of new words, 1,268 pages, 1,700 illustrations. New Low Prices. Thin-Paper Edition: Cloth, $3.50; Fabrikoid, $5.00; Leather, $7.00; Limp Pigskin, $7.50. At your bookseller's or from the publishers. Free specimen pages on request.
G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
260 Broadway
Springfield, Mass.

Jungle Haven

(Continued from page 17)

to prepare than manioc. Here was an American food that my European charges were going to like! The Indians were pleased, and I judged correctly that they were accustomed to corn, rather than cassava. In fact South American aborigines have been divided by scientists into two great groups—the manioc eaters and the maize eaters. The manioc tribes inhabit the lower Amazon valley and the maize tribes are north and west of them. On the shadowy border between these two both plants are used. So I knew that we must be within a few hundred miles of the Andes. And in the fertile valleys among these mountains perhaps I could find the much desired cinchona for my quinine.

I had long talks with the Indians, and I asked them if they desired to return home. I had in mind taking them with us on our quinine trip. But they said their people had doubtless moved to a new location after the raid in which they had been captured. And they had no idea where to look.

"But," I asked them, "would there not be some signal left at the old site, telling you where to go?"

"No. Our people do not leave their moluccas unless they are driven away. How then would they signal?"

I realized that these Indians were not nomadic like the Sioux or the Apaches, who invariably left a direction sign when a village moved, for the guidance of the returning hunting parties. The Indian boys seemed eager to stay with us. In a rather natural way each singled one of us out for his attention. Ben waited on Boris, Joe on Basil, while Alec, though weak and feverish, stayed close by me.

If the Andes were only a few hundred miles away, we could probably reach them in less than a month by paddling up our river, unless continuous cataracts barred the way. We had already explored some distance up it, and had found the river wide and deep. I judged, therefore, that we might make swift progress for some days, and might encounter no rapids until actually in the hills. With some luck, and much hard paddling, we might reach quinine country in less than thirty days.

Dared we go away for sixty days, possibly more?

I thought we must. Doubtless some damage would be done. Yet the animals had been increasing with next to no attention from us; so I worried little about their food. The dogs and falcons could go with us. All told, after careful consideration, I decided to make the trip.

Chapter Fifteen

PROUDLY clothed in our new regalia, we declared a holiday and spent it walking about our ranch, inspecting it leisurely. As we reached the river bank, and watched our turtles swimming clumsily about their pen, we were startled by a hiss from the Indian Joe.

"Look—look!" he cried and pointed.

In an opening in the forest on the mainland, directly across the stream from us, was a face peering from behind a great tree. It was a white man's face, stamped with cruelty and cunning.

"The Portuguese," I thought instantly. "The Portuguese are back."

"Keep under cover, boys," I said in a low tone.

The Indian Joe was trembling. There was no need for him to tell me the visitor's identity. I knew that the renegade rubber hunters were again after their boys and probably any other plunder they could find. And what chance did we have against an unknown number of men, equipped with rifles and pistols? Besides, these wayfarers would carry the news of our whereabouts to the outer world, and Power B would be glad to have that information!

We were all at least partially screened, and I didn't believe we had been seen. Again cautioning the boys not to reveal themselves in any way, I stepped down to the bank and hailed the stranger.

"Good day, Senhor!" I called in Portuguese.

"And good day to you, my friend," was the reply in a friendly enough tone. "How good to find a friend in this wilderness!"

Of course he and his friends would claim wilderness hospitality, and that would put me in a difficult position. There's no custom so widespread and universally recognized as that which calls for food and lodging to the wayfarer in the wilderness. And that, too, without payment.

"Have you friends with you?" I asked.

"There are eight of us," he said. "I shall gather them together, and we shall be pleased to visit you."

"I should be delighted," I said, "but I must ask you to postpone your visit a few days. One of my boys is down with the fever. I should not care to expose you and your friends—"

"Ah, Senhor, you are considerate!" There was a wholesome respect for the fever in his voice. "We shall be hunting hereabouts for some days. Perhaps it will be convenient to receive us later."

"In ten days time, Senhor," I called back.

"Glad to have him call," repeated Basil as we all went back to the house for a council of war. "Even in the wilderness the social fib makes its way."

We entered the house and perched in our hammocks.

"Now, boys," I said, "we're in a serious fix. Those chaps have come for their three Indians. We can, of course, settle the whole matter by surrendering them."

Boris leaped to his feet.

"Uncle Bob!" he cried in amazement. "That would be—you couldn't!"

"Don't worry, Boris," said Basil, with fine sarcasm. "Uncle Bob sometimes puts questions to which there can be only one answer. That makes us think we're taking part in a discussion instead of just waiting to be told what to do."

"All right," I said. "Though I don't see why the king and heir apparent of Algunia should perish in a vain attempt to save three Indian boys. We have ten days to think about it. Then we can either invite them in or make up our minds to stand a siege."

"Siege it is then," said Boris. "I don't crave their company."

"Boris—Boris!" said Basil reprovingly. "Uncle Bob has already invited them. Can a gentleman go back on his word?"

"We really can't stand a siege," I said thoughtfully. "Sooner or later we'd have to give in, because every day would find them sniping at us from the other side of the river, and finally they'd hit one of us. Or they might stage a successful night attack, coming by boat to either head of the island. There's a much better way."

"Invite them to dinner and drug them?" asked Boris.

"We'll invite them to dinner, and commit no breach of hospitality whatever! Let it go at that for the present," I said. "Meanwhile, you boys will have to disguise yourselves as Indians. I don't want any reports going out, of two mysterious white boys in the jungle."

"If we are to annihilate these people," asked Basil, "what difference does it make?"

"We won't harm them," I promised.

I could see that the boys were mystified—but I didn't want to tell them my whole plan. It wasn't clear in my own mind yet. So I continued reassuringly:

"But I hope to be rid of them forever just the same. I shall have to make glass and I shall need some phosphorus. Now, darken your skins and hair—all hands get to work and build me another room. It's to be my laboratory."

The boys ran to disguise themselves, turning their skins copper-hued with a nut bark coloring mixed with annotta. Boris protested at dyeing his flaxen hair, but there was no help for it. We turned the hair of both boys black by an infusion of the leaves of the ink plant, a flowering shrub that grew in profusion on a sand bank by the lake shore.

For glass making I needed especially the important tool known as the blow iron. This was a metal cylinder of small diameter, with a mouthpiece and an operating end, whereon the molten glass is gathered. I determined to cast this important tool in gold, again using a length of slender bamboo for a pattern.

As I worked, I was startled beyond measure by the quiet entrance of two strange Indians, one of tremendous height and strength, with blue eyes, the other smaller but with laughing eyes full of mischief. They were Boris and Basil, but so changed by their disguise as to be unrecognizable. They laughed joyously at my amazement.

"Don't blame us, Uncle Bob," said Boris. "It was your suggestion!"

"What's in the pot now?" Basil asked curiously.

"I'm making glass blowers' tools now," I said, and explained what I needed—a block of wood with hollows to collect the molten glass; a pair of wooden tongs to pinch the glass; a

The absent-minded doctor attends a dinner party.

board to flatten the bottom of blown articles.

"But what's glass got to do with our guests?" Basil asked.

"You'll find out," I replied. "Remember you're going to build me a laboratory shack. Hurry it up—we haven't much time."

For raw material I needed silica, alkali, and lime, and if I could find these ingredients in a comparatively pure state, I could hope for transparency in my glass. Carefully I collected quartz—that's silica—and white limestone pebbles from the shores of the river. These I pounded up in our hollow stone and sifted in a woven wire screen.

I tried a mix of one hundred parts of powdered quartz, fifty parts of plant ashes for my alkali, and fifty parts limestone powder. This I melted down in the same crucible that had served us for gold melting. It took a terrific heat, but I managed it. After several hours, the mass settled, and I was amazed to see how much less bulk there was than the sum of the ingredients that went into it.

But my glass mix was a failure. It was perfectly good glass, but dirty dark brown in color, utterly useless for what I wanted. I threw it away disappointedly.

"Why?" asked Basil sympathetically. The boys had come in to watch the end of the run.

"Probably iron salts in the wood ashes," I said. "Iron discolors glass."

"Can't anything be done about it?" Boris asked.

"Yes," I said a little grimly—I *had* to have glass. "I've got to have an oxidizer to use as a de-colorizer. I'm off to the manure heap."

The heap had been piling up for many months now, and I knew I could win some nitrate from it.

"You see, boys," I said in explanation, "every compost heap is a chemical factory with thousands of little specialized workers. All vegetable matter contains nitrogen combined with other things. When this matter putrefies, bacteria are breaking down these compounds, forming salts of ammonia. Another set of bacteria change the ammonia into compounds known as nitrites. Still another army of bacteria change nitrites to nitrates. And nitrates are what I want."

I got the nitrates in solution by pouring manure into jugs of water. After filtering the water, I collected the nitrates by evaporation and the progressive crystallization of the dissolved salts. Hours of work yielded enough for my glass making.

JUST before sundown, about the third night after the first visit, a loud halloo sounded on the mainland, and I ran down to the river bank. The rubber hunter was there, and with him were seven others. With their modern rifles and bandoliers of ammunition they were a formidable army.

"Ah, Senhor," cried my acquaintance of the day before, "we have come to pay our respects, and to inquire about the health of your Indian."

"He is better—in three or four days I can safely say there will be no danger."

"And the senhor will receive us then?"

"More," I answered. "I shall do myself the honor of inviting you all to dine—and no common dinner, I assure you."

"We are overwhelmed—and will come with pleasure."

"Please come without arms," I went on. "It is important."

"But, Senhor—that is unusual! We are in the wilderness—wild beasts may attack."

"There are no wild beasts on the island. On the third or fourth day from now the bridge will be placed for you at nightfall. I ask when you come over that all arms be left on this end of the bridge."

"It sounds as if the senhor did not trust us," said one of the others.

"I may not give reasons," I said. "But it is important—believe me."

I turned away. Over the waters I could hear the sounds of debate, growing fainter as they walked into the forest, and I felt certain that they were discussing whether to attack at once or wait until my dinner.

Chapter Sixteen

I DIDN'T fear an attack for a day at least. They would think twice before landing on an island against a hostile force whose numbers and character they didn't know. Furthermore, they had a genuine fear of tropical fever. They could afford to wait! Nevertheless, the boys and I took turns maintaining an all night vigil.

And the following day I set to work with redoubled vigor in my new laboratory shack.

A chemist has to wait patiently for such operations as evaporation and cooking—so, to save time, he usually tries to have many pots boiling at once in his laboratory. I started with phosphorus manufacture—I wanted phosphorus for some of my stage effects. And to manufacture phosphorus I needed sulphuric acid. So I sent the boys to burning bones to ash for my phosphorus material, and then started on sulphuric acid.

Now that I had potassium nitrate, I was able to make sulphuric acid by the method invented in 1620, namely, burning pyrites—good old pyrites! in the presence of saltpeter—potassium nitrate—in a closed chamber of pottery. The white fumes that came off I bubbled through water, and presto! I had sulphuric acid. I boiled the solution down until the acid was highly concentrated.

Now for phosphorus! I soaked the bone ash in hot water, and then treated it with its own weight of sulphuric acid. At the end of 48 hours, all the phosphorus originally in the bones was in solution. I poured the solution off of its white residue of gypsum and evaporated it, first putting a few handfuls of powdered charcoal in the solution. After evaporation I had a solid residue, and this I put in one of my clay retorts and heated. I raised the temperature slowly over a period of 46 hours—tending this fire at night was one of the duties of the night watch—till at last I brought it to white heat by a blower.

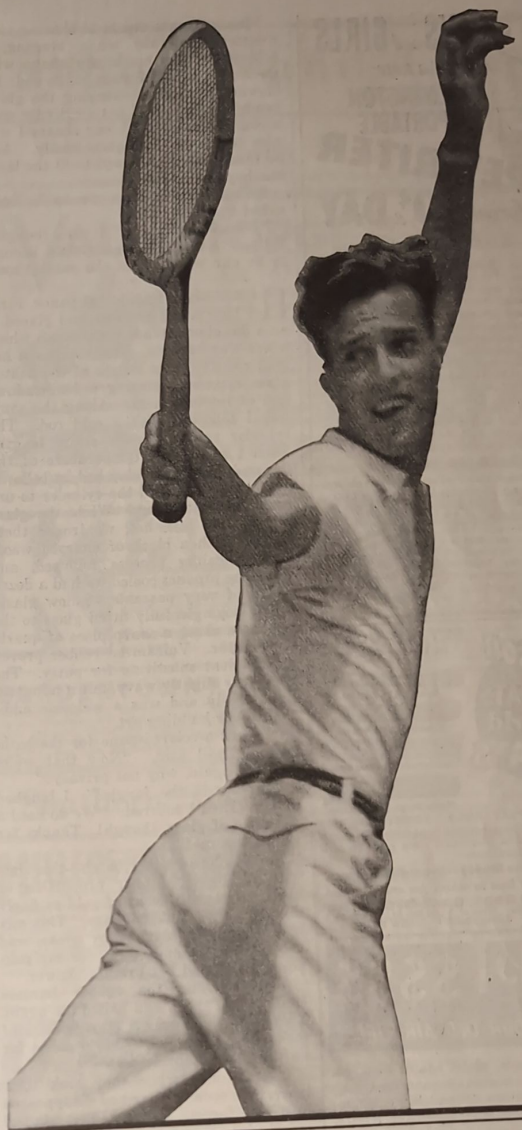
In the receivers I found free yellow phosphorus! Conquest Number One!

In the days that this took I made another glass mix, this time adding a small quantity of nitrate to oxidize out the iron coloring. The result was an amber glass, satisfactorily transparent. Conquest Number Two!

We learned glass blowing by trial and error, and some of our results were fantastic and useless. After considerable practice, however, I was able to gather a blob of hot glass on the end of my tube and blow it into a crude bottle. From bottles I progressed to beakers and retorts for my laboratory. I even cast a small lens, far from perfect, of course, but capable of passing and enlarging a beam of light without undue distortion!

I built up a simple furnace for annealing. Annealing is a reheating process whereby the strains in new glassware are relieved by heating to a point just below the melting point, and then cooling very slowly. A lamp chimney not annealed would last only a split second in service.

Meanwhile the boys painstakingly fashioned a golden lamp base, with hard rubber control and cotton wick all ingeniously contrived. My boys were learning! They were getting a splendid education in practical science!



Summer calls for crispness

SUMMER SPORTS . . . tennis, baseball, swimming . . . call for crisp foods that supply abundant energy. Enjoy Kellogg's often these days. Delicious flakes of toasted corn—easy to digest—rich in energy.

Start the morning with a bowl of Kellogg's. Enjoy for lunch. Extra good with milk or cream, fruits or honey added.

Great for a bedtime snack or a between-meals treat. Take Kellogg's Corn Flakes on camping trips too . . . hikes, picnics.

Outdoors or in, Kellogg's stay oven-fresh because of the *sealed* inner WAX-TITE bag. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

BOYS and GIRLS
a new
REMINGTON PORTABLE
TYPEWRITER
for only 10¢ a DAY

—SAYS COWBOY TOM

Good news! Now you can have a New Remington Portable. Fun from the minute you get it. Learn to run it in ten minutes. Write letters, stories, do your school work faster. Loan it to mother and father for their work, too. A new, regulation typewriter right from the factory. Full set of keys. Large and small letters. Special low price as advertised over the radio, *only ten cents a day!* Ideal graduation and birthday gift. And more, your Remington makes you a member of the Boys and Girls Cowboy Round-up Club. Let me tell you how you can get this wonderful typewriter.

WRITE ME TODAY

Just say: Dear Cowboy Tom—please tell me how I can own a Remington Portable Typewriter for only 10c a day and how I can be a member of the Cowboy Round-Up. Then write your name and address plainly and mail the postcard or letter to Cowboy Tom, Remington Rand, Dept 202, Buffalo, N. Y.

Thompson BEATS the World on BOATS

BETTER BOATS at Lower Prices

Two Big Factories

FULL LENGTH SPRAY RAILS — SOMETHING NEW

A TVT Family Outboard motor boat with full length spray rails took first place and time prize in Milwaukee-Chicago Marathon.

Catalog Free—Save Money—Prompt Shipment

Please state kind of boat in which you are interested.

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO. (62)
208 Ann St., PESHTIGO, WISCONSIN (*Write to either place*) 108 Elm St., CORTLAND, NEW YORK

Boys! $$$$
FOR YOUR OLD AIR RIFLE

No matter what make, model, age, or condition, we'll give you a big, generous allowance for it when traded for one of our new 1933 models. For full information about this sensational, 50th Anniversary, money-saving plan, write us at address shown below, giving make, model, and approximate age of your old air rifle. Do it NOW before the offer expires.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
240 Union St., Plymouth, Michigan
Largest manufacturers of air rifles in the world

Keen as a razor—shaped and tempered for outdoor service — modeled to fit the hand with a sure, easy grip. Just the Knife you need for cutting your way through underbrush, sharpening tent stakes, dressing game, slicing bacon, etc. Marble Woodcraft No. 49 Leather Handle, 4½ in. blade, with Leather Sheath $2.25. This Knife is just one item in the famous line of—

MARBLE'S Outing Equipment

All designed by sportsmen for outdoor use. We want every boy to have our free book showing Knives in many styles; Axes including the Marble Safety Pocket Axe so popular with Scouts; also Compasses, Waterproof Match Boxes, etc.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

and see for yourself how much more fun you can get out of every hike, tour or camping trip if you have Marble equipment.

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO.
503 Delta Av., Gladstone, Mich., U.S.A.

I became more expert at blowing. By rotating the tube while blowing, I achieved a flat mushroom shape with the heavier bulk of glass at the end. By blowing first, then swinging the glass, pendulum fashion, I got a cylinder with a rounded end. With our shears I was able to cut the hot glass easily. And so I made lamp chimneys to fit the lamp the boys had made.

"Why not window panes?" Basil asked the next day.

"I need flat glass," I said thoughtfully. "I imagine I can make enough to fit our windows at the same time."

HERE'S how I made flat panes. First I blew a big cylinder and placed it on a flat clay surface underneath which a fire was burning. Then I drew a hot gold rod down the length of the heated glass cylinder, forming a longitudinal line of intenser heat. Along the same line I followed with a cold rod. The cylinder split down its entire length! Then I raised the temperature of the fire underneath the clay bed by bellows, and the heat caused the cylinder to uncurl and flatten out. While the glass plates were still hot, we ironed them smooth with a block of charred wood. The annealing process followed, and when the product cooled we had a dozen plates of very passable window glass!

The boys gleefully fitted glass to the windows, using a sharp piece of quartz as a cutter. Vulcanized rubber proved an excellent substitute for putty. The glass was slightly wavy, but it admitted light freely and was a welcome addition to our building art.

"I want a colored pane for the bathroom," Basil said. "Now that we're civilized again, why not privacy?"

"Privacy in the jungle!" I laughed aloud. Then I sobered. "We do need a red pane of glass, though! Thanks for reminding me!"

So we made another batch—this time with a slightly higher proportion of nitrate and with flecks of gold as finely divided as we could manage. This mix made beautiful dark ruby glass, and after I had taken a pane for my purposes Basil had his private shower.

That evening the rubber hunters came to the shore and hailed me again. This time there was a sterner note of insistence, and I knew they'd stand for no postponement.

It was dark when they took their leave. As soon as they had disappeared into the forest, Joe and Ben slipped quietly into the water and swam across the stream. They came back about midnight, their faces white and scared.

They had listened in on the rubber hunters, and though they knew little Portuguese, they reported that they were able to understand something of what the renegades had said, while sitting about their camp fire. The visitors were planning to loot our place. They would leave their rifles at the bridge but keep their pistols. At a given signal they'd shoot me, capture the Indian boys, gather their plunder, and escape. Well—I had expected something like that, and the only result was to make me work harder on my "reception."

The following morning I called our colony together and assigned tasks.

"Boris, you and the Indians cut bamboo—say an inch thick—and fit it into a surface pipe line. Run it from the rear of our house to a point alongside the path about twenty feet from the house. Turn your pipe line at right angles there, so that it lies across the path. Close the end! In the section lying across the path bore small holes an inch apart. On your way—you and your gang! Basil, make a suffusion of ink plant leaves, and dye four of our cotton sheets black. See how quickly you can do it!"

They were great soldiers! Without comment they went to work. Meanwhile I had much to do. With a few alterations I made a satisfactory steam generator out of our hot water heater. I pressed into service one of our ice boxes—remember the big clay cylinders? I inverted and sealed it up, and connected it to the generator to serve as a steam holder. Basil returned eagerly while I was engaged at this work.

"What next, Uncle Bob?" he asked. "I have your sheets in pickle."

"Dig out some white clay, and display your talents as a sculptor. I want a pair of grinning skulls, molded in baked clay—life size!"

"Ah," he said. "You're going to play on their superstitions!"

I connected Boris' bamboo line with the steam holder. The lamp occupied me next. I set my lens in the end of a metal tube, and fastened the spyglass affair into a frame structure surrounding the lamp the boys had made. When finished I had a regular movie projector with the lens sending out the enlarged light rays in beautiful fashion. When one of the sheets Basil had dyed was ready, I enveloped it about the frame to hide the lamp itself but let the light come out of the lens.

Basil then showed me his skulls. They were crude, but they did resemble skulls, so I told him to bake them.

For the magic lantern I needed slides, so Basil's artistic talent was once more called into play. I asked him to paint the most horrible-looking gargoyles he could imagine—and do them in a series upon a pane of glass that was small enough to fit over our movie-projector lens. For colors, yellow and red ochre were available.

Boris and his gang rapidly finished their bamboo pipe line across the path to the house. I set the magic lantern in the window of the house and pointed it down the pathway toward the spot where the pipe line crossed over.

WHEN Basil's skulls were ready, I had Boris tie them up on trees—one on each side of the path, facing each other, about five feet beyond the pipe line. Then I ran an independent pipe line to each of them, and cut the end of each pipe to form a whistle.

That evening I answered the hail of the renegades again.

"Tomorrow night, after dark, our bridge will be laid down. Please let me emphasize my request that you carry no weapons! I think there's no longer any danger of contagion—I'll be glad to welcome you to our feast!"

They thanked me with smiling courtesy, but their smiles were leers of anticipation.

The following day we put on the finishing touches for the reception. The skulls we coated with phosphorus, and we covered them with black cloths that could be raised by a string. The ends of the strings were at the house. I got up steam and turned it into the bamboo lines. Thin columns of it poured upward from the holes in the pipe across the path. We held the glass slide with its painted gargoyles in front of the lantern, and their images appeared on a sheet, held up in the shadow by the boys.

The Indians worked as instructed, without surprise, without comment. To them it was medicine—powerful white magic, and as such was treated as a matter of course. Their last job was bridge building.

Finally, as the last rays of the sun disappeared and the deep jungle dark descended, I sent Boris and the Indians to set the bridge for our guests. All eight of them, clothed and armed, were ready and waiting on the opposite shore. Boris and his helpers had hardly returned before we heard the rubber hunters walking up our path. They were singing a rollicking marching song, and its very lilt carried an ominous threat—a promise of destruction.

(To be continued in the July number of THE AMERICAN BOY.*)*

Electric Telegraph Set 15c

BOYS! A private Electric Telegraph Set of your own for 15c. Lots of fun sending messages to your friends. Better still get two sets, hook them up as shown in the directions, for TWO-WAY MESSAGES (sending and receiving). No trouble at all to operate with the simple instructions that accompany each set. Operates on any standard dry battery obtainable everywhere. With this outfit you can learn to transmit and receive messages by the Morse International Code, and in a very short time become an expert operator. Mounted on wooden base measuring 4 x 3 in., first class construction throughout, complete with key, sounder, magnet, miniature Western Union blanks, packed in neat box with full illustrated instructions—ALL FOR 15c (without battery) postpaid. (Canada and Foreign 20c.)

Add 10c for 64 page book "BOY ELECTRICIAN." Tells how to make batteries, dynamos, motors, radio, telegraph apparatus, telephones, lights, electric bells, alarms, coils, electric engines, etc. Written especially for boys by electrical experts.

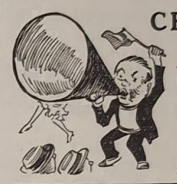
WORLD NOVELTY CO., Dept. 577, RACINE, WIS.

Make Moccasins

ONLY $1.50 A PAIR, C. O. D. Plus postage

Over 13,500 boys have! Real Indian Moccasins from thick water-proof steerhide and leather thongs. Dugan's Moccasinkit has full materials and instructions. Popular with Boy Scouts. Excellent for camp, beach, home use. Send shoe size with order (brown or black?). Free folder.

The DUGAN MOCCASINKIT
O. H. DUGAN & CO., Dept. 16
Agents wanted 157 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.



CELEBRATE "4th of July" THE BRAZEL WAY

This wonderful assortment of Fireworks Only $2.00 Express Prepaid

Worth $3.00 in any retail store. A day's fun for the whole family. We invite everyone to send for our free catalog of Novelties and complete line of fireworks. Write today.

BRAZEL NOVELTY MFG. CO.
1711 Apple St., Cincinnati, O.

CUTICURA
Quickly Heals Pimples, Rashes and Eczema

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. Sample each free. *Address:* "Cuticura," Dept. 14K, Malden, Mass.

I will write your name on one dozen CARDS like this for 10 cents. The finest writing you ever saw. I will send FREE samples with every order

W. A. BODE, 703 Washington Rd., Mt. Lebanon, Pgh., Pa.

Big 3 Ft. Telescope Five Sections, Brass bound, Powerful S.X. Lenses. 10-Mile range. Special Eye Piece for looking at the Sun. ALSO GIVEN. Can be used as a Microscope. Guaranteed. Big value. Postpaid $1.75. C. O. D. 15c extra. BENNER & COMPANY, T-58, Trenton, N. J.

A NEW Book
THRILLS
by
LOWELL THOMAS
A TAB Publication

Nine amazing true tales of adventure. Exciting, hair raising stories of narrow escapes on land, sea and in the air. By a world famous traveler, radio newscaster and author. Get yours for 10c at Woolworth's or send 15c direct to

TOWNER & BURANELLI
3211 Chrysler Building
NEW YORK N. Y.

STRING your own RACQUET

Same Quality String As in Expensive Racquets

Outfit Complete with string, tools and directions $1.65

Easy to restring racquets—better than new. Saves real money. Send for this professional outfit today. Good profits made restringing other players' racquets. 37 ft. string. Colors Purple, Green, Red or White, with length of contrasting color in silk cord trim, awls, illustrated easy directions. Money back guarantee.

MAKE MONEY! Send check or Money Order $1.65 which includes Postage and Insurance. Sent TOO C. O. D. if desired.

PRO TENNIS STRING CO., Dept. B3, Harmon, N.Y.

4-cell light! Uses 1¼" flashlight cells. Longest beam, brightest side light ever offered in a bike-lite. Beautiful, striking oval head design. Battery case is also tool kit. 2 models, chrome or aluminum head. Price $2.25 less batteries. See at dealer's, or write for details.

Delta
DELTA ELECTRIC CO. Marion, Ind. Dept. 2400

Private, Preparatory Schools and Camps

Middle-Western States

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY.

For Boys of Character aged 10 to 19. Smaller classes and the revolutionary "New Study Help Plan" insure success. Accredited (without exams) to Colleges; also Business Courses. Fireproof buildings. Highest government rating. Scout Troop. Band. All athletics, including Riding. Every boy can be on a team. Leadership training. 54th Year. Free Catalog: Capt. B. F. Jackson, ALTON, ILL.

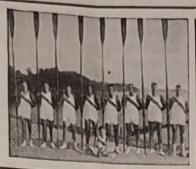
CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

EDUCATES THE WHOLE BOY

Your Son as an Individual!

...CULVER avoids mass production methods—regards your son as an individual—studies his bents and interests—arranges his course to meet his own needs—develops responsibility and power to think.

61 PERSHING DRIVE CULVER, IND.



SHATTUCK SCHOOL

EPISCOPAL. College preparatory. Business course. Military training. All athletics—8 coaches. Every boy on a team his age and size. 240 acres. Golf, swimming pool, gym. 72nd year. Summer session. Write for *catalog*. C. W. Newhall, Headmaster, Box B, Faribault, Minn.

ELGIN ACADEMY 77th Year

FOR BOYS. Non-military. Accredited. College preparatory; also general courses. Swimming pool. Gymnasium. 10 acres of playing fields. *Moderate rate. Catalog.* Karl J. Stouffer, Dean, 223 Academy Place, Elgin, Ill.

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY AND JUNIOR COLLEGE

53rd year "IN THE HEART OF AMERICA" 43 miles from Kansas City

Nationally known as one of the best military academies. High School and 2 years' regular college work. Fully accredited. Faculty and student co-operation exceptional. New stadium—gift of alumni. Catalog.

Col. S. Sellers, *Pres.* 463 Washington Pl., LEXINGTON, MO.

MORGAN PARK ★

College Sports. In Chicago suburb. Combines human understanding with training of a military academy. Lower school. Not for profit. *Catalog.* Small classes. Advisory system. preparation. COL. H. D. ABELLS, Supt., Box 163, Morgan Park, Ill.

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

HIGH School and Junior College. Small classes. Modern buildings. $200,000 gymnasium. Swimming pool. Sports for every boy. Marksmanship. 86 acres. 89th year. Catalog. Col. T. A. Johnston, 963 Third Street, Boonville, Mo.

He's over—with a sureness born of constant practice. Typical Howe Performance. Whether in sports, on drill ground, or in classroom, you will be helped by inspiring men teachers to achieve your aim. Thorough college preparation. Business courses. All sports on field and lake. Equipment modern and complete. Junior school. 49th year. REV. C. H. YOUNG, S.T.D., *Rector. For catalog address:*

HOWE SCHOOL

A CLEAN MIND IN A SOUND BODY

The Adjutant, Howe, Indiana. *Attractive Summer Camp*

CAMPION *Jesuit High School* FOR BOYS

Highest academic standing. Prepares for all colleges and universities—and for life. Finest, most healthful location in middle west. Beautiful large campus. Complete, modern equipment. All sports including Golf and Ice Hockey. R.O.T.C. Catalog FREE. CAMPION, Box 15, Prairie du Chien, Wis.

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

EFFECTIVE preparation for college. Faculty of "boy specialists." All sports. Lake. 15 buildings. *Catalog.* 383 DeKoven Hall Delafield, Wisconsin

OHIO *Military Institute*

101st year. Certificates admit to College. Lower School for younger boys. High, beautiful location. Catalog. Colonel A. M. Henshaw, College Hill, Cincinnati, O.

ILLINOIS MILITARY SCHOOL

The military school that puts academic work first. Teaches the boy rather than the book. *For Catalog, address* COL. CLYDE R. TERRY, Pres. Box 15, Abingdon, Illinois.

Southern States

RANDOLPH-MACON Academy

College preparatory for boys. 41st year. Fully accredited. Fire-proof buildings. Swimming pool. Supervised athletics. In Shenandoah Valley near Washington. Rate $600. For catalog address THE PRINCIPAL, BOX B, FRONT ROYAL, VA.

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

Fifty-nine years of success in preparing boys for college and business. Modern equipment. Golf, swimming pool. Monthly tuition payment plan arranged if desired. Illustrated catalog sent on request. Col. C. R. Endsley, Box 12, Sweetwater, Tenn.

NEW MEXICO SCHOOL of MINES

ONE of the Nation's outstanding mining schools ... Courses in Mining, Metallurgy, Petroleum and Mining Geology, and General ... Practical instruction, small classes, fine equipment, strong faculty ... Splendid climate year round ... All expenses unusually low ... Send for Catalog No. 42

REGISTRAR, SOCORRO, NEW MEXICO

SUMMER CAMPS

8 glorious weeks of Culver training this summer! Trip to Chicago's Exposition, Lake Michigan cruise for Midshipmen, Tippecanoe River canoe trip for Woodcrafters, cross-country hike for troopers. Thrilling sports! Academic tutoring if desired, moderate cost.

CULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS

61 Lake Shore Dr., Culver, Ind.

IDLEWILD LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE NEW HAMPSHIRE

Est. 1891. Unique Island Camp for Boys, offering real adventure. 3 divisions. Speed boat, sailing, 4 double courts, rifle range, golf instruction. Reduced tuition covers all camp activities, also canoe and White Mt. trips. Doctor and nurse. L. D. ROYS, Dir., 334 OTIS ST., WEST NEWTON, MASS.

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL'S FOUR-TRIBE CAMP

Shaw-Mi-Del-Eca

Ideally located. All sports and camp activities. Accredited scholastic work. Horse-back riding on our own horses—no extra charge. "Depression" rate. Col. H. B. Moore, President, Box B, Lewisburg, W. Va.

Eastern States

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

AT THE NATION'S SHRINE

A School with modern educational methods, up-to-date equipment, business-like management, and tuition rates in keeping with present day conditions. Accredited college preparatory and business courses. High scholastic standards. Fifteen miles from Philadelphia—just off Lincoln Highway. Beautiful Campus, fireproof dormitories. New buildings. Model athletic fields; all major sports including golf, polo, swimming. Infantry and Cavalry R.O.T.C., Band. Sane, healthful training of mind, body and character for boys 14 to 20 with special supervision for the individual student. For catalogue, address Registrar,

Valley Forge Military Academy ◂▸ Wayne, Pa.

KISKI

A successful Preparatory School for boys in the mountains of Western Pennsylvania. Rates moderate. Send for "THE KISKI PLAN."

Kiskiminetas Springs School Box 925, Saltsburg, Pa.

St. John's School

Prepares Boys for College and Business. Military Training. Supervised Study and Athletics. Separate School for boys under 13. Homelike atmosphere. *Catalogue.* William A. Ranney, Principal, Ossining, New York

CARSON LONG MAKER OF MEN ★ Rates $500 175 Boys

How to learn, how to labor, how to live

Military—Accredited. Keen minds, great hearts, strong bodies. Among the best at moderate cost. Homelike, successful. Easy payments. Summer Camp 9 happy weeks, $135. Box 20, New Bloomfield, Pa.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

College preparatory and business courses. Small classes. Experienced teachers. Accredited. Graduates in 40 colleges. Balanced program. Summer session. *49th year.* Catalog. COL. T. D. LANDON, Prin. and Com'd't., Box 186, Bordentown, N. J.

PEDDIE AN ENDOWED SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Make Peddie *your* school. You'll be proud of its crack teams, inspiring faculty, extensive equipment. All sports, including riding, boxing, wrestling. Unexcelled preparation for college of your choice. Do you like to act, debate, write? Peddie develops talent. Boys from 30 states. 15 buildings, gym, pool. 150 acres. Lake, golf course. 68th year. Near Princeton. Summer session, July 17 to September 2. Catalog.

ROGER W. SWETLAND, LL.D., Headmaster Box 6-z, Hightstown, N. J.

Southern States

MILLERSBURG MILITARY INSTITUTE

In the Heart of the Blue Grass. 41st Year.

College Preparatory Department. Fully accredited. Thorough work—small classes. Modern buildings. All athletics. Rate $550.

Junior School—for boys from primary to high school. Separate completely equipped modern plant and playground. Carefully supervised by house mother and resident instructors. Rate $450.

For complete illustrated catalog address

Col. W. R. Nelson, Supt., Box 133, Millersburg, Ky.

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL. *Accredited.* Near White Sulphur Springs. Altitude 2300 ft. Boys 8 to 21. All sports. Summer Camp. Catalog. Address Box B, COL. H. B. MOORE, Lewisburg, W. Va.

VIRGINIA Presbyterian SCHOOL

(Formerly Danville Military Institute)

Boys are taught *first* to be good citizens. College preparatory work fully accredited—backed by distinguished record. In healthful Piedmont section. Outdoor sports all year. Board and tuition $500. For catalog address: Wm. M. Kemper, Headmaster, Box D, Danville, Virginia.

RIVERSIDE ★

Two complete plants: Blue Ridge foothills. Miami seashore. College preparatory, business. Military. Boys, 10 to 20. Golf, Aviation, Ocean sports. Catalog. Col. Sandy Beaver, Box D, Gainesville, Ga.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY ACADEMY

Accredited by all Universities, Colleges, West Point and Annapolis. The Academy's experienced teachers, limited numbers, splendid military and athletic training enables it to develop fine, manly boys prepared for success in life. For Catalogue, write COL. B. M. ROSZEL, Supt., Winchester, Va., Box W.

COLUMBIA Military Academy

Plant built by U. S. Government. Graduates admitted on certificate to colleges and Government academies. R.O.T.C. Post-Graduate and Junior schools. Gym, swimming, athletics, golf and horsemanship. Dept. B, Columbia, Tennessee.

FISHBURNE

MILITARY SCHOOL. Accredited. Classes average 7. Graduates now in 40 leading colleges without entrance exams. Riding. Public Speaking. *Every boy on a Team.* Swimming Pool. 52nd year. Visit. Write for catalog. Col. M. H. Hudgins, Box F, Waynesboro, Va.

Southern States

STAUNTON MEN ARE LEADERS ★

TO BECOME a Staunton man is the ambition of thousands of fellows the country over. It is probably your ambition, too—for Staunton is the kind of school the real American boy wants. Staunton training will develop you into a real soldier, a good scholar, and a strong athlete. Your associates will be cadets from all parts of the world. Your teachers will be pals as well as instructors. Staunton will prepare you thoroughly for college and life. Write for literature. Col. Thos. H. Russell, Box E-6, Staunton, Va.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

★ ★

FORK UNION

Honor school. Small classes, Accredited. ROTC. Supervised study. Prepares for college or business. Highest standards. Junior school for small boys. Housemother. All athletics. Swimming. Catalog. Dr. J. J. Wicker. Military Academy, Box 8, Fork Union, Va.

HARGRAVE MILITARY ACADEMY

ACCREDITED. Small school advantages at low cost. 50 acres in Piedmont. Prepares 200 boys thoroughly for college. Individual attention. Honor system. All sports. Swimming. 2 gymnasiums. Band. Literary societies. Separate Junior School for boys 8-14. *Catalog.* A. H. Camden, A.B., Pres., Box D, Chatham, Va.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE *A School with a Winter Home in Florida*

OLDEST private military school in America. Fully accredited. Special junior department. Prepares for college or business.

Fall and spring sessions on beautiful estate near Louisville. Winter session at Venice, Florida, with modern buildings, steam heat, private baths. Boys enjoy healthful outdoor land and water sports without interruption to studies.

For catalogs address:

Col. C. B. Richmond, Pres. Box B, Lyndon, Kentucky

New Mexico Military Institute

"In the Sunshine State"

A school of distinction offering exceptional High School and Junior College work under the most favorable conditions. Balanced program of academic, military and physical training. All sports, including polo and swimming. R. O. T. C. Altitude 3700 feet. Outdoor life the year round. Bracing air, dry climate. A cavalry school. Every boy rides. Moderate rates.

COLONEL D. C. PEARSON, *Supt.* Box N, Roswell, New Mexico

STILL BIGGEST DOLLAR

1000 MIXED U. S. containing over 100 different varieties for 25c; 1000 MIXED FOREIGN for 25c; 100 different British Colonies for 25c; 100 different French Colonies for 25c; 100 different Latin Americans for 25c, and 1000 Hinges. All above for only $1.00. Approvals sent with each order. Send for our new U. S. price list.

New England Stamp Co. Inc. Est. 1893
53-A Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

WARD'S "QUEER COUNTRY" PACKET

Boys! We'll bet there isn't a collector in your neighborhood who has a stamp from Swaziland! Our big value packet includes this rare country; also scarce Tannou Touva triangle (as illustrated, Cat. 45c!) and stamps from other mysterious, far-off lands. Absolutely no Europe. Price only 5c to approval applicants.

D. M. Ward, Desk A, Gary, Ind.

FREE! MENAGERIE

Big packet of scarce bird and animal stamps only, from Nyassa, Guiana, Ecuador, Barbados, Indo China, etc., including caribou, lion, wolf, tiger, kangaroo, leopard, camel, ant-eater, elk, eagle, emu, oxen, quetzal bird, springbok, etc. —also big price list,—all free to approval applicants enclosing 5c for mailing expenses.

ARLINGTON STAMP CO.
Box 81, St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SCARCE ZEPPELIN & TRIANGLE!

Scarce Russian Zeppelin Stamp and Beautiful Lithuania Airmail Triangle (as illustrated); also big packet of 53 dif. stamps including Azerbaijan (cat. value 20c!), Epirus, Bhopal, etc. & illustrated lists—all for 5c to approval applicants!

WORLD-WIDE STAMP CO., Box 400, Camden, New York

AZERBAIJAN! NORTH BORNEO! TANNA-TOUVA!

Big packet of British & French Colonies; also genuine Azerbaijan, San Marino (world's smallest republic), Palestine, scarce North Borneo, Tanna Touva, etc. Big lists. *All for 5c to approval applicants!*

HENRY BURKY, HOLLIS, NEW YORK

BIG 10c OUTFIT!

Packet British Colonies, including beautiful Bechuanaland (illustrated); Pkt. French Cols. inc. maps and animals; pkt. stamps from queer countries such as Nejd, Manchukuo, etc.; set of world's smallest stamps (cat. 75c!); watermark detector; perf. gauge; pair stamp tongs; package hinges—All for 10c to approval applicants!

JUSTIN STAMP CO., ROSEVILLE, CAL.

The World in a Packet 20¢

105 stamps, each from different country, including: Abyssinia, Afghanistan, Brunei, Falkland, Zanzibar and various others from Africa, Asia, South and Central America, West Indies, etc. FREE with each order, our pamphlet, "How to Make a Stamp Collection Properly," together with our price list of albums, supplies and hundreds of bargains in sets, packets, etc.

QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., Room 31, 604 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

U.S. ★★★★★★★ 5¢

34 VARIETIES; Early issues; high values ($1.00, Cat. 12c!); Commemoratives (Columbian, Bi-Centennial); Airmail; Envelopes; Special delivery; Postage due; Revenues (Spanish War, etc.). Cat. value exceeds 85c. All to approval applicants for only 5c. Price lists FREE.

CURHAN STAMP CO., Dept. A, Gloucester, Mass.

TURKS AND CAICOS ISLANDS FREE

Also Early United States, Uganda, Niger Coast, Nicaragua, Monte Carlo, Congo's, Newfoundland, Canada, Ubangi — Countries Collectors haven't got—*Free for 5c postage. Hurry! For Yours Now!*

EMPIRE STAMP CO., Dept. A. B., TORONTO, CANADA.

25 DIFFERENT CANADA 10c

or our JUMBO PACKET of 100 all different for 3c postage to approval applicants only. Lists Free!

A. B., QUAKER STAMP COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO.

SCARCE BELGIUM AIRMAIL

Pocket Album, Commemorative Set, and 40 MORE different stamps from AFRICA, ASIA, SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, CANADA, SOUTH & CENTRAL AMERICA, Etc. All for 5c to Approval applicants

GLENDALE STAMP CO.
1342A Linden Ave. Glendale, Calif.

BIG BARGAINS ¼¢ UP

Also *many sets* on my approvals. Big list of 5c packets free to approval applicants.

JOSIAH BABCOCK
1914 Lake Shore Drive St. Joseph, Michigan

FREE! AZORES

Complete set of Azores Commemoratives given approval applicants sending 3c to cover postage.

COSMOS STAMP CO.
87A. NASSAU ST. NEW YORK

Stamps priced ¼c, ½c, 1c, etc. on our approvals.

If you have under 15000 var. you can build up a fine collection by buying from our low priced sheets.

Premium to applicants. 25 dif. Spain for 3c.

KEIGWIN STAMP CO., P. O. Box 85 A, Vineland, N. J.

FALKLAND IS.—U. S.

Strange bi-color from So. Atlantic (as illust.) included with 25 different U. S. (old issues, commemoratives), 10 different So. America all for 5c to approval applicants.

L. W. HUDSON & CO., INC.
81 Hirsch Bldg. Plainfield, N. J.

AITUTAKI—FIJI—BRUNEI

and scarce AFRICAN AIRMAIL in our packet of 49 diff. "Hard-to get" stamps from ZANZIBAR, TANGANYIKA, MAURITIUS, KENYA, SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, AFRICA, SO. AMERICA, etc. (No German, Austria, etc.) Mostly BRITISH COLONIES, for only 5c but you must ask for our big discount approvals. 1000 hinges 10c.

Kenwood Stamp Co., 524 No. Kenwood, Glendale, Calif.

Stamps in the Day's News

By KENT B. STILES

NEW stamps—commemoratives, airs, special deliveries, and regulars—continue the philatelic deluge until it's hard to keep up with them. So let's review briefly the highlights of what is new and of what is promised, alphabetically by countries. The fascinating thing about our hobby is the story behind the stamp, so we'll emphasize the background of the new issues.

Brazil: Something of a novelty in philately is a 100 reis air post tax adhesive which was made obligatory, in addition to the usual postage, on air mail of April 1. The money thus raised has been added to a fund for building aerodromes. Inasmuch as this bit of paper, bearing a portrait of Alberto Santos-Dumont, Brazilian aviator, actually was without postal franking power, it remains to be seen whether it will be catalogued.

Canada: An interesting development brings a 20 cents henna brown special delivery with the word "Twenty" deleted. Canada's 1930 special delivery carried the inscription "Twenty Cents" and corner numerals "20." The new one bears only "Cents" and the same numerals. Why has "Twenty" been stricken out?

It appears that there is a Government ruling that all currency (which includes stamps), bonds, and notes must bear wording in French as well as English, because Canada is largely French in population. In the Dominion's House of Commons attention was called to the fact that the French word for "Twenty" had been omitted from the 1930 special delivery, although *Postes* (Postage) and *Expres* (Special Delivery) were both used. Hence elimination of the English "Twenty" now!

(Above) One of Tripolitania's handsome 7th Annual Trade Fair stamps.

Russia pictures blast furnaces on this late Soviet stamp.

(Below) Why was the word "Twenty" omitted on Canada's new special deliveries?

Another Tripolitanian stamp, showing a plane above Tagiura.

Chile contributes to aero-philately in a big way. The newest set has twenty-one denominations ranging from 10 centavos to 50 pesos. Planes, condors, the sun, a plateau, windbent trees, mountains, a lake, a rainbow, a statue of the Inca leader, Caupolican, and symbolical figures feature the designs.

Dominican Republic: Eleven large stamps mark the centenary of the birth of Don Fernando Arturo Merino, a farmer's son who became a patriot. A priest who at one time served as the head of the republic's National Assembly, and who wrote of politics, Merino became an archbishop. He died in 1906 at the age of 73. The commemorative paper, in eleven values from a half-centavo to 1 peso, shows his tomb, his birthplace, and his likeness.

Germany: Collectors correctly anticipated that the Nazis' control would have philatelic result. The current 3, 8, 10, 20, 30, 45, and 60 pfennigs stamps with portrait of Ebert, the republic's first President, who was a Socialist, have been withdrawn. Stamps bearing a likeness of President von Hindenburg replace them.

Meanwhile it is announced that Germany will, before the year closes, postally recall the death of Wilhelm Richard Wagner, dramatic composer, poet and writer, on February 13, 1883. Also that early 1934 will bring a set with portraits of Frederick the Great and other notable Germans.

Italy: Pneumatic telegram postage stamps bear portraits of Galileo and Dante. The head of Galileo Galilei (1564-1642), astronomer and experimental philosopher, on the 35 centesimi red, is new to philately. Son of Vincenzio Galileo, mathematician and musician, Galileo, convicted of heresy against Catholic doctrine for holding that the earth moves, rather than the sun, was forced to recant. Dante (or Durante) Alighieri (1265-1321), the greatest of Italian poets, has been postally honored in the past; the new stamp is a 15c violet.

Latvia has issued a second semi-postal series to raise funds for families of deceased aviators in these values, colors, and designs: 2 plus 52 santi yellow and black—"Fall of Icarus," recalling the Greek myth of man's first flight; 3 plus 53s orange and black, an airman's grave; 10 plus 60s green and black, monument to a fallen aviator; 20 plus 70s carmine and black, eagle dropping wreath on tomb.

Lithuania: New airs are of historical significance. On the 5 centai and 10c is pictured the Castle of Trakai, the latter once the country's capital; 15c and 20c, meeting between the knight Kestutis and the Christian maiden Birute, who is revered by Lithuanians for her devout works; 40c and 60c, portrait of Birute; 1 litai and 2L, heads of Kestutis and his brother Algirdas.

Manchukuo, which Japan carved out of territory claimed by China, has concluded its first year as a nominally independent republic, and 1, 2, 4, and 10 feng stamps have appeared with a native inscription meaning "First Anniversary of the Founding of the State." Crossed flags, olive leaves, and a map of Manchukuo are shown on two values; and doves, soy beans, and the facade of the Presidential palace on the others.

Mexico: April 15 marked the centenary of the founding of this republic's Geographical and Statistical Society, and three 5 centavos stamps show the society's escutcheon—in orange for regular use, in blue for air mail, and in red for official purposes.

Netherlands: April 25 was the fourth centenary of the birth of Holland's *Prins Willem I*, otherwise William the Silent, who, count of Nassau and prince of Orange, was the "father" of the Seven United Provinces that became the Netherlands of today. Frivolous as a young man, William became a champion of religious and civil liberty. He led the heroic struggle against Spain that brought about the independence of the Netherlands. Now Holland commemorates his birth with stamps each inscribed 1533 and 1933 and bearing the coat-of-arms of the House of Orange on the 1½ cents and portraits of William on the 5c, 6c, and 12½c.

Newfoundland: With the seasonal opening to navigation of Labrador's lakes and streams, and the resumption of mining, a new air set, in values of 5, 10, 30, 60, and 75 cents, is for use on air mail letters and parcels to Labrador.

Early August will bring a Newfoundland series commemorating the 350th anniversary of the arrival, on August 3, 1583, of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, English soldier, navigator, and colonist. In June of that year he sailed, with five ships; reaching the present site of St. John's, he landed and made it the center of his operations and two days later founded the first English colony in North America.

Panama, in June, will displace its current 2 cents stamp with one presenting a portrait of Dr. Manuel Amador Guerrero, the republic's first president.

Poland: July will bring two stamps commemorating the fourth centenary of the death of Witstwosz, Polish sculptor. Meanwhile the new 30 groszy brown air honors not only Franciszek Zwirko, as recently mentioned in this department, but also

"ARE THOSE STAMPS GENUINE?"

When you buy packets of postage stamps—Are you certain they are genuine government issues? Demand SCOTT SEALD and be *sure*.

From your dealer or
SCOTT STAMP & COIN COMPANY
1 West 47th St. New York, N. Y.
PRICE LIST ON REQUEST.

U S A PRICE LIST FREE

Also fully illustrated U. S. catalogue, indispensable for identifying U. S. stamps, 50c. U. S. stamps bought.

THE JUNIOR SIMPLIFIED U. S. ALBUM

A real loose leaf Album. Particulars. Sample page 5c postage.

STANLEY GIBBONS, Inc., 38A Park Row, New York City, N. Y.

SCARCE AIRMAIL & TRIANGLE!

Beautiful Uruguay "flying horse" Airmail and scarce Guatemala Triangle (as illustrated) are included in our big packet of 60 different stamps from Latakia, Grand Liban, Venezuela, British and French Colonies, etc. ALL FOR 5c TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS! Big lists free.

MYSTIC STAMP CO., (Dept. 40) CAMDEN, NEW YORK

COSTA RICAN TRIANGLE!

Marienwerder, Afghanistan, Brunei, Diego Suarez, Corea, Surinam, Grenada, Allenstein, and a genuine Baden—All these splendid stamps only 5c to those requesting our famous approvals! 5c

VIKING STAMP CO., Sheepshead Bay Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MONGOLIA, BECHUANALAND, TRENGGANU

Packet of fine stamps from queer, far-off countries (no Europe) including Bechuanaland, Mongolia, Trengganu, etc. Also set of 7 of the *WORLD'S SMALLEST STAMPS*, valued at 40c. *Only 5c to approval applicants!*

HORNELL STAMP COMPANY, HORNELL, N. Y.

BUY AMERICAN STAMPS

the most popular of all. We send selections of United States with catalog number under each stamp. As U. S. collectors are increasing we suggest buying before prices go higher. MATHEWS STAMP CO.

532 First Nat. Bank Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.

FAMOUS "ERROR" STAMP!

Scarce St. Kitts-Nevis (*shows Columbus using telescope—not invented until after his death!*), also beautiful Egypt airmail, and packet Trengganu (Rajah), Brunei, Leeward Islands, Corea, etc.—only 5c with bargain approvals and lists. PILGRIM STAMP CO., Mt. Washington, Md. 5c

U.S. 30¢-50¢-$1.00 POSTAGE DUES CAT. 45¢ FREE!

Scotts No. 2272-3, 2283, with packet of 40 others, also Perf. gauge, ruler, mm. scale—all FREE! with big lists, to appr. applicants sending 3c postage. Tatham Stamp Co., (A60) W. Springfield, Mass.

RARE GREECE AIRMAIL!

7 times larger than picture—only stamps in world in 5 colors! Also packet fine stamps from Inini (new country), British & French Colonies—ship, map, scenery, animal stamps, etc. All for 5c to approval applicants! EXTRA: Pack of hinges free with order!

WESTERN PHILATELISTS, 6023 Harper, 6A, Chicago.

COINS

ETC. 3 arrowheads 20c; Fine Roman coin A. D. 336—25c; 25 paper money 10c; 50 Mixed coins 40c; 5 White Cts. 25c; Gold Dollar $2; C.S.A. Newspaper 50c; C.S.A. $100 note 15c. 3 big Cts. 25c; Half Cts. 15c each. Trade Dol. $1.10; Ancient Gold Coin 1200 yrs. old $2.50; U. S. 3c note 25c; 15c note 40c; 25c note 50c; 50c note 75c. 40 pp illustrated Coin premium book 15c; Retail lists Free.

ELDER CORPN, 8 W. 37th STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Stamp Collectors Notice!

When a stamp dealer mentions "approval sheets" or "approvals" in his advertisement, it means that each person answering the advertisement will receive sheets of stamps sent on approval.

An approval sheet contains stamps attached to it. Under each stamp is marked the dealer's price. The collector may purchase any of the stamps at the prices indicated. All stamps *not* purchased are returned to the dealer; and, at the same time, money is sent to the dealer in payment for any stamps which are kept.

Approval sheets should be returned within the time specified by the dealer. No stamp should be removed unless the collector intends to purchase it. When returning sheets, the collector should tell the dealer specifically whether he wants further ones sent on approval.

A dealer advertising in The American Boy is not supposed to send approval sheets to collectors unless his advertisement clearly states that they will be sent.

Boys —

If you want to earn money in your spare time write at once for the American Boy Agents' Plan.

The American Boy

180 N. Michigan Blvd. Chicago, Ill.
550 W. Lafayette Blvd. Detroit, Mich.

Stanislaw Wigura. The stamp, oblong, with a plane at the center, bears portraits of these two aviators, who were victorious in the International Around Europe Challenge Flight.

Russia recalls the formation of the Red Army, in 1918, with paper illustrating types of infantry (3 kopecs), cavalry (5k), artillery (10k), tanks (15k), military aviators (20k), marines (30k), and military instruction (35k). It will be recalled that Russia in 1928 issued a tenth anniversary set.

A belated 20k, dated 1917 and 1932, completes the series recalling the Soviet counter-revolution in the earlier year. The stamp pictures an air view of blast furnaces.

Appearing also is a series foreshadowed many months ago on these pages, the designs being of ethnological character. The 1k symbolizes Cossacks; 2k, Lesghians; 3k, Tatars; 4k, Jews; 5k, Tungus; 6k, Buriats; 7k, Chechens; 8k, Abazes; 9k, Georgians; 10k, Samoyedes; 14k, Yakuts; 20k, Koriaks; 30k, Bashkirs; 35k, Chuvashes. In addition are seven 15k stamps dedicated to the Socialist Soviet Republics—Great Russia; the Ukraine; White Russia; Trans-Caucasus; Uzbekistan; Turkmenistan; and Tajik.

And Russia's new airs, commemorating the tenth anniversary of civil service aviation and airmail post in the U. S. S. R., illustrates planes above the Kusnetzkstroy blast furnaces (5k); over naphtha works (10k); over the rural economy collectives (20k); above a channel being constructed to unite the Volga and Moscow rivers (50k); and in the Arctic (80k).

Spain: A 25 centimos crimson brings philately a portrait of Jose Zorrilla, native poet and dramatist. Born in 1817, he was crowned national laureate in 1889 and died four years later.

Tripolitania: For the seventh consecutive year the spring trade fair is advertised with a set brilliantly colored and artistically designed—seven values for regular use and six for air mail. We find pictured an ostrich, an aromatic plant, Arab musician, Arch of Marcus Aurelius, eagle, leopard, roofs of Tunis, and planes arriving at or leaving Tripoli and above Tagiura.

United States: A Wright memorial celebration was held in Dayton, Ohio, in April. While Washington denied a request for a commemorative stamp, it indicated that an air mail stamp would appear soon with a design honoring the Wright brothers, pioneer aviators.

Meanwhile an American Legion post and the American Chemical Society have requested a stamp commemorating the birth of Joseph Priestley, English chemist, in 1733. He emigrated to America in 1794, residing in Pennsylvania until his death in 1804.

Western Australia: The people of this largest Australian state voted on April 8 in favor of secession. If separation eventually comes, Western Australia would of course again have its own stamps and the familiar "black swan" undoubtedly reappear in philately.

Do You Know That---

WALTER S. GIFFORD at the age of 33 headed the Council of National Defense, which during the war coördinated industries and organizations into a mighty machine that backed up our armies?

Harry L. Davis, at 13 a smutty-faced helper in a steel mill and later a fruit and vegetable peddler, rose to be mayor of Cleveland?

Herbert Joesting, once All-American fullback at the University of Minnesota, is an expert cook?

Most species of snipe are wary, hard to hunt, and not at all likely to walk into the sack that practical jokers delight in setting for them?

You can make your own filter bottle? Take any thick glass bottle and at a distance of 1½ inches from its bottom wrap twelve windings of coarse yarn, three layers of four winds each. Tie the ends and cut them off short. Soak in alcohol, light, and turn the bottle so that all parts close to the yarn will be heated. When the alcohol is completely burned and the yarn catches fire blow out the flame, hold the bottle upright, and lower it carefully into a basin of cold water. The bottom will crack off. Rub the edges, inside and out, with a wet stone. Push absorbent cotton into the neck, from the inside, and you have a serviceable filter. Or, you can use your bottomless bottle for a funnel.

At 17, M. A. Cudlip was "jerking" sodas in his father's drug store at Iron Mountain, Michigan, and that ten years later he was secretary of the Packard Motor Car Company?

In Trinidad, British West Indies, there's a tree of vengeance? Whenever natives wish to avenge themselves on another, they prostrate themselves before the tree, pray to the mythical bird that's supposed to dwell in the tree, and then drive a nail into the trunk to seal the pact of vengeance with the bird.

Dr. Cloyd Heck Marvin was a newsboy at 13 and president of the University of Arizona at 33?

A light weight tractor devised by Walford Larson of Detroit can be operated at low cost and is especially adapted for cultivating small truck farms?

John Endicott, a Salt Lake City high school boy, made his Christmas money by taking kodak pictures of snow scenes and selling them at ten cents each, for pasting on homemade Christmas cards?

There remains in this country one mill that produces paper by hand, just as it was made six hundred years ago?

The Fifth Dixie Raider

(*Continued from page 8*)

stands rose a low muffled sound, then cheers.

Through his dismay Thomas dimly heard Wade's voice.

"We lose," the coach said. A game smile touched his homely face. "Reckon no coach had a right to hope a five-man squad could win."

Someone gripped Thomas' arm. It was Brennan.

"They're calling you in the discus," the Colburn athlete said. "Aren't you taking your last try?"

But Thomas was thinking bitterly that but for his own senseless rivalry he might be fighting for a *first* in the discus. Then he recalled the words, "a finish fight." His words to Breck. Well, he could at least—*fight to the finish.*

He turned to Wade and Brennan.

"Got to do better than third," he said in a strange voice. Swinging on his heel, he strode back to the discus ring.

And something was happening to Thomas. Queer, but his nerves were steadying. That stale feeling was dimming out. At the edge of the white-washed circle he stooped to lift the discus, and a strong thrill ran from brain to finger tips.

He set himself. The crowd about the ring faded to a shifting blur. He began his spin—a power spin with every muscle geared in high, working in perfect coördination. His body whirled and checked—the flat disc left his fingers with a whiplash snap. His feet struck hard on the springy turf and he watched the discus soar. It smacked the earth—bounced—skidded on.

The field was quiet. There wasn't a cheer. Yet it had been a good throw. Thomas watched the judge slowly unreel a section of his tape. Twice the judge checked his measurement, and a third time. Then he lifted the megaphone:

"Dis-tance—one hun-dred fifty-four feet, seven inches!"

Silence again—a long moment of tense stillness. Then a cheer, sharp, half-amazed, half-unbelieving. Thomas' face was blank. A hundred fifty-four, *his* toss? But Coach Wade was speaking.

"That wins for us," he cried. "Your first and Stuart's third!"

Brennan hurried forward, hand outthrust.

"What a spin!" He pumped Thomas' hand. "I've got one more try, but I don't think I can beat that!"

Wade handed Thomas a scarlet sweat shirt.

"Tell Breck we've sewed up the meet," he said, "if the nurse'll let you. I'll be right along."

Thomas grinned. He rose and elbowed through the crowd that was beginning to drift for the exit gates. Almost at the field's end he stopped, halted by a shout.

"Brennan's last trial. Look at that! Wow!"

Thomas wheeled. He caught the shimmer of a discus far away, saw it slap the earth and the scorer turn, run toward it. *He was reeling out his tape again.* For Thomas the sun had lost its warmth. Hands clenched, he waited. A voice reached him faintly:

"Dis-tance—one hun-dred sixty-one—"

A pounding cheer smashed in and drowned the voice. The cheer faded and Thomas turned toward the field house. . . . There was nothing to tell Caruthers now. As he reached the walk the broadcast battery on the roof blared:

"Brennan of Colburn wins the discus throw—"

Thomas moved on into the field house, and opened the first door to the right. He saw a white room and Breck lying on a high white bed, a nurse sitting by. Breck's face was white too, under the bandage on his temple. The nurse frowned at Thomas, but Breck smiled.

"Reckon our fight's ended." He held out his hand. "And the best man won."

Then Thomas remembered. Breck didn't even know how the hammer throw had finished!

"Yes, the best man won," Thomas said, and something choked him. "But Embry lost. Stuart spilled over the last hurdle. Sorry, Breck."

Breck sobered, smiled again, and shrugged.

"N'mind. Reckon we showed those Yankees—" he checked himself, and a flush crept over his face. "I mean—"

The door opened again and Wade stood there with Stuart, Payne, and Carroll. The coach was smiling—they were all smiling. Coach Wade spoke, but outside the speaker horns crashed into sound again.

"Please close the door," said the nurse sharply.

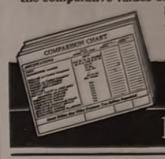
"Just a minute, ma'am." Wade

ONLY $69.75
Buys Newest Type Outboard Motor

EXTRAORDINARY value! New-type powerful light single cylinder motor has gearless Rotary Valve (*never before offered on motors at near this price*), Underwater Silencer, Carburetor Silencer, Flash-Start Primer, One Lever Control, Certified Horsepower and many other costly features. Drives family and fishing boats up to 9 miles per hour. Also a companion twin cylinder model that develops 5.1 N. O. A. certified horsepower at 3,750 R. P. M.—only $99.75.

COMPARE IT! Send Today for Free Comparison Charts

Write for free Evinrude and Elto catalogs and we'll include Comparison Charts that enable you to check the comparative values of all makes. Get the most for your boating dollars! Address, Outboard Motors Corporation, 5511 N. 26th St., Milwaukee.



Elto EVINRUDE

EARN $60 a MONTH at HOME!

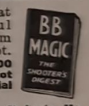
"Yes, you can easily earn up to $3 an hour at home stringing tennis rackets! No experience needed. LEARN HOW TO EARN in a few minutes. I've already helped many fellows make $20 to $60 and MORE per month. Each job pays 200% PROFIT. *Think of it!* Getting partnership with Dad or a friend....your home is your office! Grab this great opportunity, plan now to make $200 to $500 cash *this season.* QUICK... write for FREE details!" W. A. SICKEL, 809 W. Madison, Dept.A-238, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Set of Finest Silk Strings with illus. restringing guide, clear instructions. All Prepaid ..85c

FEATHERWEIGHT CANOE
At New Low Prices

Build your own KAYAK with our ready cut, quickly assembled kit—Low prices will amaze you. Send stamp for full information.
JAMESTOWN SPECIALTY CO.
Box 114A Greenville, Pa.

FREE Get "B B MAGIC" at once. A wonderful shooters' digest—tells how to hold, aim and handle rifles; become a crack shot.
Benjamin Super Single Shot now $5.00 Postpaid. Benjamin Automatic 25 Shot now $9.00 Postpaid. WRITE for special INTRODUCTORY OFFER.
Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 659 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.



THE GREATEST BUY
1.98 Hand-made 6 ft. LEMONWOOD BOW and Arrow
Tax and Postpaid
Clip this adv. and order today. Send 1c postage for big catalog—archery outfits for everyone.
L. E. STEMMLER CO., Box C-1, Queens Village, N.Y.

Do you FEED your dog...

or just FILL him up?

Chappel Bros. Inc. breed and grow their own meat animals on 1,600,000 acres. These animals are dressed in our own plants to have available the entire fresh carcass, to use in making Ken-L-Ration products. Only pure, lean meat is used.

FEED your dog genuine Ken-L-Ration—for sale at quality stores everywhere. Don't accept cheap imitations often made from waste or scrap meat.

Write for "Dog Autobiographies" Sent FREE on Request.
CHAPPEL BROS. INC.
86 Peoples Avenue Rockford, Illinois

KEN-L-RATION
THE DOG FOOD SUPREME

Real Telephones!
$1.00 2 transmitters, 2 receivers, brackets, switch blades, instructions, complete.
Telephone with your pal, at home or outdoors. Clear and distinct over distances. Uses 1 or 2 dry cells or "C" batteries, and up to 200 feet of wire; greater distance with extra battery. (Two extra buzzers, which you can get at the 10c store, provide bell ringing service.)
MAIL $1.00 in check, money order or bill today for complete set, post paid.
DETROIT STAMPING CO., (Est. 1915) 3457 W. Fort St. Detroit, Mich.

DICTIONARIES — STANDARD ENGLISH
3 LETTER WORDS
or 4-LETTER WORDS, 25c, both 35c. Definition Stnd. Eng. Words 25c. Lists of words winning first prize in recent Gold-Medal, Princess Pat, Pathfinder, Bisquick, Marvesta or Wheaties Contest, at 50c, 3 for $1.00. List first-prize winners in 30 contests 25c. Copy of Contest Magazine 25c.
DeLong Agency, Inc. Dept. AB, Lafayette, Indiana

$18.85 Now buys a genuine MEAD Bicycle RANGERS cost a few dollars more. Do not buy until you get our astonishing new prices and terms.
30 Days' Trial We ship on approval. If not satisfied after trial return the bicycle.
Tires lamps, wheels, equipment at half usual prices. Write for marvelous new prices and terms.
Mead CYCLE COMPANY DEPT. C-23 CHICAGO
Write us today for free catalog

Fielders' Gloves—Basemen's Mitts
JUNIOR: Horsehide face; well padded; deep pockets; ever-size boys; $1 Value. Glove or Mitt, Special..... 69c
SENIOR: Full size Fielders' Glove, Basemen's Mitt, Catchers' Mitt; horsehide, leather lined; laced edge; felt padded; deep pockets. Regular $2.50; your choice..... $1.29
$1 Official League Base Ball; Special 59c
10 Power 3 ft. Giant Telescope..... $1.59
FREE Catalog: Air Pistols & Rifles.
F. LEE SALES CO., 35 W. 32nd St., NEW YORK

TENNIS Racket re-stringing pays big profits. No special tools required. Full instructions and enough high-tension string for one racket 75c. Small sample of all grades free.
Crescent Tennis Shop, 618 So. Western Ave., Los Angeles.

Squabs Pay—FREE Book
Make money raising Pit Royal WK Squabs, cream of poultry, get double chicken prices. Steady income. Raised in 4 weeks. Send 4 cts. stamps postage for new free 68-p book, how breed and sell; good work which never fails; 33d year.
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 201 H St., Melrose, Mass.

"MELOMITE" RADIO CRYSTAL 25c
Best for all Crystal Radios. Famous for TONE, SENSITIVENESS & DISTANCE RECORDS. With instructions for making simple crystal set. 25c, postpaid.
MELOMITE CO., 7700 Fairmount Station, Kansas City, Mo.

Summer Dollars!

With summer months bearing down upon you it is high time to plan for those spare hours that can be put to good use — hours that, otherwise, will be idle and unproductive.

The American Boy Magazine will be pleased to help you turn those Summer Hours into Summer Dollars through its regular agents plan. Thousands of fellows like yourself are earning their vacation money in this way.

Write today for The American Boy Agents Plan.

The American Boy

180 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.
550 W. Lafayette Blvd. Detroit, Mich.

laughed. "Somethin' I want these boys to heah."

The speaker voice boomed resonantly. Thomas, listening, felt his heart stop—then pound.

"Correction —" blared the voice — "Finals of the discus. On his last trial Brennan of Colburn stepped outside the circle and the judges disallowed his mark. First place goes to Thomas, who took second in the hammer. This turns the meet to Embry College—"

Wade closed the door. Thomas suddenly felt his legs go weak and he sat down in the nurse's chair.

"Second in the hammer?" Breck Caruthers murmured. "*Second.* Didn't you take your third try, Thomas?"

The coach answered. "A lot happened out yondah aftah you left, Breck." He smiled whimsically. "Seems like Thomas lost all interest in *cannon balls.* But he sure hurled that plattah."

"And for a freshwater college, too," said Stuart easily.

Thomas flushed. He looked at the gang, then at Breck Caruthers. Breck was staring at him, his expression perplexed, blank. Then suddenly he understood that Thomas had given up his rivalry in order to concentrate on the discus. He grinned and held out his hand again.

"Reckon those cannon balls helped end another war," he said. "Hope you'll say the fight *is* finished, Thomas. And I hope you'll take my place next year with the Dixie Raiders. Will you, Johnny?"

"Will I? . . . I *reckon,*" Thomas said.

A Land of Notions

(*Continued from page 13*)

"Wheeee!" he howled and jumped into the air. Off came his coat and then his collar while he struggled to locate the bee. I slapped him again.

"Guess he's dead," I said. And I helped him on with his coat.

"I'm scared of bees," he groaned. "I can't help it."

"Well," I grinned at him, "look at your coat!"

It was buttoned up the right way. He shook his head dubiously.

"Never mind," I told him. "You'll find some others here have changed their minds today about crossin' fate."

There seemed to be some sort of commotion back towards the village. People were running—and towards me. Maybe they hadn't taken kindly to the lesson I'd tried to teach 'em. I started towards the beach on the run.

The boat was where I'd left it and I jumped in, pullin' out pretty sudden. I looked out to sea to get my bearin's and yelled at the sight of a ship not half a mile off shore.

It was the *Four Leaf Clover!* And they were glad to find me alive.

"How did you get straightened out?" I asked.

"It was terrible. That laughin' gas kept us in a continuous giggle for fifty miles before the effects wore off. Then we missed you. Somebody said he'd seen you in the water but the hysterics got him and he couldn't tell us. Not till later. We returned and been cruisin' around here all day. Were you scared?"

"I was scared," I admitted. "But whatever comes must be borne—"

I stopped and bit my lip.

"That crowd of people on the shore seem anxious to see you," observed the captain. "They're putting off in a boat."

"I don't want to see 'em," I said. "They're after my scalp."

The boat came up alongside and the governor was in it. He made a trumpet with his hands.

"Won't you come back, Mr. Freedom?" he called. "Everybody is so happy. You've broken the spell. And no accidents have happened. We'll make you assistant governor! Please, Mr. Freedom."

"See!" called the runner who was also in the boat. "I've changed my pants around!"

"And old Peter is fishing for eels in the pond!" went on the governor. "And your muddy friend is jumping in and out of the bog. We'd like you to come and live with us, Mr. Freedom."

"Sorry," I said, as the *Four Leaf Clover* gathered way. "Some other time. Good luck!"

Captain Pen rose and looked at the members of the Hammer and Chisel Club. "Well, that's all," he said. "Those people waved until the old *Four Leaf Clover* was out of sight. That was an odd adventure, boys. Seein' your sweaters wrong side out called it to mind. Well, good night, boys. An' if you hit your thumb with a hammer, don't keep on hittin' it till sunset."

Contents for June

Cover Painting by *Orson Lowell*

	Page
Friendly Talks With the Editor	18
FICTION	
The Time Element— *Laurie York Erskine*	3
The Fifth Dixie Raider— *Frederic Nelson Litten*	6
A Land of Notions— *Harry Irving Shumway*	11
Jungle Haven (Continued)— *Albert L. Stillman*	14
Sandbags and Deadlines— *Robert* and *Hoyt Moore*	19
The Never Never Ball— *Allen Field*	22
FEATURES	
The Vagabond Trail (Cont.)— *George F. Pierrot*	9
Invocation (Poem)— *Joan Fleming*	18
Health to the Winners	32
Do You Know That—	41
DEPARTMENTS	
Funnybone Ticklers	31
Stamps in the Day's News— *Kent B. Stiles*	40

IF YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS—

Don't leave the job to your local post office. Notify us AT ONCE or, if possible, IN ADVANCE. Otherwise you'll get your magazine late or miss it entirely. Help us to serve you promptly. Notify Circulation Manager, American Boy Magazine, 180 N. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois, or 550 W. Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.

DELIVERED AT YOUR DOOR—To have the magazine delivered at your home by mail, simply send your name and complete address together with proper remittance to THE AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION, 180 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill., or 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich., giving the issue with which you wish your subscription started. Subscription prices are $2.00 for one year and $3.00 for three years. (Canada 85c a year extra; foreign 50c a year extra.) An AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION subscription is the ideal gift for boys—every month, something new, instructive and entertaining.

SIGN-POSTS

IMAGINE yourself on an unfamiliar highway at night in the country. You want to go to Allison. You come to a forked road. No signs! Which way? You turn left and come to a crossroad. No signs. You turn right. You come to a town. It proves to be Liberty. You go back to the fork and turn left. A mile or so farther on you come to another crossroad. A sign pointing right says "Allison three miles."

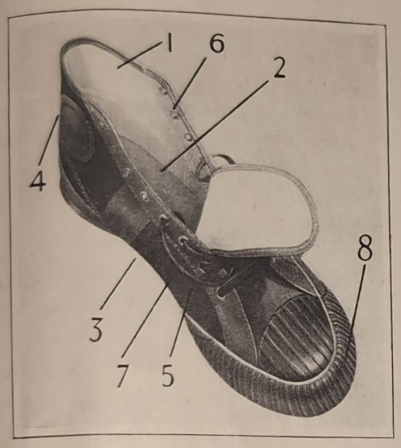
But for that sign-post you might have traveled miles—spent hours, and come short of your destination.

Imagine yourself in need of hosiery, clothing, breakfast foods or anything else, and this magazine without advertisements! Think of the number of stores you would have to visit, qualities and prices to check, reliabilities to consider.

Advertisements are sign-posts. They are information. They save you from wandering aimlessly from store to store. They keep you advised of the newest products; of the latest values. They save you time, and put greater buying power in your dollars. They assure you of quality and service in merchandise, for only honest goods honestly advertised can stand the spotlight of publicity.

Read the Advertisements

Your footwork *can't be better than your* feet



The world's most popular canvas shoes, because of all these important Keds features:

1 Full breather top. Every square inch of canvas upper open to free ventilation. *No rubber cement.*

2 Perfected health insole. Smooth, non-irritating. Cool and sanitary. Promotes evaporation of normal perspiration.

3 Correctly lasted to fit young growing feet; carefully designed to encourage free, natural development.

4 Can be kept clean by washing with soap and water. Simply dump in your washing machine and hang out to dry.

5 Selected upper fabrics rigidly tested for strength. High grade materials throughout assure comfort and long wear.

6 Pull-proof eyelets. Larger and stronger. Easily, quickly laced to a neat appearance.

7 Pressure-applied sole. Never parts from upper. Integral construction assures long service.

8 Reinforced at every point of wear. Heavy bumper toe strip. Reinforcing stays at instep, ankle and back.

Made in America to American Standards

United States Rubber Company

You Can Take 'em As They Come In Keds

Back lot,—"gym" floor,—cross country,—cinder track,—they're all the same to *Keds.* And they're all the same to *you* when you *wear* Keds.

That's because Keds are built the right way by folks who know just what a champion's feet need. In fact Keds are called "the shoe of champions."

Your feet will fairly "sing" in Keds. They'll stay cooler and fresher under the toughest going. From their tough, springy soles to their full breather uppers, Keds are made to keep moving feet comfortable.

So—if you want to stay in the game and be a winner see that you get genuine Keds—it's the only way to be sure of getting all the Keds advantages.

Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ARE FITTED TO KEEP FEET FIT

HELP WANTED!

YOU never know what minute you'll need the help of your flashlight. A fuse may blow in your basement tonight and throw your house in darkness. You may be driving your car and get a flat tire. You may want to ransack the attic for something that's stored away.

There is one inexpensive, sure way to know your flashlight will work when you need it. Load it only with Eveready Flashlight Batteries. Their power picks up—recuperates—when they lie idle!

Ordinary batteries, with inefficient wax-compound tops, permit excessive power-leakage. But the tightly sealed, Eveready metal construction is practically leak-proof! Then, too, Eveready Flashlight Batteries are *dated*. You know, when you buy them, that they're fresh and full of extra long life. Load your flashlight with Evereadys now . . . so it will work when you need it! Only 10 cents each.

EVEREADY BATTERIES

FLASHLIGHT • RADIO DRY CELL

Eveready Batteries are made by National Carbon Co., Inc., the world's largest manufacturers of dry batteries for every purpose. When you need a battery ask for EVEREADY, *and be certain of the best that science can build or money can buy.* National Carbon Co., Inc. *General Offices:* New York, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

See the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation contribution to the basic and applied sciences, on both floors of the Hall of Science, Century of Progress Exposition, Chicago, June 1 to Nov. 1.

THIS PICTURE FOR FRAMING

A copy of the picture in this advertisement—reproduced in full colors—10″ by 14″—free of advertising matter, will be sent to you for 10 cents! *Mail the coupon or write us today.*

NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc., *Dept.* AB-6-33
30 East 42nd Street, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me a full-color reproduction of the picture: "Help Wanted!" I enclose 10 cents (stamps or coin).

*Name*_____

*Address*_____